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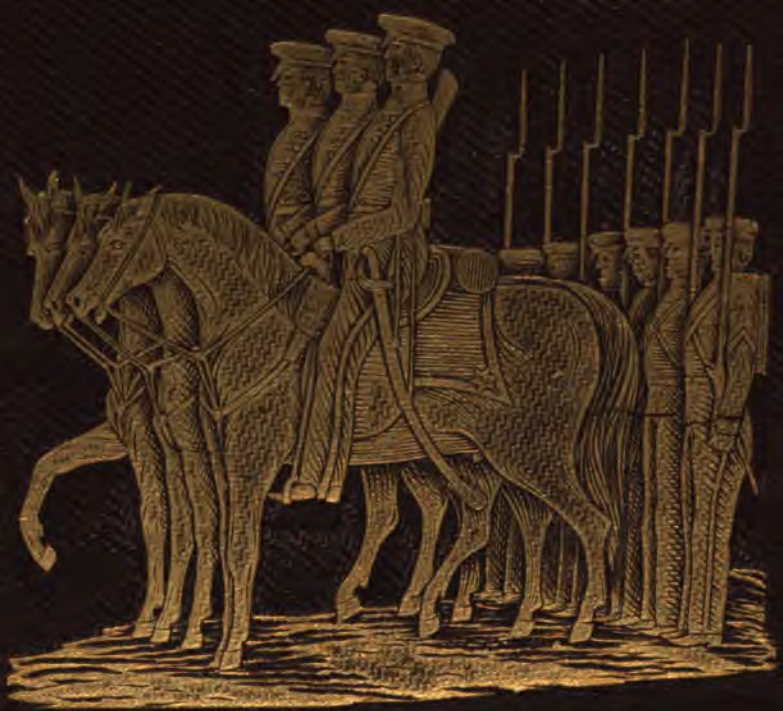

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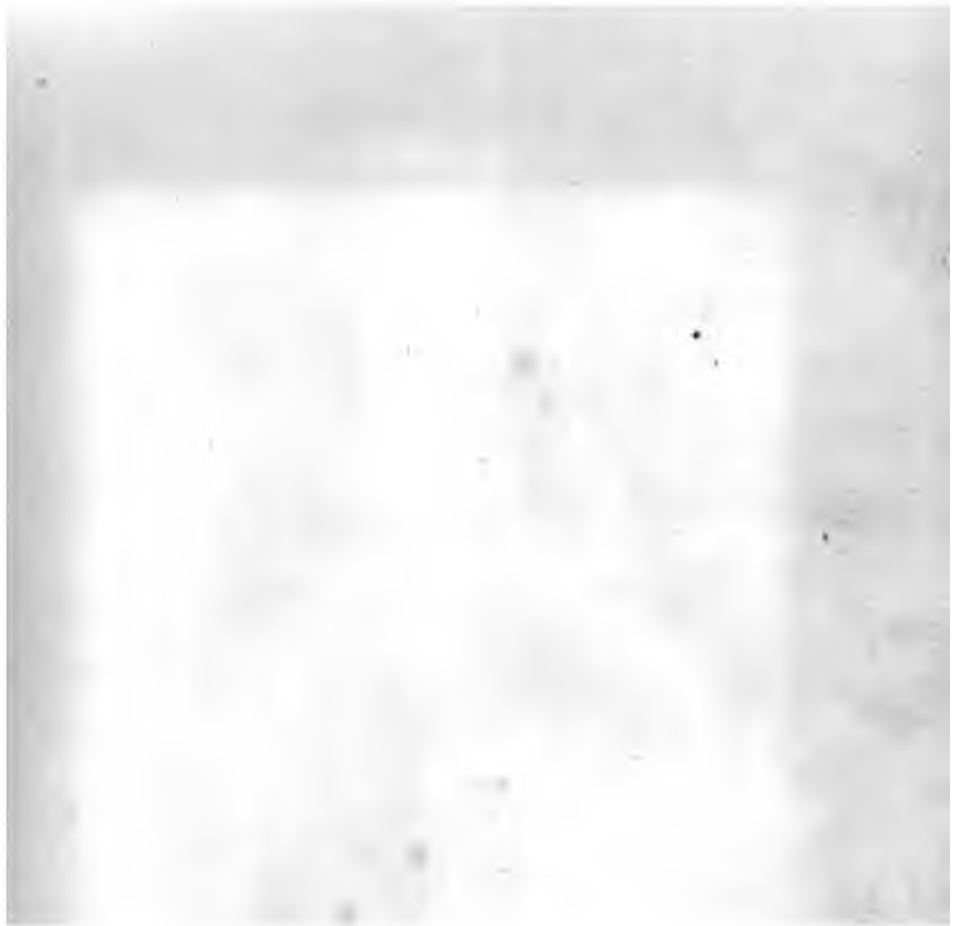

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VIEW OF THE MAIN CANAL IN THE CASTLE OF ST. JUAN DE ULLOA.

VIEW OF THE MAIN CANAL IN THE CASTLE OF ST. JUAN DE ULLOA.

THE HILLS OF CERRO GORDO AND TELEGRAFO.

THE

TWELVE MONTHS VOLUNTEER;

OR,

JOURNAL OF A PRIVATE,

IN THE

TENNESSEE REGIMENT OF CAVALRY,

IN THE CAMPAIGN, IN MEXICO,

1846-7;

COMPRISING FOUR GENERAL SUBJECTS

I. A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN CAMP; AMUSEMENTS; DUTIES; HARDSHIPS;
II. A DESCRIPTION OF TEXAS AND MEXICO, AS SEEN ON THE MARCH;
III. MANNERS; CUSTOMS; RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES OF THE MEXICANS;
IV. THE OPERATIONS OF ALL THE TWELVE MONTHS VOLUNTEERS:

INCLUDING A COMPLETE

HISTORY OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

EMBELLISHED WITH

CORRECT ENGRAVINGS, FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

BY GEORGE C. FURBER,
OF COMPANY G.

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TO THE

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS

OF THE

TWELVE MONTHS VOLUNTEERS,

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

To Major General Patterson and Colonel Abercrombie, his aid, the author gratefully acknowledges his obligations, for the information given him of the army movements from time to time, and more especially for the revisal of his journals during the stay of the army at Jalapa,—thus enabling him, with confidence, to present them to the public. To Colonel Thomas, Lieutenant Colonel Allison, Major Waterhouse, and Captain Sneed, of the Tennessee cavalry, he takes pleasure in declaring his indebtedness, for the continued opportunities and indulgence granted, in allowing him time and leave of absence from the regular duties of camp, while near the Mexican cities and towns, in order to procure the information herein contained. To the gentlemanly adjutants of the 1st and 2d Tennessee, and 3d Ohio regiments, he is indebted for much information, more particularly in their power to give. To most of the officers in his own regiment, and many of those in the 1st and 2d Tennessee, he returns his thanks, for the relation of many items and facts which came under their more immediate observation; and for their strong interest manifested, while yet on the scene of operations, for the character and success of this work.

To Dr. Woodworth, now of Cincinnati, but resident in the interior of Mexico for the past eight years, the author is much indebted, for the complete revisal and approval of his proof-sheets, as they came from the press, in all things relating to Mexican manners, customs, laws, and religious ceremonies,—thus, in these respects, enabling him to present them to the public, fully confident that nothing therein will convey the slightest impression of anything save facts, as they exist.—In giving these accounts, he acknowledges the assistance of no work whatever on Mexico or Mexicans; being entirely original, and he not willing to endorse the errors or carelessness of others.

To his numerous fellow-soldiers, who, at Victoria, Mex., Tampico, Vera Cruz, Plan del Rio and Jalapa, subscribed to the work, upon hearing the details of the manuscripts and examining the drawings of places,—on the promise, too, on his part, that it should be issued from the press by the 1st of November, 1847,—the author owes an apology, for his failure to produce

it in that specified time; and he trusts that they will receive his excuse, as he found it wholly impossible to finish the book and engravings within that period, and as they will see that he has furnished a larger and more complete work than that contracted for, but with no increase of price.

A description of the country; the transactions in camp and on the march; the battles fought by the immediate division to which the Tennessee cavalry was attached; the manners and customs of the Mexicans, &c., was promised; but he has taken a wider range, and worked in with those an account of all the actions of the twelve months' volunteers, and a complete history of the war.—Five hundred and fifty pages was the proposed extent; he has given six hundred and twenty-four;—six engravings were to be in the work; he has placed in twenty-three, and added a map of the whole scene of operations. He trusts, on these accounts, that his failure in time in issuing the book, will be passed over.

To the general reader, the author would remark, that in this work there has not been the slightest opportunity, even had he been so disposed, for the flight of imagination, or any departure from truth: for thousands witnessed the scenes here described. The errors would have been instantly detected by them; and especially condemned by those whose aid and support has been freely given to the work only on account of its faithful details, whether of important operations, or of lighter scenes in camp.

The author has aimed at no excellence of style; he has endeavored to use the more familiar words and every day expressions of life, conscious that the relation of facts would be the main object with the reader, rather than the language in which they might be dressed.

In the list of killed and wounded there may be errors in the letters of the names;—probably there are such: as it is next to impossible for so many proper names to be all correctly spelled;—there may also be some omissions. In either case, the author would be happy to receive communications from the friends of the fallen, or from the wounded themselves, addressed to him, care of the publishers, post-paid, and such errors shall be corrected in the next edition;—or if he has inadvertently neglected, in any particular, to do full and even justice to any regiment, command, or officer, he would be thankful for communications, in like manner, upon the subject: for this, too, may be the case, especially in the operations of other divisions of the army than that to which he was attached, notwithstanding his unwearied endeavors, to procure all published information and personal accounts from individuals who bore distinguished parts in those scenes, and the full confidence which, consequently, he feels in their correctness.

CINCINNATI, *January*, 1848.

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CAUSES

AND

COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR.

For more than thirty years had the United States been in a situation of continual peace with all foreign nations. Peace being the true policy of the government, the tendency of the acts of each successive administration has been towards preserving that state with all mankind. Small contests, more of a domestic nature, have from time to time been carried on with the different tribes of Indians within her limits; the longest continued of which was the "Florida war," with the tribe of Seminoles. This, though long protracted, and arduous, from the nature of the country in which it was carried on, was, in a national point of view, but of minor importance; the same is true of the other Indian wars. In 1835, a difficulty appeared about to be brought on with France; but the war cloud, which manifested itself on the political horizon, was dispersed, and vanished, as all cause of misapprehension and dispute between the two nations was removed. The population of the United States, during this long interval of peace, increased in a manner unknown before in the annals of the world. This country offered a secure and happy asylum for the crowded population of Europe, where, often the most untiring industry, and the strictest frugality were unavailing, to secure to the poor mechanic, or the small farmer, even the necessaries of life.

These crowded in thousands to our shores, where, in the busy city, continual labor was to be found by them, and where their industry would be amply rewarded; or, where throughout our ample domain, on the vast, rich prairies, the wooded hills, or in the fertile valleys, still uncultivated, inviting the hand of man to till and beautify them, lands and homes were to be procured almost for nothing; and, settling upon them, soon becoming assimilated with our customs and laws, were changed from the servile subjects of monarchs, to free American citizens.

The vast wave of population was continually rolling to the westward, diverging towards the north and the south, until the whole Mississippi valley, then a wilderness, was rendered the abode of a free and happy population.

With the increase of the population of the United States the increase of her agriculture, of her commerce, and of her manufactures also kept pace. Her agriculture has so increased, and such is the vast abundance of the products of the soil, that she has the present year, 1847, presented to the world the anomaly of a nation carrying on an expensive war of invasion; supporting her armies in a foreign country; abundantly supplying her numerous population at home, and, at the same time, sending bread stuffs, in immense quantities, to feed the starving population of the Old World. Her commerce, although the nation is, as it were, only of yesterday, is with the whole world, and every sea is whitened by her sails. Her great lakes, her majestic rivers, are crowded with sail and steam vessels; her domestic commerce, like her foreign, has been, and is increasing in a ratio unknown before; and, by the conveniences and rapidity of her numerous modes of transportation, distance, over her vast territory, may, in one sense, be said to be completely annihilated.

So, too, have her manufactures increased in proportion to her agriculture and commerce; and she is able, even now, to compete with the mother country in foreign markets, and, in many articles of common manufacture to each, to undersell her.

While thus prosperous in the three great sources of wealth, her people have not been oppressed with heavy burdens, to sustain that fabric of government which extends to them freedom and security. That government which has proved the best, has also proved the cheapest. While the older nations are ground down, by enormous taxation, to maintain huge, unwieldy systems of greater or less despotism, the taxes upon her people have been so light as hardly to be known or felt; and so vast are her resources, that even by this light revenue, other nations have, with astonishment, seen her paying off the heavy debts that hung over her at first; prosecuting all the operations of government; supporting her army and navy, the means of her defence, and at the same time having millions of surplus revenue on hand, for which special legislation had to be resorted to, in order to determine what should be done with it.

A republican government, which, in its most unfavorable form, is, to the great European monarchies, an object of apprehension and dislike, so prosperous as this, and advancing with such giant strides towards the position of the first nation on the earth, could not fail to excite in those powers the most lively apprehension of evil to themselves, from her growing power, and of her prosperity exciting in the minds of their subjects a disaffection toward their own governments. And so it has been with regard, particularly, to the governments of France and Great Britain. Every effort that could be made, save open war, has been made continually, by these powers, to restrain and confine as much as possible the increasing influence of this country. Texas, once a province of the neighboring Republic of Mexico, having revolted from that government and declared her independence, and having, by the decisive battle of San Jacinto, fought on April 21st, 1836, firmly established that independence, continued a separate republic for ten years, when it was annexed to the United States, by mutual agreement of the two governments and the people of both republics. Texas ceased to exist as a separate republic, and entered the Union as a State on the 19th of February, 1846, previous to which her independence

had been acknowledged, not only by the United States, but also by Great Britain and France. This act of annexing Texas to the Union, had been freely discussed in both countries, for some time previous to its completion. It was opposed secretly by the powers of France and Great Britain, and openly by the Republic of Mexico; and when, on the 1st of March, 1845, the resolutions providing for it passed the Senate of the United States, they were followed, in five days after, by a formal protest against the action of Congress in the matter, by the Mexican minister plenipotentiary, Don Juan N'Almonte, at Washington; and to this protest he added the demand of his credentials, and immediately returned to Mexico.

The government of that country also, soon after, informed our minister, Mr. Shannon, that all intercourse between the two nations must cease on the 28th of the same month, and, at the same time, the president of Mexico, Herrera, issued his proclamation to the governors of the separate departments of Mexico, calling upon them to assist him "in repelling the encroachments of the United States," as he termed it; and, from that moment, the government of Mexico was bent upon war. On the 5th day of May following, the president of Texas issued a proclamation, calling on the people of that republic to elect sixty-one deputies, to meet at Austin, on the ensuing 4th of July, to decide upon the resolutions as they had passed the United States' Congress; but on the 4th day of June following, he issued another proclamation, announcing to the people of Texas that the Republic of Mexico had acceded to the propositions that had before been made by Texas, the substance of which was, that Mexico would acknowledge her independence, provided that she, Texas, should not annex herself to any other power. This concession of Mexico had been brought about through the ministers of France and Great Britain, in the hope of preventing the annexation; those powers preferring to see Texas a separate, smaller republic, than, by her annexation to the United States, to increase the strength of that, already to them, too formidable a power. But it was now too late. The Texan

Congress, with but few dissenting voices, on the 18th of June, 1845, accepted the offer held out by the United States, in which they were seconded by the convention that met on the 4th of July following. When it was seen by the government of Mexico that the people of Texas would not accept her terms, that government declared its determination to invade and reconquer the country; and immediately commenced forming an army on the Rio Grande. Both the Congress and the convention of Texas, upon their knowledge of this movement, requested of the President of the United States, to which then by their acceptance of the resolutions the country was virtually annexed, to send a military force to the western frontier, to defend her from the threatened danger. Accordingly a portion of the army of the United States, a force of 1500 men, under General Taylor, in August 1845, embarked at New Orleans and proceeded to Texas, with orders to take a position between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, and repel any invasion of the Texan territory that might be attempted by the Mexican forces. This force proceeded to St. Joseph's Island, from thence to the little town of Corpus Christi, situated on the main land, west of the Nueces river, and not far from its mouth, and there encamped, remaining at that place, without molestation, until the 11th of March, 1846. The Mexican government, in the meantime, continued to increase and strengthen its army at the city of Matamoras, on the Rio Grande, one hundred and eighty miles to the east of south of Corpus Christi; but no operations were attempted on either side. At the same time that General Taylor was ordered to the frontier of Texas, the Home squadron of the navy, under Commodore Conner, was ordered to the Gulf of Mexico, to be ready to co-operate with him in preventing or repelling the threatened invasion.

While matters stood thus, Mexico having terminated all intercourse between herself and the United States, and at the same time employing all her energies in collecting armies on her northern frontier, with the avowed purpose and determination to invade and resubjugate Texas, and on the other hand our small but gallant army and portion of the

navy near, patiently awaiting her action, the government of the United States, hoping yet to avert from both countries the evils of that war which seemed almost inevitable, again offered the olive branch of peace to Mexico. On the 15th of September 1845, the Consul of the United States residing in the city of Mexico was directed by our government to inquire "whether the Mexican government would receive an envoy intrusted with full powers to adjust all the questions in dispute between the two governments?" This question was in a month afterward answered in the affirmative by the Mexican government, accompanied by the request of that government that our naval force should be withdrawn from their coast while negociations should be pending. Upon this answer being received, the naval force of the United States was immediately withdrawn, and on the tenth of November Mr. John Slidell was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the Republic of Mexico, vested with full powers, to settle all questions of dispute between the two nations, and once more the cloud of war seemed about to blow over, and the relations of peace and amity between the two nations to continue undisturbed.

But the Texas question was not the only cause of contention and dispute between the two countries. Long before this arose, a continual cause of complaint, on the part of the United States against Mexico, had existed, and been continued for many years. Shortly after Mexico had established her independence from the power of Spain, an event which took place in the year 1821, she commenced a series of spoliations and aggressions upon the commerce of the United States, and insults to its flag. Depredation by her, followed depredation. Remonstrance by the United States, followed remonstrance; but still the spoliations continued. In the language of the message of the President of the United States of December 8th, 1846: "Our citizens engaged in lawful commerce were imprisoned, their vessels seized and our flag insulted in her ports. If money was wanted, the lawless seizure and confiscation of our merchant vessels and their cargoes, was a ready resource,

and if to accomplish her purposes it became necessary to imprison the owners, captains, and crews, it was done. Rulers superseded rulers in Mexico in rapid succession, but still there was no change in this system of depredation. The government of the United States made repeated reclamations on behalf of its citizens, but these were answered by the perpetration of new outrages." This course of action, so long continued, had it been directed towards any of the European powers, would have brought down upon her with little ceremony, the thunder of their cannon. But the United States forbore; Mexico was a sister republic of the same continent, and professed to make her free institutions a model for herself. Instead of retaliation and force, a treaty of amity, commerce and navigation, was on the 5th of April, 1831, concluded between the two republics, in which treaty the rights and privileges of each power and the citizens thereof were so clearly laid down, that there could be no misunderstanding with regard to, and no excuse for the slightest violation of them. The hope and the belief was then entertained by the government of the United States, that all these depredations were ended. But this hope was vain. Mexico disregarding the solemn faith of treaties, the committal of these injuries and insults ended for so short a period as to leave it hardly to be known whether for any time they had ceased or not. Instead of decreasing even, they increased, and to such an extent that President Jackson, in his message to Congress in February, 1837, presented them to the consideration of that body; and declared that "the length of time since some of the injuries had been committed, the repeated and unavailing applications for redress, the wanton character of some of the outrages upon the property and persons of our citizens, upon the affairs and flag of the United States, independent of recent insults to this government and people by the late extraordinary Mexican minister, would justify in the eyes of all nations immediate war." In this view of the wrongs suffered from Mexico, the President was fully sustained by the committees of both houses of Congress, to whom the message was referred. But

the government of the United States still forbore, and took not redress in their own hands, but dispatched a special messenger to Mexico, who on the 20th of July, 1837, made a final demand for redress. On the 29th of the same month an answer from the Mexican government was returned, bearing on its face all the indications of fairness and candor. It declared that it was the anxious wish of that government, "not to delay the moment of that final and equitable adjustment which is to terminate the existing difficulties between the two governments; that nothing should be left undone which may contribute to the most speedy and equitable determination of the subjects, which have so seriously engaged the attention of the American government; and that, the Mexican government would adopt as the only guides for its conduct, the plainest principles of public right, the sacred obligation imposed by international law, and the religious faith of treaties, and that whatever reason and justice may dictate respecting each case will be done," and, "moreover, that the decision of the Mexican government upon each cause of complaint, for which redress has been demanded, shall be communicated to the government of the United States by the Mexican minister at Washington."

These promises were fair, but the object in making them was only to obtain further delay, for they were entirely disregarded by the Mexican government. Five months afterward the Mexican minister informed the government at Washington, that but four cases had been examined by the Mexican government, and but one of those had been favorably considered! This manner of action under the circumstances, and after the solemn promises of the Mexican government before mentioned, was but a fresh insult and another injury to the government and people of the United States, added to the long list of those that had been given before.

President Van Buren immediately communicated the information of the Mexican minister to Congress, and, after remarking, in his message, that "the larger number of our demands for redress, many of them aggravated cases of per-

sonal wrong, and some of the causes of national complaint of the most offensive character, had been for years before the Mexican government;" and that, also, "they admitted of immediate, simple, and satisfactory replies;" and he, being fully convinced that the promises of Mexico were never intended to be fulfilled by her, went on, in the same message, to say: "On a careful and deliberate examination of the contents (*i. e.*, of the correspondence of the Mexican government), and considering the spirit manifested by the Mexican government, it has become my painful duty to return the subject, as it now stands, to Congress, to whom it belongs, to decide upon the time, the mode, and measure of redress." But instead of taking redress into their own hands, the government of the United States still forbore, and entered into a new negotiation with Mexico.

This negotiation resulted in the appointment of a convention, which met on the 11th of April, 1839, and appointed joint commissioners, to decide upon the claims for indemnification presented by American citizens. This appeared fair enough; but the object of Mexico afterwards proved to be, what before it had always been, to gain time, and as much as possible to delay and postpone any redress for her wrongs committed. The commissioners met a little more than a year afterwards, in August, 1840; Mexico had succeeded in the convention, by fair promises, in limiting the time of action of these commissioners upon the claims, to eighteen months; a time sufficiently long, provided the parties attended to the business before them with assiduity.

But there was not the slightest reason why any determinate time should have been appointed for their deliberations. They should have sat from day to day, until every claim had been examined. But it was the intention of Mexico, while professing to act with the utmost candor, to prevent all the claims that she possibly could, from being acted upon by the commissioners; thus leaving all such in the same state that they had been for many years, and with still less prospect of settlement than ever before. In this manœuvre she succeeded well; for, when the commissioners met, and were

ready to proceed in their examinations and awards, many frivolous and dilatory points were raised by the Mexican portion of the commission, in the discussion of which, four months of the eighteen, were passed away before the American commissioners could have the first case brought up; and during the remaining fourteen months, every delay possible was made, as at first. The claims then brought forward for indemnification for her spoliations, and robbery in many cases outright, amounted to six millions and nearly three hundred thousand dollars. Of this vast amount, less than one-third, that is, two millions and twenty-six thousand dollars, were fully acted on and awarded, on account of the expiration of the time set; leaving one million, that had been awarded by the American commissioners, but not decided by the umpire; and upwards of three millions three hundred thousand more, that had not been taken up at all, in the same situation as before the commission; and in a much more unfavorable condition for ever being acted upon. So much, then, had Mexico gained by the same course of duplicity and deceit that she had ever pursued.

That such was the motive of the Mexican government, is proved by her subsequent conduct. She declared to the United States, that it would be inconvenient to her to pay then, even the amount that had been awarded against her; and asked for more time in which to make the payment. This was readily assented to, by the government of the United States, ever ready, notwithstanding the continued cause of injury that had been received at the hand of Mexico, to extend amity and accommodation to her. A new convention was accordingly entered into between the governments, which bore upon its face, that "this new arrangement was entered into for the accommodation of Mexico." This convention altered the terms of payment, making them easy for Mexico; and in order to settle those claims left undisposed of before, it was expressly agreed and determined that another convention should be entered into for that purpose.

This third convention was entered into, and signed by the ministers of the two nations, on November 20th, 1843, and

was ratified by the Senate of the United States, who added two amendments to it, of the most reasonable character, the more effectually to bring about the ostensible desired end of both parties,—the final decision and settlement of all the claims. Seizing hold of these amendments as a pretext, the government of Mexico evaded its ratification, from time to time, until the present.

But even this was not all. By the terms of the second convention, which, as said before, was made expressly upon the request of Mexico to give her more time, and which was done freely by the government of the United States, she was to pay the interest that had accrued, up to that time, and the principal she was to pay in twenty installments, during five years. She paid the interest; but in two years and four months, to the period that the war commenced, she had paid but the three first installments, out of all that had fallen due; entirely failing and refusing to pay the others.

This, then, was the condition of affairs during the summer of 1845, when war seemed inevitable; but the prospect of peace brightened, as the government of Mexico agreed to receive from the United States a minister, "with full power to adjust all the questions between the two governments." As mentioned before, a minister, Mr. John Slidell, was appointed on the 10th of November, with such powers. He proceeded to Mexico, arriving at Vera Cruz on the 30th of the same month, and went on to the city of Mexico and presented his credentials; but was refused reception, even after the previous agreement.

Shortly after this refusal, the existing government in Mexico was subverted, and General Paredes took the place of Herrera, as president. This government was even more bitter against the United States than the former; and actively employed itself in making preparations for war. Body after body, of troops, and large supplies of munitions of war, were sent to the northern frontier.

Two months after his first application, did Mr. Slidell, by order of the government of the United States, on the 1st of March, 1846, again offer his credentials and ask to be re-

ceived in his official capacity. The reply from the Mexican government was received on the 12th. It contained a peremptory refusal to receive him, except in an inferior capacity. This reply was written in a manner most insulting to the government and people of the United States, and it contained the declaration that war was the only resource of the Mexican Government. Mr. Slidell immediately demanded his passports, and shortly after returned to the United States.

The conduct of Mexico, now left no doubt but that she was determined upon war; and that war she soon after commenced. In three weeks from the time of the rejection of the United States' Minister, bearing the last proposal of peace, the Mexican Government issued orders, dated April 4, to General Arista, commanding the Mexican army on the Rio Grande, to attack our forces under General Taylor, "by every means which war permits." A few days afterwards, the president of Mexico addressed a letter to the same general, in which he says: "At the present date, I suppose you at the head of that valiant army, either fighting already, or preparing for the operations of a campaign;" and, "supposing you already on the theatre of operations, and with all the forces assembled, it is indispensable that hostilities be commenced; yourself taking the initiative against the enemy."*

The plan of the Mexican government was, that General Arista should attack, and overcome the small army under General Taylor, and should proceed on the invasion of Texas; while General Paredes followed with a larger army, to take possession of the country. But the Mexican army was not destined to make so long a march, for on the 9th, 10th and 11th of March, 1846, General Taylor broke up his camp at Corpus Christi, and marched south for the Rio Grande, in obedience to the orders of the War Department. He was directed "to abstain from all aggressive acts towards Mexico or Mexican citizens, and to regard the relations of the two countries as peaceful, unless Mexico should declare war, or commit acts of hostility indicative of a state of war."†

*Arista's correspondence, captured at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, May 9th, 1846.

†President's Message, December 8th, 1846.

The attitude of the two nations, now excited the greatest interest among the citizens of each, and also with the nations of the old world. With the people of the United States, a spirit of indignation prevailed, and thousands upon thousands began to prepare for the approaching conflict, determined, if war took place, to rush forward as citizen soldiers to sustain our army, against the attacks of Mexico. The excitement grew more intense with regard to the position of affairs, and most eagerly was every word of information, from the army, and from Mexico, sought after and quickly disseminated among the vast population. Public meetings were held throughout the country, companies of soldiers raised, and their services in many instances, offered to the Government of the United States, in advance of any operations of actual warfare; for all saw that if Mexico persisted, it must come.

General Taylor continued his march toward the Rio Grande, his whole force amounting to upwards of 3,000 men. On the 18th of March he was met by a party of fifty or sixty Mexicans, detached by the Mexican general at Matamoras, who informed him that he must proceed no farther in that direction. This was unnoticed. The next day the advance guard arrived on the banks of the Sal Colorado, a small river running east through this section. Here was posted a body of Mexican cavalry, the officer commanding which stated that he had positive orders to fire upon the army should they attempt to cross this stream, and that he should do so. The army encamped that night on the northern bank, and on the next morning forded the stream; the Mexicans, without firing, retreated. The army continued its march from day to day towards the city of Matamoras, until the 23d, when it left the Matamoras road and struck off to the east towards Point Isabel on the coast. General Taylor was while on the march to this place met by a civil deputation from the city of Matamoras, now but a few miles distant. This deputation of about forty men bore to him from General Mejia, a protest against the occupation of the country adjoining the left bank of the Rio Grande, by the United

States' forces, accompanied with threats, if General Taylor persisted in so doing. This, like the other messages, was unnoticed, and the army advanced to Point Isabel, where the fleet of transports from Corpus Christi, conveying stores, &c. was arriving at the same time. The Mexicans there fired their buildings and retreated. The army remained there a few days, and establishing a depot, threw up strong and efficient defences around it. Leaving a small force under the command of Major Munroe, to garrison and defend this point, the army proceeded to the Rio Grande, upon the bank of which, opposite Matamoras, it arrived on Saturday the 28th of March. The Mexican army was immediately drawn out on the other side of the river, in long and imposing columns, but nothing was done by them save a great display of martial music, drums, fifes, trumpets, bugles, &c.—which mode of salutation, whatever it meant, was answered in the same way, by all the trumpets and drums in the American lines; so that the first meeting of the armies, ended in noise. The American army proceeded quietly to encamp, and the Mexican returned into the city. On the following morning, Sunday 29th, the army moved round a long elbow or bend in the river, three or four miles down along the bank, but not more than a mile and a half in a direct line, and encamped in a large open plain, nearly around which, by another bend the river ran. This spot was nearer to, and commanded a better view of the principal part of the city, than the first. The Fort, afterwards called "Fort Brown" was, upon this plain, and on the bank of the river, immediately laid off and commenced with vigor. Seeing this, the Mexican forces were also set to work throwing up counteracting entrenchments upon the other bank; one opposite; another a short distance below, and a third in the bend of the river above; all within point blank range, the river being but about two hundred yards wide; and they bore upon three sides of the American fortification; two of them being much higher than that, from the nature of the ground. To these they also afterward added another, on the American side and above. No communications passed for several days, during which

time, by the arduous and unremitting labor of the American army, their fort was brought to a state of strength, sufficient, it was calculated, to withstand any effort that might be made by the Mexican army to reduce it. (*See Plan of Matamoras, page* 192.)

One communication had, indeed, been endeavored to be made by General Taylor, by directing General Worth to cross the river with his staff, bearing dispatches for the Mexican General Mejia, and others for the consul of the United States there. A boat was after some delay sent from the city over for them, and General La Vega was appointed by the Mexican commander to confer with General Worth. This conference however resulted in no effect, and General Worth returned.

(The account of the scenes that follow, of the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, the bombardment of Fort Brown, and the taking of the city of Matamoras, the author quotes from " Young's History of Mexico," a late work written with ability and correctness.)

"On the 12th of April, General Pedro de Ampudia formally announced to General Taylor that if he did not break up his camp, and retire beyond the Nueces, within twenty-four hours, that arms and arms alone must decide the contest. The reply to this demand was a peremptory refusal, and a declaration to the effect that the American flag would continue to float on the shores of the Rio Grande until 'eternity.' The General in command qualified his refusal by offering to sign an armistice, which should be maintained until the parties should receive instructions from their respective governments. Ampudia refused to accede to this reasonable proposition, and proclaiming his intention of resorting to force, prepared to make good his threats. Shortly afterwards General Mariano Arista, the commander-in-chief of the northern division of the Mexican army arrived at Matamoras, and on the 24th inst., addressed a communication to General Taylor, informing him that 'he considered hostilities commenced and should prosecute them.'

"On the same day Captain Thornton, with a party of dragoons, sixty-three in number, rank and file, were sent up the left bank of the river to reconnoitre and ascertain whether the enemy had crossed, or were preparing to cross the stream. While performing this duty the detachment, on the morning of the 25th, encountered a division of Mexicans, two thousand in number, under the command of General Torrejon. Forming his squadron, Thornton, though surprised in a disadvantageous position, charged upon the enemy, whose great superiority enabled them to resist the onset with such success that the party were compelled to surrender as prisoners of war, after having sustained a loss of sixteen killed and wounded in the gallant effort to extricate themselves.

"On the 26th of April, General Taylor made a requisition upon the States of Texas and Louisiana for eight regiments of volunteers, each State being called upon to furnish four regiments. The demand was responded to with enthusiasm; the Governors and legislative bodies emulating each other in their eagerness to muster and equip the desired levies within the shortest possible time. Major General Gaines, commanding the western division of the U. S. army, actively co-operated with the civil authorities in raising, organizing, and transporting the Louisiana troops to the seat of war. The whole force under General Taylor at this crisis, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, did not exceed three thousand men. As it was evident that the enemy would soon make good their threats by invading the American side of the river, it became necessary for the commander to act with great circumspection. The defences which had been erected after an approved fashion, under his own eye, were, in his opinion, strong enough to bid defiance to the assaults of the hostiles should they attempt to carry the place; an enterprise scarcely to be expected from even the veterans under Arista. In order, however, to put the fort in a condition to sustain a siege, it was necessary to obtain a supply of provisions, the commissariat having already been drawn upon to its fullest extent.

"On the 1st of May, Gen. Taylor left his position oppo-

site Matamoras, and with the main body of his forces marched toward Point Isabel, near the mouth of the Del Norte, where, as has been stated, he had established a depot of arms and subsistence. Contrary to his expectations, he reached his destination on the following day, without meeting a single adversary. The works were garrisoned by the 7th infantry and two companies of artillery, under the command of Major Brown. The Mexicans had fortified the bank of the river by erecting batteries, in a line with the fort, which frowned upon the adverse shore.

"About day-break on the morning of the 3d, the garrison was aroused by the deafening peal of the hostile ordnance; which echoed along the windings of the stream, proclaiming that the Aztec eagle was about to encounter the bird of the north, in whose capacious maw lay buried the fair province protected by its outspread wings. The fire was promptly returned by the Americans, whose superior skill in the use of their guns enabled them to do infinite damage to the enemy. The bombardment continued several days, both parties toiling incessantly at the engines of death. General Arista, in the meantime having completed his preparations, crossed the Rio Grande at the head of five thousand regular troops, and one thousand auxiliaries, supported by a train of more than twelve pieces of cannon.* Arista encamped at the Tonquas del Ramireno, in rear of the fort, and on the 6th summoned it to surrender, threatening to storm it, and exterminate its defenders, unless his demand was complied with, allowing them one hour for deliberation. As a matter of form, a council of war was called, which decided unanimously in the negative upon the proposals of the Mexican leader. The latter, as if determined to carry his threats into execution, turned his arms against the works, thus placing the garrison between two fires. Encouraging their men by their cheerful and intrepid bearing, the officers of the division plied the guns day and night, and with the energy of men in desperate circumstances labored to finish the defences. They even cut up their tents

* Arista's Dispatch to the Minister of War and Marine.

and fashioned them into sand-bags, which were placed so as to receive the enemy's fire. The siege had continued several days, the Americans had as yet lost but one man, who, strange to say, had first been wounded badly, and placed for safety in a casemate, when a shot striking him upon the head instantly killed him!

"On the morning of the 8th of May, 1846, the Mexican scouts reported the advance of the forces under Taylor, accompanied by a heavy train of wagons, loaded with supplies. Upon the reception of this intelligence Arista marched toward the coast, leaving his second in command, Don Pedro Ampudia, in charge of the detachment which had been ordered to keep the garrison from attempting a junction with the main body. At one o'clock, P. M., Arista arrived near the water-hole of Palo Alto, and formed his line of battle in an extensive plain, with his right wing resting upon a woody elevation; his left was supported by a quagmire, very difficult of penetration. The cavalry, which composed one-third of his army, was placed upon the flanks of the line thus strongly posted. Twelve pieces of ordnance occupied the intervals between the cavalry and infantry. General Taylor's first impulse, when he heard the cannonading at the fort, was to retrace his steps without delay; but as the guns of the besieged continued to be heard in answer to those of the assailants, he relied with confidence upon the gallantry of the former, and resolved to complete his preparations. In order, however, to obtain some definite information of the actual condition of the party in charge of the works, he dispatched Captain Walker of the Texan Rangers up the river for that purpose. Walker returned on the 5th, and reported that there was scarcely a probability of the Mexicans being able to reduce the fort; stating at the same time that the country between the two places was alive with the enemy's cavalry, through which he and his men had with difficulty made their way unobserved. The gallant conduct of this officer contributed in no slight degree to relieve the feelings of the different divisions, as it destroyed that sickening un-

certainty which is common to those engaged in operations at a distance from one another.

"On the evening of the 7th, the American commander took up the line of march for his former camp, at the head of two thousand three hundred men, cavalry, infantry, and artillery; the army was encumbered with a heavy train of wagons, which somewhat retarded its progress. That night Taylor bivouacked seven miles from Point Isabel, and on the following morning resumed his march. About the hour of noon, on the memorable 8th, the advance squadrons of horse which had been thrown forward reached the Palo Alto, and discovered the enemy drawn up in battle array upon the prairie, three quarters of a mile distant. In a short time the main body came up, and the General ordered a halt, that the men might refresh themselves at the pool. After resting an hour or so, the American commander proceeded deliberately to form his line of battle as follows, commencing on the right wing: "Fifth infantry, Colonel McIntosh; Ringgold's artillery; third infantry, Captain Morris; two eighteen pounders, Lieutenant Churchill; fourth infantry, Major Allen; two squadrons of dragoons under Captains Ker and May. The left wing was formed of a battalion of artillery, Colonel Childs; Captain Duncan's light artillery; and the eighth infantry, Captain Montgomery. Colonel Twiggs commanded the right, and Lieutenant Colonel Belknap the left of the line."* The train was packed in the rear, protected by a sufficient guard.

"At two o'clock the order was given to move forward, the several corps advancing steadily by heads of columns, the eighteen pounders keeping the road. Lieutenant Blake, of the topographical engineers, having performed a skillful reconnoissance of the hostile line, now reported the position of the enemy's batteries. As the columns came up the Mexican cannon opened upon them a deafening but harmless fire.†

* General Taylor's Dispatches, May 15th, 1846.

† General Ampudia arrived upon the scene at this moment, and behaved well during the day.

"Halting his divisions, Taylor ordered them to deploy into line, an evolution which they performed with as much coolness as if they had been upon parade; throwing back the 8th infantry to secure his left flank, the General placed the light battery in advance; the word was then given to return the adversaries' fire; it was promptly obeyed; the eighteen pounders, and Ringgold's admirable corps of flying artillery, poured forth a deadly stream of shot, which soon forced the cavalry on Arista's left to fall back.

"At this moment Duncan's battery, supported by May's dragoons, was doing equal damage on the right flank. In order to prevent the destruction of his army, Arista determined to make an effort to silence the fatal engines which were so rapidly vomiting death into his ranks. The greater part of the Mexican cavalry had been posted upon their left; they were mostly lancers, and were commanded by General Anastasio Torrejon, the officer who had captured Thornton's party during the preceding month. While the American ordance was sweeping down his files, Arista ordered Torrejon to charge upon Taylor's right, while he in person proposed to advance with the rest of his lancers and the main body of his infantry, upon his left flank. Torrejon, supported by two field-pieces, attempted to obey the order, but was met and repulsed by the 5th infantry, Walker's volunteers, and a section of flying artillery under Lieutenant Ridgely, which raked the lancers as they retired, after this bold, but unsuccessful movement.—The General, anticipating a renewal of the attack, now strengthened that part of his line with the 3d infantry. The long grass of the prairie was at this crisis accidentally set on fire, which being as dry as powder, blazed up fiercely, and for the space of an hour the combatants were partially hidden from each other by the dense volumes of smoke, which hung like a curtain between them, for the time at least preventing the work of death.

"Advancing under cover of the smoke, the American forces now occupied the position lately held by the lancers near the quagmire. When the enemy's line again became visible, the contest was resumed with increased ardor, the

eighteen pounders, flying artillery, and light battery, making fearful havoc through the ranks of the Mexicans, whose intrepid bearing was the 'theme of universal admiration' among those who witnessed their gallant behavior. The blood of both armies had now become heated; volley followed volley in rapid succession; the air was filled with musket balls, round shot, grape, and canister. May's squadron being ordered to make a demonstration upon the enemy's flank, was driven back with loss upon the main body. Maddened with pain and excitement, the Mexican soldiery called out to their General either to advance or retreat, so that the battle might be lost or won, and not prolonged until the artillery had entirely destroyed them.* Arista, in the hope of quieting the impatience of his men, who were leaving their ranks, sent forward a division of lancers, under Colonel Cayetano Montero, to attack the right wing, from whence issued the most destructive fire. The cavalry were met by a battalion of artillery, which, forming in square, received them with the bayonet; at the same moment the eighteen pounders opened a deadly discharge of canister, which forced the former to retire in disorder beyond the reach of the cannon. Their retreat was covered by a sharp fire of musketry from the Mexican lines; a few rounds from the ordnance soon silenced even this feeble effort upon the part of Arista to maintain his position. The Mexicans were driven back in the same manner upon their right by the 8th infantry, Ker's dragoons, and Duncan's artillery. The shadows of night were now gathering upon the field, the roar of the battle, the fierce shouts, and the clash of arms gradually ceased; and as the stars came forth and mingled their radiance with the light of the waning moon, the groans of the wounded and dying were borne upon the wind, and filled the air with mournful sounds.

"The enemy driven from his position, had retired a short distance to the rear, and occupied the chapparal with his shattered battalions, having lost in killed, wounded, and missing, five hundred men. The American force actually

* Arista's Dispatch to Tornel, May the 8th, 11 P. M., 1846.

engaged during the day, was two thousand two hundred and eighty-eight men, who lost nine killed, fifty-four wounded, and two missing. Among those mortally wounded was Major Ringgold, one of the bravest and most meritorious officers in the service. The number of shot thrown during the day, according to Arista's account, from the American cannon, was over three thousand, while the Mexicans fired but six hundred and fifty rounds from their twelve pieces used in the action.

"The weary soldiers, exhausted with their bloody work, bivouacked upon the field, and throwing themselves on the ground, reposed upon their arms until morning, lulled to sleep by the melancholy howl of troops of wolves, which scenting the carnage afar off, approached the fatal spot.

> "From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night
> The hum of either army stilly sounds,
> That the fixed sentinels almost receive
> The secret whispers of each other's watch;
> Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
> Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
> Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neigh,
> Piercing the night's dull ear."

"At the dawn of day on the following morning, the Mexican army was descried retreating through the wood toward the Del Norte, following the road to Matamoras. Sending his wounded back to Point Isabel, and leaving a detachment, with four pieces of artillery, to guard the supply train at Palo Alto, the commander-in-chief ordered his columns to advance in pursuit of the enemy; at the same time throwing forward a strong party, with instructions to explore the chapparal and ascertain the position of the Mexican force. At three in the afternoon, Taylor received information that Arista was posted directly in front, on the road, which was intersected at that point by a ravine, which was skirted by dense thickets of undergrowth. The flying artillery, under Lieutenant Ridgely, advanced up the road, covered by several regiments of infantry, which were extended into the woods upon the right and left flanks; the cavalry was held in re-

serve, together with the 8th infantry, in the rear. Pushing onward through the chapparal, the divisions soon came within range of the hostile cannon. About four o'clock the action commenced, the enemy opening a vigorous fire from eight pieces of artillery, which commanded the pass. The fire was returned with equal energy, and in a few moments the engagement became general; the infantry, upon the wings, and the battery in the centre, pouring in volley after volley, in rapid succession, which told fearfully among the serried ranks in front, who, unable to bear the shock, were forced to retire behind their guns.

"The Mexican cannon, under the charge of generals La Vega and Requena, was well served, and kept up an incessant discharge upon the advancing columns, which had already suffered considerably. It became necessary, therefore, to silence them, at all hazards, and Captain May was ordered to charge the battery with his squadron of cavalry; a perilous, and difficult feat, which was, nevertheless, successfully performed, the Mexicans retiring before the impetuous onset of the horsemen; the guns were silenced, and General La Vega, who had remained at his post, was taken prisoner. Not being supported by the infantry, May did not retain possession of the guns, but fell back upon the main body. The 8th infantry, which had been held as a *corps de reserve*, had been ordered up, and was now hotly engaged with the prolongation of the Mexican left, on the right of the road; being reinforced by a part of the 5th, the division was now ordered to charge the batteries with the bayonet, which was executed with admirable coolness and courage, the Mexicans retreating, leaving their artillery behind, in their haste to escape from the forest of steel which threatened to pierce their ranks. While rushing on to the hostile line, several wounded Mexicans were seen lying in their path, who called out to them, in the extremity of despair, for water; in an instant the poor wretches were deluged with the grateful element, every soldier within hearing placing the contents of his canteen and haversack at their disposal. In the meantime, the 4th infantry, in conjunction with the light com-

panies of the first brigade, and the 3d regiment, which had deployed into the wood on the right, were busily engaged with Arista's veterans, who resisted the efforts made to dislodge them, for a considerable time, with success. In several parts of the field the adversaries fought hand to hand, each determined, if possible, to maintain their ground. A party of the 4th regiment having captured a battery of one piece posted upon the right of the road, Arista sent a strong division to recover it; they were met by a company under Captain Barbour, who, after a brief struggle, repelled them with loss.* This was the last effort made by the Mexican leader to regain his lost ground. Driven from his position upon both wings, and in the centre, his broken columns, unable to bear the fire, which, with untiring energy was poured into their lines, lost all hope, and retreated precipitately from the field, leaving even the meagre repast, then preparing in their camp, to be eaten by the Americans. The rear-guard, which had been left in charge of the baggage train, was immediately ordered up in pursuit of the flying foe, who had taken the road to Matamoras, followed by a squadron of dragoons and the other corps; they fled rapidly, many of their number yielding themselves prisoners of war. In passing

* "The following interesting account of the capture of this piece of ordnance is extracted from a detailed description of the actions of the 8th and 9th of May, which was written by the late gallant and unfortunate Lieutenant John A. Richey, of the 4th regiment United States' Infantry: 'A short time after the battle began, several of us became separated from our command in the brush, and started forward with the few men we could collect at the moment to take a battery of the Mexicans that was blazing away at us. We dashed forward into the ravine, across the stream which ran through it, and, clambering up the opposite bank, rushed across the openings of the chapparal toward the battery. While passing through the woods I got separated, for about ten minutes, from lieutenants Woods and Hays; when I rejoined them they had captured the cannon; they had dashed onward upon the enemy attended by *only one man!* The cannoneers immediately turned and fled; before doing so they had set fire to the priming tube, the gun being loaded; the match was burning slowly, and was about to ignite the powder, when Lieutenant Woods knocked the priming off with his sword. In the meantime some Mexicans ran to the mules, attached to the piece by a long pole, and endeavored to drag it off; Hays perceiving their intention, sprang forward, and snapped his pistol at them; at the same moment Woods caught hold of the driving reins, and turned the mules round toward the gun. By this time our party was reinforced, and moved forward along the road, firing all the time, and

the walls of the fort, which, three days before, he had so arrogantly summoned to surrender, Arista was saluted by a discharge from the guns of the garrison, which caused his panic-stricken troops to rush heedlessly forward. In their eagerness to escape, hundreds of the poor fellows found a last resting-place beneath the turbid waters of the Rio Bravo.

"The American army encamped for the night on the hard-won field of battle; a favor purchased with the lives of many brave and gallant men. The marching force under General Taylor, on the 9th, was not more than two thousand two hundred and twenty-two, rank and file. The number of troops actually engaged was about seventeen hundred.* The American loss was three officers killed and twelve wounded; thirty-six privates killed and seventy-one wounded. The Mexican army was estimated at six thousand men, Arista having called in the parties of cavalry and infantry which had been posted between the Palo Alto and the fort opposite Matamoras, a few hours before his last desperate stand at Resaca de la Palma. The Mexican loss in killed was certainly two hundred, as that number was left upon the field; his wounded was double that number; making an aggregate loss in both battles, if we include the missing and

driving the enemy before us. We proceeded on in this way with about twenty men. Woods now separated from us, and we were joined by lieutenants Augur and Cochrane, both of the 4th. Our little party was composed of men belonging to every regiment in the army. We advanced a great distance in front of the main body, and were surrounded on all sides by the Mexicans, who were firing in every direction at other bodies of troops. At this instant a large party of lancers came charging down upon us; some of our guns were loaded, some were not; our bayonets were unfixed. We ordered our men to retreat. As we were falling back we saw a small detachment, under the command of Captain Barbour, coming up; we shouted to him to come quickly, and hurried down to meet him. We reached him, and turned off into a little opening, and faced the road. As the lancers charged past us, we fired, and killed several of them; the rest ran away, and were again fired upon by us. A great many gallant deeds were performed on this day by the officers and men. Lieutenant Cochrane was killed in the charge of the lancers upon our party; he received three severe wounds.' Lieutenant Richey was himself much exposed during the day, and behaved in such a manner as to merit the approbation of his superiors in rank, and the esteem of his numerous friends in the army. He has been described by a brother officer as a 'mild, modest, unassuming young man, but a lion in battle.'"

* General Taylor's Dispatch, May 17th, 1846.

prisoners, of more than twelve hundred men. In the Mexican camp were found a large quantity of baggage and military stores, several hundred pack mules, and General Arista's private effects; among which was discovered his official correspondence with his government, a number of plans, maps, and other documents of importance,—the enemy, in their eagerness to save themselves, had, in fact, left every thing behind them.* The number of prisoners captured was one hundred and seventy, including fourteen officers.

"The courage with which the Mexicans fought in both actions was worthy of the days of chivalry, and redeemed the reputation of the whole nation. One division particularly distinguished itself; this was the battalion of Tampico, a corps which resisted the advance of the adverse line in the face of a galling fire, nor yielded a foot of ground until nearly every man was cut down, or swept away by the murderous discharge of the artillery.† On the morning of the 10th of May, the victors gathered up the enemy's dead and deposited them, with the remains of their own comrades, beneath the sod their united valor had consecrated. The wounded of both armies were treated with equal care; they both received the same attention from the medical staff. The humanity displayed by the officers and men toward the vanquished adds much to their renown, and sheds a bright ray of glory upon the victories of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

"The army, on the same day, moved forward and encamped near the fort, which, in honor of its gallant commander, who had been wounded early in the siege, and had died on the

* "A magnificent pavilion and several pieces of massive plate were among the articles. Arista's wardrobe and personal effects were returned to him."

† "The bravest men in the Mexican army were those who belonged to the Tampico battalion; they stood the destructive fire of the artillery with remarkable firmness, and when the order was given to retreat, but fifty of them remained alive. A member of this gallant corps, anxious to preserve the honor of his battalion, tore the colors under which they fought from its staff, and concealed it about his person. As he was retreating, he was attacked by an American, who, after a desperate combat, killed the heroic Mexican and secured the trophy, now moistened with the blood of the bravest of its defenders. It is a fortunate circumstance that there are not many such spirits in the Mexican army."

9th, was called Fort Brown. The loss sustained by the garrison during the bombardment, was two killed and ten slightly wounded; such was the admirable arrangement of the defences, that although the enemy were constantly throwing round shot and shell into the works, they scarcely made an impression upon them. The enemy had five mortars posted on the opposite bank of the river, and it was estimated by the besieged that they threw, during the seven days occupied in attempting to reduce the fort, more than three thousand heavy missiles of various kinds.

"On the 17th, General Taylor having procured the ordnance (two mortars) necessary to reduce the town of Matamoras, issued an order for crossing the river a short distance above. He had previously sent Lieutenant Colonel Wilson with a battalion of regulars and two hundred volunteers to the opposite side to make a diversion by the way of Barrita, a small town between the coast and the city. As the army were preparing to pass the stream under cover of the fort, General Requena arrived in the camp and requested a conference, and proposed in the name of Arista, to sign an armistice until the respective governments should decide upon the questions at issue. The American commander peremptorily refused to treat upon the subject, inasmuch as he had proposed a suspension of hostilities a month before to General Ampudia, but that circumstances had changed since that time; that he had received strong reinforcements, and that, as he had not begun or provoked the war, he would not now suspend his operations, but that Matamoras must be taken. At the same time, he informed Requena that General Arista was at perfect liberty to evacuate the town with his troops, provided he left the public property in the place.

"Requena thereupon withdrew, promising to return an answer during the afternoon. The expected reply never came, and that night Arista, who had still a force of between three and four thousand troops of the line, besides a strong body of ranchero cavalry, fled from the town and took the road to Monterey. On the 18th, the army of occupation crossed the stream, and in a few minutes the stars and stripes were

floating on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. As its folds were flung to the breeze, a deafening shout broke from the different corps, who now felt that the long-delayed hour of triumph had arrived. Lieutenant Colonel Garland was dispatched at the head of a division of cavalry in pursuit of the fugitive Mexicans; this officer followed them about sixty miles, and returned on the 22d, after having captured a small party of the enemy."—*Young's Hist., pp.* 343—359.

When the tidings of these events reached the United States, a burst of feeling and enthusiasm ran like wild-fire throughout the Union. Congress was in session, and upon the official notification of the state of affairs, by the message of the President of May 11th, immediately passed the "War bill" the provisions of which were as follow:

"An Act providing for the prosecution of the existing war between the United States and the Republic of Mexico.

"Whereas, by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that government and the United States:

"*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled,* That for the purpose of enabling the Government of the United States to prosecute said war to a speedy and successful termination, the President be and he is hereby authorized to employ the militia, naval, and military forces of the United States, and to call for, and accept the services of any number of volunteers, not exceeding fifty thousand, who may offer their services, as cavalry, artillery, infantry, or riflemen, to serve twelve months after they shall have arrived at the place of rendezvous, or to the end of the war, unless sooner discharged, according to the time for which they shall have been mustered into service; and that the sum of ten millions of dollars out of any money in the Treasury, or to come into the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated be, and the same is hereby appropriated, for the purpose of carrying the provisions of this act into effect.

"Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That the militia, when called into the service of the United States, by virtue of this act, or any other act, may, if in the opinion of the President of the United States the public interest requires it, be compelled to serve a term not exceeding six months after their arrival at the place of rendezvous, in any one year, unless sooner discharged.

"Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That the said volunteers shall furnish their own clothes, and, if cavalry, their own horses; and, when mustered into service, shall be armed at the expense of the United States.

"Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That the said volunteers, when called into actual service, and while remaining therein, be subject to the rules and articles of war, and shall be, in all respects, except as to clothing and pay, placed on the same footing with similar corps of the United States' army; and, in lieu of clothing, every non-commissioned officer and private in any company who may thus offer himself, shall be entitled, when called into actual service, to receive in money a sum equal to the cost of clothing of a non-commissioned officer or private (as the case may be) in the regular troops of the United States.

"Sec. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That the said volunteers so offering their services shall be accepted by the President in companies, battalions, squadrons, and regiments, whose officers shall be appointed in the manner prescribed by law in the several States and Territories to which such companies, battalions, squadrons and regiments shall respectively belong.

"Sec. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That the President of the United States be and he is hereby authorized, to organize companies so tendering their services into battalions or squadrons; battalions and squadrons into regiments; regiments into brigades, and brigades into divisions, as soon as the number of volunteers shall render such organization, in his judgment, expedient; and the President shall, if necessary apportion the staff, field and general officers among the respective States and Territories from which the volunteers shall tender their services, as he may deem proper.

"Sec. 7. *And be it further enacted*, That the volunteers who may be received into the service of the United States by virtue of the provisions of this act, and who shall be wounded or otherwise disabled in service, shall be entitled to all the benefit which may be conferred on persons wounded in the service of the United States.

"Sec. 8. *And be it further enacted*, That the President of the United States be and he is hereby authorized forthwith to complete all the public armed vessels now authorized by law, and to purchase or charter, arm, equip, and man such merchant vessels and steamboats as upon examination may be found fit or easily converted into armed vessels, fit for the public service, and in such numbers as he may deem necessary for the protection of the seaboard, lake coast, and the general defence of the country.

"Sec. 9. *And be it further enacted*, That, whenever the militia or volunteers are called and received into the service of the United States under the provisions of this act, they shall have the organization of the army of the United States, and shall have the same pay and allowances; and all mounted privates, non-commissioned officers, musicians and artificers, shall be allowed 40 cents per day for the use and risk of their horses actually killed in action; and if any mounted non-commissioned officer, musician or private shall not keep himself provided with a serviceable horse, said volunteers shall serve on foot."

This bill was followed on the 13th of May, by the Proclamation of War, by the President of the United States, as follows:

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Congress of the United States, by virtue of the Constitutional authority vested in them, have declared by their act, bearing date this day, that, "by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that Government and the United States:"

Now, therefore, I, James K. Polk, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim the same to all whom it may concern; and I do specially enjoin on all persons holding offices, civil or military, under the authority of the United States, that they be vigilant and zealous in discharging the duties respectively incident thereto: and I do moreover exhort all the good people of the United States, as they love their country, as they feel the wrongs which have forced on them the last resort of injured nations, and as they consult the best means, under the blessing of Divine Providence, of abridging its calamities, that they exert themselves in preserving order, in promoting concord, in maintaining the authority and efficacy of the laws, and in supporting and invigorating all the measures which may be adopted by the constituted authorities for obtaining a speedy, a just, and an honorable peace.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed to these presents. Done [L.S.] at the city of Washington, the thirteenth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and of the independence of the United States the seventieth.

JAMES K. POLK.

By the President:

JAMES BUCHANAN, Secretary of State.

Following this proclamation of war came, on the 19th instant, the requisition of the secretary of war upon the States of Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Arkansas, and Missouri, for troops to be mustered into the service of the United States immediately, "to serve twelve months, unless sooner discharged." To these, too, were added a battalion from Baltimore and the District of Columbia; also, a requisition was made at the same time on all the other states of the Union, for troops to be raised and held in readiness to be called subsequently into service, at the discretion of the president. These, when afterwards called out from time to time, were mustered in for the war.

The States of Texas and Louisiana had already, upon the requisition of General Taylor, sent a large quota of troops to the Rio Grande; these men were mustered in for six months, and after the arrival of the twelve months troops, were discharged. Many of them, however, re-entered the service for twelve months. Upon the reception of the requisition, the governors of those States called upon to furnish the troops for immediate service, or the "twelve months' volunteers," issued their proclamations, in energetic terms, requesting their citizens to rally to the call of their country, and appointing places of rendezvous for the different regiments about to be formed. The call was responded to enthusiastically; thousands rapidly came forward, eager to be led against the enemy. The merchant left his counter; the farmer his plow; the mechanic his shop, and the professional man his office, and all as one offered their services as citizen soldiers. The question was not, "Who will go?" but rather "Who shall remain?" for the services of more than two hundred thousand were offered, and not a fourth of these could be accepted. Each company accepted regarded itself as fortunate, while those too late, rejected, returned disappointed to their homes.

The infantry proceeded by sea, (save those in Kearney's division, whose movement was to be against Santa Fe, in New Mexico), and were soon on the scene of operations; but

the cavalry had to march thither by land. The route for the Arkansas cavalry was from Little Rock to San Antonio, Texas, to join the division of General Wool against Chihuahua; for the Kentucky and Tennessee regiments, from Memphis, Tennessee, to the Rio Grande, via Little Rock, Washington, Ark., Robbins' Ferry, on the Trinity river, Washington, Tex., and San Antonio (but this latter route by San Antonio was afterwards changed for the coast road); and the Missouri regiments in the division of General Kearney, to Santa Fe, in New Mexico.

LIST OF REGIMENTS OF THE TWELVE MONTHS' VOLUNTEERS.

STATE.		COLONELS.	TIME OF MUSTER INTO SERVICE.	
Tennessee	Tennessee Cavalry	THOMAS	6th to 15th June.	1846.
	1st Infantry	CAMPBELL	28th May to 2d June,	"
	2d "	HASKELL	4th to 18th June,	"
Kentucky	Kentucky Cavalry	MARSHALL	17th May to 15th June,	"
	1st Infantry	ORMSBY		
	2d Do.	M'KEE		
	1 Independent Comp.	Capt. WILLIAMS		
Indiana	1st Infantry	DRAKE	18th to 26th June,	"
	2d Do.	BOWLES		
	3d Do.	LANE		
Ohio	1st Infantry	MITCHELL	23d to 29th June,	"
	2d Do.	MORGAN		
	3d Do.	CURTIS		
Illinois	1st Infantry	HARDIN	17th to 30th June,	"
	2d Do.	BISSEL		
	3d Do.	FOREMAN	9th June to 2d July,	"
	4th Do.	BAKER		
Missouri	1st Regiment Cavalry	DONIPHAN	6th to 25th June,	"
	Battalion Artillery, 16 ps.	MAJ. CLARK	16th to 17th "	"
	Battalion Infantry	MAJOR ANGNEY	6th to 25th "	"
	Laclede Rangers	CAPTAIN HUDSON	16th "	"
	2d Regiment Cavalry	COL. PRICE	1st to 16th August,	"
	Battal. Do., 4 Comps.	LT. COL. WILLOCK	" " "	
	Miscellaneous Artillery, 14 ps.	LT. DYER	" " "	
Mississippi	1st. Riflemen	DAVIS	3d to 15th June,	"
Arkansas	" Cavalry	YELL	30th June to 3d July,	"
Georgia	" Infantry	JACKSON	10th to 19th June,	"
Alabama	" Infantry	COFFEE	8th to 29th June,	"
Louisiana	Independent Comp.	CAPT. BLANCHARD	30th July,	"
Texas	" "	CAPT. SHIVERS		
Maryland and Distr. of Columb.	Baltimore Battalion	LT. COL. WATSON	30th May to 8th June,	"

CAMP RINGGOLD. TEN. RG. CAVALRY, NEAR MATAMORAS

THE TWELVE MONTHS VOLUNTEER.

THE proclamation of the governor of Tennessee, calling for the quota of troops from that State, two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, was made on the 24th of May, 1846. The first regiment rendezvoused at Nashville, and under Colonel Campbell, were soon off; the second, under Colonel Haskell, immediately followed from Memphis. The ten cavalry companies, under command of Captains Lenow, Caswel, Porter, Newman, Haynes, Cooper, Gillaspie, Evans, Marshall, and Goodnow, forming the other regiment, soon collected at the latter place, encamping at the "Big Spring," two miles east of the city.

The author, a young man who had a short time previously completed his preparatory study of medicine under Dr. J. W. Stout (who, shortly after this, received the appointment of surgeon in the Tennessee regiment of cavalry), and was endeavoring to pass away the time until the next session of the medical college by a little attention to the study and practice of law, for advantage in future life, suddenly felt, like thousands of others, the influence of the martial spirit sweeping over the land; and, throwing all his former plans to the winds, he followed his old preceptor, the surgeon, into the ranks of the cavalry regiment, Jonas E. Thomas, Colonel, encamped at the "Big Spring."

The Kentucky cavalry, encamping opposite Memphis, for a few days, commenced their march for Mexico. Ten days after, on the 27th of July, the Tennessee regiment,* numbering about nine hundred and forty men, took up the same

* As the minor details of the march of the Tennessee cavalry, through Arkansas and Texas, may be found only interesting to those who were attached to that regiment, or to those who wish an idea of the appearance of the country as passed over from day to day, the Author would suggest to the general reader, to omit the perusal of them, and continue his course from Chapter III., page 35.

line of march—as fine a body of men as could be collected, mounted on the best horses that the country could afford. The regiment arrived at Little Rock, the capital of the State of Arkansas, on the 7th of August, at which place it encamped for three days, and here the account of its daily marches, &c., commences.

By the time of its arrival here, it had become organized and regular as a body; officers and men were learning and practicing their common duties, and every part began to work harmoniously with the whole. Before this time, however, there had been confusion, often, and irregularity, by reason of inexperience in all, or nearly so, in military life. The distance of one hundred and sixty miles, over which—from Memphis to Little Rock—the regiment had traveled, had been through a section of country of which little could be said. The first forty miles were in the wide swamp of the Mississippi bottom, muddy and almost entirely unsettled, save for a few miles from the river. The next forty was over small hills at first, and then through a long, dreary waste, covered with water and low timber; then, piney, sandy land; the succeeding forty through the better lands bordering on White river, and on to the grand prairie, which is thirty-three miles wide; the last forty through the prairie and sandy lands along the Arkansas, to Little Rock.

The encampment was below the town, on the southern bank of the river, in a very fine situation; regularly laid off, and presenting to the spectator a fine military appearance. It had there been placed, on account of a grove of small timber on the bank, and also clear springs of water, much better than that of the river. The regiment had now for several weeks been in service, but as yet no court martial had been found necessary up to this time, when the first one was convened for the purpose of trying the case of a private, Frederick Richards, of company G.; and with the account of this court martial, and the ceremony of punishment of criminal soldiers, by "drumming them out of camp," the narrative commences.

The crime of which he was accused was, simply, stealing

a horse. Richards plead "not guilty" to the charge and specifications. The testimony, however, was conclusive, that he did, a few days before, steal and ride away a certain horse, with intent to deprive the true owner thereof of the same; which intention, however, was entirely frustrated, by his being pursued by the said owner, who, upon coming up with him, most unceremoniously took the horse and returned, leaving Richards to "foot it," as he had done before—his own horse having, a few days previous, much against his wish, laid down and died.

Richards was accordingly convicted, and sentenced by the court-martial to be drummed out of camp on the same evening at sunset. But here was a difficulty; not a drum was in the regiment, for cavalry have but little use for such noisy articles as those. This difficulty, however, was obviated by the wisdom of the court, who decided that the word "drumming," in its military and most extensive sense, signified "any sort of a noise, made upon any instrument whatever, for instance, the musical beating of a brick-bat upon the bottom of an iron pan, came fully within the definition." This effectually cleared up the matter, much to the satisfaction of that large number of amateurs of music, who wished to "take a hand" in the ceremony; for any number of iron mess-pans and deep sounding camp-kettles could be paraded, and as a large slaughter house had been carried on for several years at the edge of the camp, any quantity of shin bones of cattle, calves and sheep lay scattered around, offering, in size, &c., a great variety of substitutes for drumsticks. At sunset, the regiment was ordered to parade without arms, save G company, to which the delinquent belonged: this was brought into line by itself, while at a little distance the regiment was formed in two long parallel lines facing inwards, about ten paces apart, each with any noisy instrument he could get. G company, with arms shouldered, was formed in sections of four. In front of it, the prisoner, with his baggage lashed on his back, attended on either side by a guard with loaded carbines. Behind him were two buglers; in the rear of these, three sections of

men without carbines, each one with an iron mess-pan and shin-bone or brick-bat; in the rear of these, the remaining sections, with their carbines at a shoulder.

The bugles struck up in discordant notes; the three ranks of iron pans accompanied, with a most outrageous racket. The company marched to the head of the lines on the outside, they being silent; and, wheeling, entered the interval, coming down between, and as it done so, both lines joined in the concert on all their pans, old coffee-pots, and kettles, accompanied by groans, hisses, squeals and yells the loudest and most discordant. It was deafening, and seemed as though all the fiends of the lower regions had "broken loose."

The column having passed through, the regiment was dismissed; but the company, continuing their discordant sounds, marched with the culprit through the streets of the town—opening the ears of the good people with regard to melody—to the ferry boat, and placing him on board, sent him across the river, firing an irregular volley after him; then, faced about, the bugles striking up harmoniously the "star spangled banner," returned to the camp, and were dismissed. Thus ended the ceremony of "drumming out of camp."

The city of Little Rock, formerly called Arkopolis, is a pleasant place, occupying a situation on the southern bank of the Arkansas, some thirty feet above the common level of the river, which is navigable most of the year for small steamboats, to this place; and in high water for several hundred miles above. It is a river of great length, for one of its magnitude, rising in New Mexico, in the Green mountain, one of the range of Rocky mountains, and the same mountain that gives rise to the Rio Grande—the sources of the two rivers being but a few miles apart. The navigation of the Arkansas is much impeded by its numerous shifting sand-bars, but still much business is done upon it in the fall, winter and spring. At the time that we were there, however, there was but one steamboat at the city, and she was laid up for the want of sufficient depth of water to carry her out.

Little Rock has the appearance of a place of considerable business. Its numerous stores are large and well filled; its hotels will compare favorably with those of any of the southern or western cities, and with regard to its private dwellings, there is an air of neatness and ornament, in good taste, about their appearance, that strikes the eye of the stranger favorably; and, taking the whole together, the traveler can spend a few days in Little Rock very agreeably, and he certainly will be pleased with the inhabitants.

On Monday, August 10th, we resumed our march, leaving fifty-two men sick at Little Rock, and discharging one young man belonging to company G, who became deranged, and kept the regiment in an uproar. Guards were placed over him, but he contrived often to elude their vigilance, and creeping off, would mount the first horse he came to, and dash about at full speed through the camp, regardless of the tents or men, outside, or within sleeping; a matter of surprise that he did not kill or cripple some of them; still it was exciting as well as amusing to see him rushing like a fiend, his horse without saddle or bridle, unexpectedly into a crowd of men, and to see with what agility and quickness they gave him a full pass way. His actions became so outrageous that the Colonel was obliged to send him back to Memphis. The whole town was out to see our departure, as in a long extended unbroken column four deep we moved through the city, and took the road for Washington, in Hempstead county. Three days' march brought us to the Washita river. The evening of the second day we encamped on the bank of the Sabine river, and the evening of the third at Rockport, a little village on the bank of the Washita. The march of the first day from Little Rock was over a succession of small hills, very stony and barren; the valleys were of pretty fair land, streams of pure water crossing the road every few miles. The second day's march was over a more sandy section but little better in soil, improving however near the Sabine. We passed through the little town of Benton, and four miles further encamped on the western side of the Sabine, where we found an abundant supply of corn and oats in large piles on

the ground, provided for us by the forage master Mr. Davis who kept his position two days in advance of the regiment, selecting the camping places and making his contracts with the neighboring farmers for the supply of forage delivered at the ground, by the evening that the regiment was to arrive. The payment for the same was made by the quartermaster, Major Vaughan, attending the regiment. The supplies of provisions, &c., attended in their laying in and issuing to the troops, by the commissary, Lieutenant Woodson, consisting of mess pork, hard bread, sugar, coffee, salt, vinegar, and occasionally pickles, were hauled in the train and replenished, as they gave out, from the various depots, already provided for us by the government. These depots were situated at Memphis, White River, Little Rock, Washington, Ark., or rather Fulton on Red river; Robbins' Ferry on the Trinity river, Tex.; Washington, on the Brazos, San Antonio, on the river of the same name, Western Tex., or Port Lavacca on Lavacca Bay; Corpus Christi, Point Isabel, and Matamoras, Mexico, the whole route being about fourteen hundred miles. So far we have not had the slightest reason to complain of quantity or quality of the provisions issued to us; to those already mentioned, is added fresh beef, whenever it can be procured.

But to return to the encampment at the Sabine. It was a pleasant situation under lofty trees. The day had been very hot, and the men and horses now filled the stream, bathing and washing off. The water was clear, the bed round pebbles, two pebbly islands were at the ford, dividing the river into three swift channels; above these it spread out wide, smooth, clear and deep; below, the same; a better place we could not wish.

The third days' march from Little Rock was over a rough, rocky, hilly, and generally, save in the bottoms, barren country—considerable pine on the hills. The camping ground on the Washita river at Rockport was reached at an early hour; plenty of corn and fodder, more than our horses wanted, was already there. The Washita is a pretty stream, longer than the Sabine, rising about sixty miles to the north-west

of this point, and running south-eastwardly, flowing into Red River, in Louisiana. Its water is clear, but at this point and above, the river is obstructed by large rocks in its bed; the face of the country bordering on it is quite hilly, and to the north becomes mountainous.

Seven miles north of our encampment was the "Magnet Cove," which the author visited. It is an extensive, nearly circular basin, as it were, surrounded by high, steep hills. A bed of magnetic iron-ore is in it, and gives it its name; the ground is filled with detached, irregular-shaped pieces, from the size of a half bushel measure, down to that of a hazel nut; each piece has its two poles, and is strongly magnetic, though varying much in intensity of power. The lady of Governor Conway, who has a plantation in the cove, informed him that pieces of a pound weight, or a little upwards, had been often found there, that would by attraction sustain a string of from six to eight tenpenny nails, by the point of one; the attraction extending down through the whole, holding each to its place, as though tied there; but he was not able to find any piece, of that size, that would sustain in that way more than three, though they held securely as many as could be attached, each one by its own point. The magnetic compass of the surveyor is of no use, for many miles around this cove, pointing to the cove, instead of the "north."

Fifteen miles further to the north are the famous "Hot Springs." He did not visit them, though several of the officers and men did, leaving the road for that purpose a little this side of Little Rock. They describe the place as amply repaying them for their trouble; the number of separate springs to be large—above seventy; if he was informed correctly, the temperature of the different ones varying a little, but all near the boiling point. These springs are much resorted to by invalids suffering from the effect of different diseases; for all such, the waters are said to be beneficial, save to those afflicted with diseases of the lungs, which, it is said, are aggravated by their use. His information, with respect to the springs, is all second hand; though he presumes it to be correct. The accommodations for visitors, at the springs,

are described as being good, fare excellent, fine opportunities for fishing, and better for hunting—bears, deer, and turkies, being found in the neighboring mountains.

We left the Washita on the following morning, August 13th, but marched only nine miles, and encamped on a little rocky brook, in the most contracted situation that we have so far occupied; the encampment not being laid off in order. A rain coming up, made it more unpleasant, and we were rejoiced to leave it the next morning; for all the men were somewhat surly, not having room enough to be comfortable. But after getting off, and marching four or five miles, the clouds broke away, the sun came out bright and pleasant, the trees looked fresh and green, the road was beaten hard with the rain, rendering the traveling good, and universal cheerfulness and good humor were immediately restored. The march, this day, brought us to the Caddo river, on the bank of which we encamped, on the lands and near the house of a wealthy old settler here, Judge Barkman. The camp was in a fine situation, level ground, thinly scattered trees, and plenty of room. The miserably-formed camp of the last night had, in its inconvenience, awakened the field-officers to attend to the laying off of the ground as it should be; each company's tents in one straight line, and the ten lines perfectly parallel with each other, with plenty of space between; for a cavalry camp occupies double the area of one of infantry, of the same number of men; for a thousand horses take up much room. Lieutenant-colonel Allison attended to this in person, this evening, laying off and appointing to each captain the position of his company. The commissary procured plenty of fine fresh beef, this day,—issued, also, a supply of salt, flour, sugar and coffee to the troops. The best spring that we had seen since we left Memphis, was in the limits of the camp, on the bank of the Caddo, and pure water was abundant.

A universal determination seemed to have been prevalent through the whole regiment, as we had arrived in camp so early in the afternoon, to have good suppers; and such roasting, broiling, baking, stewing, and boiling, had not been

done before; there were about one hundred and seventy messes in the regiment, and of course, as many fires and cooks: the smoke, rising in volumes from these fires, so near together, settled in a light-blue haze or cloud over the scene, enveloping the tops of the trees; for the air was perfectly still, and the sun was sinking down. Each mess got its supper ready; some had soup; some beefsteaks; some roast beef; some stewed, and some had, in trying to prepare their own, in some one or another of the styles mentioned made queer dishes, of odd appearance, and of still more odd a taste;—here, in one mess, was a row of white, good-looking biscuit, daintily set out on a line of chips, and the soldier who had made them, looked at them with pleasure; while his comrade of the next mess, at the neighboring fire, who had made as strenuous efforts to have his own nice, too, with a disappointed expression was placing out a lot of dark, mongrel-looking balls of baked and burnt dough, each solid enough to knock a steer down. Here was a chap, for the first time in his life, probably, roasting some coffee; his iron fryingpan full, on a hot fire smoking, while he stirred it, sweating with the heat. The coffee was roasted, but he, not knowing when to stop, determined to do it well; and continued with it, hotter still, until it had nearly ceased to smoke, and turned in color of an ebony black; he had got it almost to pure charcoal. He found it very easy to pound (for all the coffee was pounded in tin cups, with a stone, muzzle of a pistol or carbine), but not so easy to settle, after boiling. In fact, it would not settle; he turned in cold water, several times, but it was still thick, and, one of his messmates, as he sat down to it, declared, with a sour look, that he never could have told, from its taste, that that mixture was intended for coffee.

The supper was ended over the camp by sunset, the horses all fed, and they, like ourselves, had an abundance, and nearly the whole regiment went out on the banks of the Caddo, about one half to enjoy the scene and the bracing air of the evening, and the other half to have the fun and frolic of a good bath and swimming-spell. Many took their horses

in the water with them, to practice them in swimming; and quite a scene took place of playing, diving, ducking and splashing, with bursts of merriment and laughter. After dark this ended, and all lay down and slept well.

The next morning, August 15th, the breakfasts were got and disposed of early, the tents were all down, the wagons loaded, horses saddled, the ground cleared, and the lines formed by seven o'clock; and, at the sound of the bugles, we again moved ahead.

The march, to-day, was over a better farming country than before, though not first-rate. Obtaining permission to leave the lines, the author stopped with the assistant-surgeon of the regiment, at one of the houses on the roadside, to get some fruit; but we found little, and that was worthless. A queer family lived here. The log house was rotten and tottering; the broken dirt chimneys nearly down; the fences around were also down, and the field, or the larger part of it, growing up with tall weeds and sassafras bushes; a good piece of corn, however, was on the other part.

A woman, tall, stooping and dirty, with torn dress and tangled hair, was within the house, with four or five stout, half-savage looking boys and girls, bare-foot, bare-headed, sun-burnt, and half dressed. Three large, surly bear dogs forbade our entrance, until driven off by the oldest girl, who wielded a club among them in a manner that showed she was used to it; and then coming forward, with considerable kindness of expression in voice and look, which even the wildness of her general appearance could not destroy, she invited us to alight; informing us at the same time, "that her father was not at home; that he was 'bar huntin'," presuming that we had come to see him. She was perfectly at her ease, not in the slightest degree abashed; and as she stood erect, her bare feet firmly planted on the ground; her short sleeved, coarse dress leaving bare her arms, well formed, but browned and sun-burnt; and her face open, frank, with fine blue eyes, and a full high forehead; and as she rested on the large stick in her hand, with which she had just walloped the dogs, who were yet barking fiercely at us

round the corners of the house, she showed that, although her father was not, she felt herself perfectly at home.

We went in. We soon soon saw that the woman was too fond of liquor, the fumes of which were apparent to the senses. Visiting the orchard, and finding no good fruit, we remounted and overtook the column of troops.

At five o'clock we encamped in the thick woods, up and down a half stagnant stream of water, where abundance of forage had been piled up. On the following day, Sunday, August 16th, the regiment was again formed, and with the wagon train started at an early hour, and at two, P. M., we arrived at our next encampment, on the western bank of the Little Missouri, one of the tributaries of the Washita; a clear, rapid stream, with pebbly bottom. We encamped in the cane; the lines of tents were soon up, the fires built, and every one felt himself perfectly at ease. The loads of corn soon came in and were distributed, and our horses abundantly fed.

A general disposition in our company was manifested for singing, and the captain had all the good singers in front of his "marquee" at it, and all seemed to enjoy the afternoon much. Many groups of men were off to themselves in the cane, lying down in the shade of the trees, conversing with each other of home and the Sabbath meetings there; and now they found that every little circumstance that memory brought up, that at the time of its occurrence passed almost unnoticed, was of interest, and gave pleasure in the recital. The country through which, this day and yesterday, the regiment passed, continued poor. We left the camp on the Little Missouri at seven o'clock on the following morning, and marching eighteen miles, came to a Baptist camp-meeting ground, near to the town of Washington; here we pitched our lines of tents, using the water of the Baptistry (a stone basin fed by a spring) for ourselves and horses. It held about thirty hogsheads; but it was not a "priming," and several of the companies were obliged to saddle up and proceed on to town, in and about which, at the various springs, they found water. The spring, or rather springs, at which

our company encamped, were fine: clear, cold and copious, offering abundant supply for men and horses. They were situated at the head of a deep ravine, shady and pleasant, at the edge of town. We arrived here after dark, and not being able to find any wood, of course could build no fires, and lay down to sleep without putting up our tents or getting any supper. The sand made a good bed, and we slept well.

The next morning we were ordered up to roll call, after which the tents were put up, as the colonel had directed that the regiment should remain here for a day or two, to have the horses shod, and to take a new supply of rations. We got our breakfast quickly, for we had had nothing to eat since breakfast the morning before; afterwards we were dismissed, and went into the town. Though not so large as we had anticipated, we found it a brisk little place, with a few stores, and a printing office of a weekly paper. The ladies of the place had made a beautiful American flag, forty feet by twenty, which remained in the breeze on its lofty staff during our stay, and added much to the appearance of the village.

The men of the regiment had expected to be paid off here, two months' wages, forty dollars each; it being the custom in the army, to pay the troops every two months; but they were disappointed; the pay-master who had been stationed here, leaving the day before we arrived. The citizens informed us that the Kentucky cavalry, which had left a few days before, (mentioned as taking the route from Memphis, ahead of us), were disappointed in the same way, and difficulty and insubordination, for a while, seemed about to ensue. It was, indeed, a great disappointment to hundreds of our men, who were now entirely out of money, and, in fact, had been borrowing, expecting to pay here. Not a cent had they now, even to get any clothing washed, and no prospect of getting any beyond this, on the whole route to Mexico. (And so it happened afterwards: not a cent did they get until after our arrival at Matamoras. Money became, through Texas, of the highest value—was freely borrowed, at any

premium—and the smallest amount could not, often, be got at all.)

The men soon returned to camp, sour and angry, but after a while recovered their good humor; and as the day was fine, and there was plenty of water,—and soap had been issued in abundance,—they proposed to wash for themselves; this was agreed to by many, and they went at it. (In the regular army, four women are allowed to attend each company. They draw their rations as the men. They are called "laundresses," and their duty is to wash for the soldiers; their price for washing being fixed by the officers, and their pay received on pay day, deducted from the wages of the soldier. But there were none of these, as far as our observation extended, among the volunteer regiments.)

From the springs the water was conveyed by troughs to a bath house, a little way down the ravine; previous to entering which, however, it was collected in a plank reservoir, twelve feet by six, and two deep; here was an excellent place, and they collected around it, and along the troughs, and washed and scrubbed amid jokes and laughter. One declared that he never knew what women were made for before. Another took him up on this ungallant expression, declaring that since he had found out that washing was such hard work, he thought that women should not be allowed to do it, but that men should be compelled to perform it. To this, the rest all agreed, but hoped that they might be out of the way when such a measure was adopted. After several hours they got through, and put their clothes in the hot sun to dry: there was a little difference in their looks, but not much.

We remained at this town until the 23d; nothing occurred of any importance, save one or two court martials on men for different offences. One man stabbed another in a quarrel. We found the time very dull; after the first day passing heavily. The sun was very hot, and in those ravines, the cooling breeze could not come; many of the men became sick, and we were rejoiced to hear on Sunday morning, August 23d, the order to "strike tents, and saddle up."

This was quickly performed, and we soon were again on the march toward Fulton, on Red river, distance fifteen miles. Some of the companies went on thither, and commenced crossing, while the remainder of us encamped three miles from the town, and on the following morning went on. The crossing was extremely slow; two small flats being the only conveyance; these were poled over by negroes, and had to perform eighty trips each to take the regiment and the wagon train over, a slow business, and our own company did not cross until late in this day, for ten horses and men were all that could be taken at each load.

The town of Fulton has nothing attractive in its appearance, being small, dilapidated, and extremely dull and lonesome. Unhealthy, and totally wanting good water; the river water is brackish, and unfit for use; wells sunk here affording only the same kind, cistern water is all that is fit to drink. Fulton was originally laid off for a large town. It is surrounded by the most splendid lands (Red River bottom), and when the Raft, a collection of floating timber, that had entirely blocked the river below, was opened at great expense by the government, Fulton promised to be an important place, but the Raft in despite of all endeavors to keep it open, closed again and remains closed; with this the prospects of Fulton died; the rich lands of the surrounding country fell in price one half. Four small steamboats ply on the river above the Raft, and the produce they bring down is hauled across the bend in which that is situated; then reshipped.

When all the regiment had crossed the river, we pursued our literal winding way through the rich bottom, and marched twenty-two miles. The wagons stuck in the mud of the bottom, and did not get up to camp until late at night; so of course, there were no tents or supper. Cross, tired, and sleepy, each stretched his blanket under the oaks, after feeding his horse with a half ration of forage, all that could be got, wrapped himself up and slept till morning, though chilled with the heavy dew.

The bugles sounded at daylight. The wagons had got up;

we soon got something to eat, and again were on the march, Company G was second in line, to-day, Captain Lenow's being ahead; the order of changing companies, on the march was, that the advance company to-day, goes round to the rear to-morrow; the next company in succession being the advance, and going to the rear the next day; each company being in advance one day in every ten. The column and train being about two miles in length, when marching in two's, the common way, there was a great advantage in being the advance, in avoiding the dense clouds of dust raised by so many, and getting clear water from the streams and ponds, which soon for the middle and rear became very muddy; also in getting to camp in better season at night; and getting there first, the advance had the opportunity of selecting the better ground, though that depended much on the judgment of the captain or officer in command of each company. In these was a difference. When, however, the camp was laid off regularly, of course we were all alike.

Having left the fine lands of the bottom, we marched over small "black jack" ridges, lonely, poor, and uninteresting. At nine o'clock, A. M., we crossed the line and entered the State of Texas. The line, formerly of the two republics, now in one, runs north and south; is cleared of timber, about forty feet wide, and reminds one of a rail-road commenced. The march, to-day, was twenty-two miles; no water along the road save a boggy creek near camp, in which the author was quickly thrown, by the miring down of his horse; wetting and miring himself, clothing, and saddle, finely. We arrived in camp at More's, a small store, at three o'clock, P. M.

After unsaddling and securing our horses to the pines around, according to usual custom, we collected in little groups; seated on the ground, engaged in conversation, or stretched out to sleep; but we were soon interrupted by the information that our company wagon had broken down behind,—no prospect for supper again,—and besides that, it was one of those places where the forage procured, had to be hauled by our wagons to the camp; which often hap-

pened, on account of the person from whom it had been purchased, not being able to convey it thither.

We saddled up again, and each man went for his own that evening; distance two miles or more. The wagons, however, got up by the time we came back, and all was again right. Though too late to pitch the tents, we got our mess-bags, containing our cooking utensils and provisions, and, with plenty of dry wood and first rate water, we were perfectly at home; and after supper, in quite a strain of fun and frolic, singing, laughing, &c.

The next morning was pleasant and cool. We were a little later than usual in starting, the wagon-train delaying us. The method of the march of the train was this. Each of the ten companies was attended by its own wagon; twenty-eight wagons more, called, in distinction, the train, followed together. These contained ammunition and other articles seldom disturbed. The remaining wagons, some thirty-five or forty, followed at more leisure. This arrangement, however, was altered afterwards, by all the baggage train going together, with the rear guard following, which is the proper way.

The march on Monday was sixteen miles, over a poor, piney, uninteresting section. The camping ground was on each side of the Sulphur Fork, a tributary of Red river, a muddy, deep stream about eighty yards wide. Four companies crossed in the ferry boat; six remained and crossed the next morning. We were supplied with fine beef, and had good suppers; but the forage for our horses was scant. There was some grass under the tall trees that helped them out, however.

After the early supper, many of the men proposed to go bathing in the deep river; but they abandoned the idea, when ready to plunge in, on seeing the rusty head of a large alligator emerging from the turbid water, as if to see what was the occasion of the unusual noise on the banks of the river; in a moment or two slowly sinking again. There being no such "varmints" in Tennessee, most of the men had never seen one before, and the view of his ugly phiz was

enough for them. They put on their coats and left. Another man came down. "Have you been in already," said he. "No. We won't go in; there are too many alligators," they replied. "Alligators! d—m *them;* who cares for them;" and declaring he did not, stripped off and dove in; rising, popped up his head, "come on boys; d—m alligators; whoop!" and he, yelling several times, true Indian fashion, dashed out into the middle of the river; but suddenly turning, in silence, and with every nerve strained, struck for the shore again, which he reached quickly, and hauling himself from the river, looked back with earnestness. "What is the matter, Bill?" asked a dozen, seeing him so alarmed. "A d-d-a m-d alligator," said he, catching his breath, "rubbed his scaly back along under me." The group of men were enjoying their laughter, for every one thought that only a floating branch had touched him in the muddy stream; but he insisted it was an alligator. He dressed and put out, and the bathing was ended.

The next morning the company was with difficulty started on the march in season to secure its place in column; for the captain, the first, second, and second assistant lieutenants were all off during the night, nobody knew where; and the orderly sergeant, having such an example as this set him by the commissioned officers, thought he might as well go too, and he did so; and this morning, when all the other companies were saddling up, we had no officer on the ground of higher rank than second sergeant, and so the company remained still. Presently all the officers were on the ground together, and the whole, with one voice, commanded, "Saddle up! men; saddle up;" but it was the slowest saddling that had been done so far. They fretted, threatened, and fumed, but not a whit faster did the men move. If they had been in their place, the men would have been in season, but their neglect of duty was too plain.

The march, to-day, was through dense, still forests; not a sound could be heard, neither the hum of bee nor the chirp of bird; not a living thing could be seen; stillness profound, solitude complete; there being nothing to arrest the atten-

tion, the march of fifteen miles seemed, in length, to be thirty; but so it was. For the next two days the march was about the same, the lands, however, becoming much better. We passed out of the county of Bowie, and entered that of Titus. To the south-east of us, at the distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, lay Caddo lake, a body of water which communicates with Red river, below the Raft. The lands on the northern and western part of this lake are said, by all the settlers here, to be high, and very fine; good water, and good health; with steamboat navigation throughout most of the year; the land cheap. If such is true, and all here agree in it, it is a desirable place for emigrants. Whatever the health may be there, however, thirty miles off, we would judge this section to be sickly.

The men of the regiment are falling sick fast; those, too sick to go on are left at the houses along, with attendants, to come up as they recover. This is very unpleasant to them, and comes very hard upon the author, for he is continually attending, with Dr. Stout, the surgeon, upon them while in camp; and has to stop along at the houses with one, and then another, getting into camp late—and, in one instance, having to ride back sixty miles in one night and part of the next forenoon, in the swamps between Memphis and Little Rock, and bring up a sick man, succeeding, by the force of morphine and quinine, in doing so; left him in hospital at Little Rock, where he recovered, and saw him next at Matamoras, in Mexico, waiting for us, having been sent round by water. It is hard to be sick on a long march, so few conveniences can be procured. Exposure must be endured by the sick and well; the ground is the only bed, and a drink even of clear water cannot be had at all times.

Sunday, August 30, at five P. M., we encamped on Cypress creek, a dirty, slow stream; a quarter of a mile from old Fort Sherman. Many men taken sick this day and last night. Four of our company were left, this morning. This day was hot, and the march tedious; the section of country passed over was of pretty fair land, thinly covered by a growth of large oak and hickory, but it was not well watered.

We came to but one brook of running water during the day; this was of steep, high clay banks; and down these, some eight feet, the horse of one of the company fell; and so managed his fall, that he turned completely over, and came down into the mud and water on his back; nor could he turn over then, for the sloping sides of the ditch held him in that position, while the muddy water rapidly ran over his body and head; and he would have drowned, in a moment or two, had not his rider, who fortunately jumped off as he fell, sprung into the ditch and held his nose above the water, calling loudly for assistance, which was rendered in a moment, by twenty or more. The rider, a man of twenty-eight or twenty-nine years, tall, slim, thin-visaged, sandy hair, and by name Ingram, had obtained, in the camp, the appellation of "the philosopher," from his sedateness and fondness for argument. Cool at all times, he was so now; while others laughed at the singular attitude of himself and his horse, he continued to hold his steed's head above the water, until they had finished their "guffaw," and laughed out, and were ready to assist him; they soon got him out; but in an awkward plight. The philosopher raked the mud from the seat of the saddle, shook it from his camp blanket, examined his saddle-bags, and finding his clothing well saturated, and much mud on the top of it, appeared (from his steady countenance) to be very well satisfied; said not a word, but with his boots full of mud and water, rose into his saddle again, and rode on, the same philosopher; not opening his mouth about it during the rest of the march of the day.

The regiment started early, the next morning, from Cypress creek. The author did not accompany it, being detailed on the "wagon-guard," of the company, for the day; and as the wagon needed repairs, the forge was stopped with it, and the carpenters and blacksmiths set to work upon it to make a new axletree. The wagon-guard must always remain with the wagon; is composed commonly of five men, who serve for the day, load the wagon in the morning with the tents and mess bags, &c., go with it during the day, and unload it at its arrival at the encampment for the night, and, if

it breaks down, to stay with it until it can be brought up. Such was our case.

The axle-tree was not finished until two o'clock, P. M., when we started on; the distance to the next camp was said to be twenty-eight miles; we had little hope of arriving there on that afternoon; and, as we had heard that there was no house for the whole way, we had provided a large bag of corn, picked up in the camp, to serve our horses on that night, should we not.

We crossed Cypress creek, and were then in the county of Upshur. The road was lonely to us, having been accustomed so long to be with the whole regiment. The lands, although uncultivated, were pretty good, mostly covered with oak and hickory; there appeared to be wild turkies in abundance, and wolves, from the tracks in the road. We killed a turkey, which helped us out at night. We traveled on in hopes of getting to camp, until ten o'clock, P. M. The moon was bright, and the road was good, but the wagon was heavily loaded; and the mules being tired, we stopped at a lovely little creek, of good water, with thick trees over it, under which, on the bank, we determined to sleep; for although we had fourteen tents in the wagon, all that belonged to the company, we did not set up one. We built fine fires, and having fed our horses with the corn we had brought, we proceeded to cook our turkey, which we did in good style, having all the cooking materials and provisions of the whole company with us; which they were obliged to go without, that night and the following morning.

We carefully examined every mess-bag; we found plenty of pork and bread in the first; a good camp kettle and coffee pot, but no roasted coffee; so we looked further; in another we found plenty of coffee roasted, which suited us exactly, and a paper of salt, which had been a scarce article for several days; continuing our investigations from bag to bag, we found sugar plenty, and a little bag of rice, a part of which we immediately appropriated to the benefit of our turkey-stew, during this time simmering over the fire; but on opening the captain's mess-chest we found a prize, a pa-

per of ground pepper, and a bag of flour. We rendered our thanks for the captain's provident care, but he was too far off to hear us; nor would he have been much obliged to us if he had known it.

Our stew was progressing finely; Carr, a short thick set man,with a keen eye and quick look, one of the guard, acted as cook; he carried on with his cooking an interesting account of his learning how to do it, when he was a Sac Indian; he said, he was adopted into the tribe of Sacs and Foxes; had a young squaw given him for a wife; lived with them nearly two years; went on a trapping expedition, with a party of those indians, in the country of the Winnebagoes; was surprised by these, who killed and scalped three of the Sacs, and the rest seeing themselves far outnumbered, ran away, up along the wooded bank of the small lake at which they had been trapping; but, unluckily for him, he had cut his foot, the night before, with a hatchet, while making a paddle for a canoe, and could not run very fast; he endeavored to escape by taking up a ravine, running from the lake, but he was pursued by a Winnebago, whom he had seen kill one of the Sacs. He turned and fired at his antagonist, but missed him; he then sprang behind a small tree, to load; he saw the Indian raise his rifle, and take a steady aim, and he endeavored to compress himself behind the tree, but it was too small; his right shoulder projected,——here Carr, taking a spoonful of the turkey stew, tasted it, and pronounced it done, and first rate, and taking it off, we went at it in a hurry. After which, for it was late at night, and we were tired, we spread out our blankets and were soon asleep.

As for the tale, it never was finished. In the morning, after another pull at the mess bags, for breakfast, we rolled on, and at ten o'clock we came to the last night's encampment of the regiment. The fires had mouldered down in beds of coals; we stopped a little while, and again pushed on. We called at the next house, got some milk, but could get no bread; the woman told us that they had to send thirty miles to mill—a horse mill, at that; fifty miles, in another direction, to a blacksmith's shop; forty miles to the nearest post-

office, and seventy-five miles to a store, for sugar, coffee, calico; and not even a paper of pins, or a spool of thread, could be got under that distance. Yet her house is fixed upon as the county-seat of Upshur county; and on the following Monday, the first court was to be held there;—great coutr-house,—one log-room, about sixteen feet square, and eight feet pitch, was all, and that had a bed in it. Leaving this, we rode on, overtook the wagon, and, by steady traveling, got into camp at sunset.*

* Very happy was our company to see us come with the desired wagon. Their appetites were sharp, from long fasting, and they immediately commenced preparations for supper. The camp we found in an excellent situation, on the side of a large hill, at the foot of which was a fine spring, and near that the rude residence of as savage and uncouth a family of whites, as could be found on the continent of America. The scowling countenance of the rough-garbed men, showed them fit for robbers or murderers. The women, and there were several, had torn and dirty dresses, dishevelled hair, wild appearance, rude and insolent manners. They had long been resident in this section, and, as the author learned the following morning, held no intercourse with their neighbors—made long excursions, off no one knew where—lived in plenty, in their rude style, with money enough, and no one knew how they obtained it;—were open advocates of Mexican government, and avowed friends to Santa Anna. On the next morning, Tuesday, September 1st, the author was again obliged to fall behind the regiment; being ordered to take charge of three sick men, unable to ride. In vain he expostulated that he had already been detailed several times on such service; that another young physician of the next company, had not served at all in such a way; but the surgeon saying to the Colonel that the condition of the men was such that he would trust their treatment to no one else, the matter was cut short by the appearance of the Sergeant Major, with some money in his hand, and the positive direction of, "Dr. Furber, it is Colonel Thomas' direction that you remain in charge of the sick men; that you take this money for expenses, and provide yourself with the necessary medicines for their use from the hospital stores immediately;" so he had it to do. The regiment formed and left. He endeavored to obtain admittance, for his sick, into the houses mentioned, representing to the half-savage men and women, the state of the soldiers; but he might as well have endeavored to excite feelings of compassion and benevolence in a den of wolves. Though the men were quite ill, two burning with high fevers, they were obliged to mount their horses and go on about four miles, to the next settler's house. We found him a Tennesscean; a man of feeling, who accommodated the sick ones for several days, to the best of his ability. He informed us of the character of [illegible] neighbors.

CHAPTER II.

We did not again reach the regiment until the following Tuesday, the 8th of September; during which time it had marched out of the county of Upshur, and through those of Rush, Smith and Cherokee; crossing the Sabine river the day upon which we were left. Two of the sick ones got better the day following, and went on; the other was quite sick several days, but then became able to ride. We crossed the Sabine on the 5th, and rode some thirty miles, stopping at night at a rough shanty, where we found four men of the Kentucky cavalry, who had been sick. They appeared to be in no hurry to get up with their regiment, which must have been then two hundred miles ahead. We left there early on the morning of the 6th, and rode near forty miles, stopping at night in Cherokee county, at the house of an old settler, whose name was Branton. Here we were joined by six more of the regiment, who had remained behind sick. We fared well that night. Branton was apparently wealthy, and lived in comfort. The section of country in which he resided, was, by far, of the best lands that we have seen since we have been on the march: much of it is of the fertile red soil, called, in distinction, the red lands. There are a few small prairies of two or three hundred acres each; the soil of these is black and very fertile. The water is good and abundant; timber plentiful.

We nad been informed that in the more southern and western parts of Texas, timber was scarce; but a better farming country than this, one would hardly ask. The nearest navigation to Cherokee county on the west, is the Trin-

ity river, seventy miles distant; on the east, Red river at Shrevesport, one hundred and twenty-five miles.

Our horses being well fed, the next morning were in fine condition to travel. It had rained a little during the night, and there was no dust to annoy us. As this day proved afterwards "a day of days," not to be forgotten by any member of the Tennessee cavalry, any one of whom will now, if the 'rainy day" is mentioned to him, shrug his shoulders at the thought of it, the description is given, as written that evening.

After a good breakfast, hot coffee, milk, chickens, fine ham, eggs and potatoes, and most excellent biscuit, we called for our bill, and were surprised to find ourselves charged only seventy-five cents each for man and horse. Our horses were brought out in perfect trim, and we shook our old friend Branton by the hand, and set out for the regiment, which had camped that night twenty miles ahead, and was to go this day twenty miles further; as a traveler who had come by it informed us. We wished to go on the whole forty miles, and be in camp at night, for it became unpleasant to be so far in the rear. The man who had been sick thought he would be able to ride it, and we struck out at a brisk pace.

The morning was cool and cloudy, pleasant for riding. As we went on, full of life and sport, our attention was continually attracted by the beauty of the country and the fertility of the soil, and our surprise excited that it should be so thinly settled. Small prairies and timbered swells of land succeeded each other in infinite variety. Branton had informed us that, though the lands were fine, timber plenty, and water abundant, it was very thinly settled, so much so, that we should pass but one house (four miles from his) for thirty-three miles; one more, he said, was near the camp of the regiment for that night, some twenty miles ahead, but that we should not see it from the road.

When we came to the house at four miles, we stopped a few moments, and then rode on. After going a half mile further, the sky very rapidly darkened, and seemed to hang low above us. It was a subject of remark, and we expected

another shower. Soon it began to rain a little, and there was a strange stillness in the dark, murky air. We drew on our blanket coats and blankets, looking for it to hold up shortly, in the meantime adding to our speed a little. The rain steadily increased, until it appeared to pour down in innumerable streams, perpendicularly and constantly, like the streams of water in a shower bath; the darkness was still deeper. In a half hour more the wind rose, without lessening the torrents of water; and it became more uncomfortable from the rain being driven with such force. We hoped that such a deluge would soon exhaust itself, but we were mistaken; it continually increased. This was the first scene.

The wind still rose in power, and blew directly in our faces with great strength; the streams of water borne by it came upon us in an oblique direction. It now became very difficult for our horses to make much progress against it; they reduced their speed to a walk, and we would not urge them faster. We expected, however, that it would shortly be done, and that the black heavens would clear away. But it was not so: the wind increased in violence still, and swept across the prairies with irresistible force, leveling the long grass to the earth, and beating it down beneath the weight of the torrents; it rushed into the mighty oaks on the points of the timber, as they ended on the prairies, broke and tore off the stoutest limbs and branches, throwing them into the air with such power as the whirlwind only uses. The smaller branches, stripped and tore like feathers from the trunks, fell around, over, and upon us; filled the road and covered the ground. The rain, instead of diminishing at all, increased in quantity, and beat against us with such force that it required the exercise of much strength to keep our saddles, and our horses with great exertion progressed against it.

Yet on, then, we must go. Trees were blocking the road, falling before and behind us, so near by, and such was the terror of our horses, that, trembling in every limb, they sometimes, for a moment, refused to proceed. Still, slowly and

silently we went on, each man with his head bent down, his blanket drawn closely around him, urging his horse onward, both horse and rider leaning to the powerful blasts as they swept by.

Not a moment did the storm abate its strength; not a moment did the torrents of rain lessen in quantity. The accumulated water rushed down the sides of the hills, not in rivulets only, but apparently in broken sheets. The prairies between them were unable to take it off, and held it dammed up by the grass, and they were turned, for the time, into shallow lakes. The protections that we had drawn on were futile and useless, for, driven by the force of the hurricane, the water oozed in streams through every thread.

Still, wading through the water in the prairies, and with difficulty crossing the furious torrents in the face of such a blast, we slowly proceeded. The storm raged in all its fury.—Hour after hour, we continued to hope that it would soon spend its force; but hour after hour it still remained unabated.

After a long and tedious ride, cold, wet, hungry, and exhausted, we arrived at the camping ground that had been occupied the last night by the regiment. Not a soul was there.—We could not see more than a dozen yards or so, around, on account of the streams descending being blown into mist in our faces, by the powerful, irregular surges of wind. We should not have known the encampment, but for the corn, shucks, and fodder, borne by the rushing water down by our horses' feet, catching and drifting against the fallen trees, that were now across the road in every direction. No shelter could we find; we did not know where to look for the house that was in the neighborhood of this encampment. It was folly to stay a moment in the timber, where the large branches were cracking, broken off, and falling around, and we moved on. Our horses now were much fatigued—Not a word had been spoken for hours, by any one of the party—The storm, for a few moments, lulled its strength, and the rain seemed to abate, so that we could hear the rushing torrents around

us on the hills, and for a few moments could see farther than before. Every one raised his head to look, but the sight was not pleasant: the sky was darker than ever; the outline of no cloud could be seen: but the whole seemed drawn down closely over and around us, in mist and blackness, so near that the tall, stout pines, in which we now entered on the hills, seemed to touch the murky darkness above.

The hurricane was but rousing its energies; and, with the darkness suddenly increasing, it burst upon us with intensity doubled; with force and appearance that cannot be described. The tall, heavy pines bent above us far over, returned, bent again before the blast; many of them, unable to stand against it, fell, one after another, before it; so heavy their trunks, we could hear the crash of the fall above the storm. Our horses, as it were, leaned against the wind and rain; stopped, pushed, and stopped again. If, now, they stepped one foot out of the beaten track, they sunk to their shoulders in the earth, so soft had the soil become, to the depth of three feet or more, from the deluge of water that for eight hours had been pouring upon its peculiar strata.

The tornado continued unabated, but was blowing now from nearly south, having changed to an opposite course from that at which it commenced. Another long, long hour it was the same, and we arrived at a creek, but now an overwhelming torrent, carrying before it with resistless fury the largest trees, tore up by the roots, whirling them by with a rush and sound that was frightful to look upon. But what was to be done. With great exertions we made ourselves heard by one another, and our situation was such that all were for swimming. We plunged in: the first gained the other bank; the second was swept, horse and rider down the torrent; the third was going down also, but threw himself off his horse and let him go, and grasping a log that was caught, got over. The author's horse, by desperate exertions, held his way, was struck by a floating log, and turned quite round; but, recovering, he came over. The others, by watching their time, and seeing the safer place by our passage, crossed better. The horse of the second, that had

been swept down the torrent, was caught against a partly fallen tree; the rider got out, and, by the assistance of the rest, he extricated the horse, who swam ashore; fortunately, the horse of the third saved himself. Not a word, all this time, since the passage commenced, had been spoken.

The storm began to abate then quite perceptibly. To our joy, we saw the house that we had been told of. We got to it, and, exhausted, stripped our horses, and sheltered ourselves under its roof; and never did men feel more relieved. We found, here, many men that had returned from the ranks of the passing regiment, and housed themselves from the force of the furious tempest.

Mr. Abel, the proprietor, informed us that the regiment had got through the tall timber and crossed the creek, and had passed his house early in the morning, before the hurricane came on; and stated that this had been the most terrific day that had been experienced during his residence here, which had been some eighteen years.

It continued to rain at intervals, quite hard, not ceasing until late at night. Abel thought that the regiment must be in a very disagreeable situation, for he said that the ground of this section, during a heavy rain, became so miry that it would be impossible for the wagons to get up to the encampment, which was about nine miles distant, on the Angeline river. He accommodated us as well as he could during the night. We lay on the floor, in our wet clothes, and, being so very tired, slept well; and in the morning, after an early breakfast, we set off for the regiment.

This morning was clear and pleasant; the road was settled and firm. We soon came within five miles of the river, where we found a wagon mired down; a little farther, another, and another; and finally almost every one, some just getting out, some going along to camp. From the teamsters we learned that only a few of the wagons succeeded in getting to camp last night; consequently, the regiment were forced, in the heavy rain, to be without tents or food. After being in such a storm all day, it was hard to be obliged to sleep in it at night, and fasting besides; but so it was, and,

as we afterwards learned, having no fires, on account of the rain.*

We came near the camp, which, though we could not see on account of the thick bushes, we could *hear* plainly. A strange, confused murmur came from it, very unlike the common busy but still encampment. We rode in, and a curious scene was before us. A noisy, confused, dirty, muddy multitude of men, horses and wagons was on the hill, from the creek up,—crowded and so mingled that there was not the slightest order or discipline, nor the least indication of it.—The ground was worked up into deep, stiff mud, precisely fit for making the whole encampment into a vast brick-yard, and all the men looked as though they had been at work in such a place.—Mud was on their faces;—their clothes were caked with it;—officers' uniforms were covered with it;——horses all dirty and yellow with the same;—wagons bedaubed and spattered over, and harness and all things else in the same predicament.

Disorder reigned supreme.—At the foot of the hill, the Angeline river, raised to an overwhelming rapid torrent, bore every thing before it on its muddy waters, and effectually prohibited any further passage until it should subside.

On the higher part of the hill, among the crowd, and overlooking all, I† stopped my horse, and gazed with astonishment around and below me. To dismount would have been to stand to my knees in mud, neither was there a dry place, that I could see. In front of me were the carbines, pistols, swords, saddles, bridles, and baggage, perhaps of thirty men,—all in the mud,—some covered with it;—horses were crowded around, stamping more in the same.—Close to the horses' heels was a fire, lately built, at which twenty or more

* This had been a terrible day; no one in the regiment could call to mind the experience of any such one before it. Many readers will remember its occurrence from the loss of the steam ship New York; which was totally broken to pieces, by the violence of the gale and sea, and sunk at her anchors, far out from land: eighteen lives lost. The regiment was near the centre of the range of the hurricane, as it passed over Texas.

† The reader will excuse the frequent occurrence of the egotistical pronoun, "I," in this scene, and also the same on page 171, as those accounts cannot easily be g'ven, without its use

men were crowded round, trying to cook something to eat, for the company wagons were just coming up, and I found that three-fourths of the regiment had had nothing to eat since the morning before;—had traveled yesterday in the storm all the day, and slept in the rain and mud all the night;—all hungry.—Others were endeavoring to dry themselves and their wet and muddy clothing, taken from their saddle-bags, by hanging the articles around the fire.

—Of the men, there was not a half dozen of any one company at one fire;—they were of all the companies mingled. All were noisy; all muddy; all hungry; some intoxicated; every one looked as though he had been so.—Fires were lighted around, every where, where space could be found, to the right, front, rear, and left, surrounded by the same disorderly, noisy groups, the same piles of arms and baggage, stamped in the mire: here a carbine, there a sword; here a saddle, there a blanket.

I saw Lieutenant-colonel Allison sitting on his horse near me, with a troubled countenance, surveying the scene. From the whole ground came up, and intermingled a great variety of sounds;—of many quarreling and threatening,—scores cursing bitterly and loudly,—of many more laughing in drunken mirth,—of hundreds more, stamping to and fro in the mud, hunting for other persons, and for articles lost, and calling loudly out for them;—of wagoners yelling and cursing at their teams, in their endeavors to get them through the crowd, and the mud. Such a variety, so intermingled, made a perfect Babel of noise, and confusion. Near me were five men in the mud, asleep; one of them I saw belonged to our own company. I called loudly to him, again, and again. Under the combined influence of fatigue, hunger, and liquor, he was soundly asleep, and an earthquake would hardly have awakened him. I kept my position; to move round in the confusion was of no avail, and for some time I gazed on the scene. I suddenly saw Sergeant Hovey of my company in the busy crowd, and succeeded in making him hear me, after many efforts, and he came towards me, glad to see me again;

ected me to follow him to a place, where I could get down

clear of mud; my horse with difficulty was able to get along through the crowded confusion, and every step went deep in the mire, till about the distance of two hundred yards, Hovey led me to a log, where I got off.—"Did you ever see the like?" said he. "I never did," replied I, "what does it all mean?"—"I will tell you the whole presently, for I see that it will be some time before we can get away from here; but tie your horse to the root of that log, where he now stands; the mud is deep, but it is deeper all around, and I will get him a bundle of the fodder, that I put into this thick bush last night, to keep the rain off my face."—This he did, and sitting down at the end of the log, where he had a fire in the morning, he commenced.—"That terrible storm yesterday was the cause of all this. We left camp in the morning very early, and came into that tall pine timber, you saw this side, before it rained at all, and then it rained gently for some-time. We came through that and crossed a deep dry branch near to Abel's house, back here a few miles, before the storm come down on us; but when it did come, it came a whirling; blew,—Oh! Crockett! it took both hands to hold your hair on!—and rain,—well, now, it did some of the tallest kind of raining!—it appeared as though it was never going to stop.—The bungs must have been out of the hogsheads up above, for it did not come in drops, but just poured down in the biggest sort of streams. The men were all soaked through, but laughed at that.—It became very muddy;—the wagons began to stick. If one stopped, and another tried to pass it, it mired right down.—If your horse stepped off the road a foot, he would mire down; many of the men were mired down at the same time. The wagons at last all stuck, but one or two, and when we got up here, we found the corn and fodder hauled here the day before, and that was all. The men hitched their horses, and fed them; but could not make any fires, for the rain put them out, and we had to take it, as it come. We would not have cared for supper, if we could have got the tents. We doubled ourselves up, and sat on the ground, with our blankets over our heads, and took the rain. Some of the men suffered a great deal. It

was soon found out, that there were two barrels of liquor over the creek, at that little shanty you see yonder; and every man that could raise a dime, got a half pint, and some a quart, and those who had no money had plenty of liquor given them by others; every one drank; but all were so cold and wet, and exhausted, that the liquor did not operate quickly; and they drank again and again; as the rain poured down, on the outside, they turned the liquor down on the inside; it was, to them, rest, supper, and shelter; and all hands, before long, were *drunk*;—every body was drunk, last night;—as I heard the Colonel say this morning that out of the thousand men, teamsters and all, in the regiment, there were *eleven* hundred intoxicated.

—"The ground became so soft, that the horses mired down where we had hitched them; and the halters had to be cut; and most of the horses were loose all night; hundreds were plunging and floundering about among us in the rain, and darkness;—the men were whooping and yelling, like Indians, all night; and have got mixed up, and are not sober yet; so that nothing can be done. Those that slept at all, did so in the mud and rain, overpowered by liquor; but, till daylight, there was not much sleep; everybody was moving, till you see how worked up the ground is——" "Well, Hovey, were the field officers 'tight,' too?" "Why, I don't know; I did not see them;—never heard they were;—but I did not see anybody that was sober, at twelve o'clock last night; neither have I heard of anybody that was;—should like to see the man that was so. For my part, I did not drink any, at first; but I got so very cold, and chilly, that I commenced, too; I was the most sober man I saw, and I could hardly navigate;—I tell you, there was nobody that I saw, sober, in the rain and mire.—As for the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and major, they fared as badly as any of us—shouldn't wonder, if they were as 'tight;'—don't know, though;—can't see how they could avoid it——" "Well, Hovey, where is our company?" "Where all of the companies are—everywhere—over the whole ground—mixed up wherever a man could get—no two of them together." "Where are the officers?" "Don't know

that, either;—I tried to sleep, right here, and put this fodder over my face, and didn't look out for anything else;—feel very bad, this morning,—must see if there is anything left in the canteen."—He looked, and found quite a supply; and taking a hearty draught, he handed the canteen to another who came in a like situation.

The torrent, in a few hours, fell considerably, and the wagons were enabled to cross; the men became sober; picked up all their arms and baggage, and all crossed; went three miles, and camped in order; every man found his company; all, that evening, was again regularity and discipline. So ends the imperfect story of the "rainy day." A description cannot do it justice; but, to every officer and soldier of the regiment, the recollection of it will always be distinct. The encampment, that night, was on the ground formerly occupied by Bowles, the Cherokee chief; who, with a portion of his tribe, claimed and occupied this fine section of country, in area about three hundred leagues; but they were dispossessed of it by the Texan government. Colonel Thomas purchased the corn, growing on Bowles' old field; now cultivated by a rough-looking chap, who has been here since the departure of the Indians. Each man was put to gathering his own corn.

Wednesday, September 9th. All, last night, slept soundly; and this morning, the bugles sounded early; every one turned out; the lines were formed, the rolls called, and all answered to their names; the breakfasts were soon over, tents struck, wagons loaded, and the columns formed, and went on. The morning was clear and pleasant; the face of the country over which we marched, was beautiful, being woodland and prairies, alternately. Many herds of cattle, fat and sleek, were grazing upon these. We were now traveling on the old established Spanish, or Mexican road, from Nacogdoches to San Antonio. The land had been continually improving, from the Sabine river, and here was first-rate. This morning, we passed as fine lands as could be wished.

We entered the bottom lands, bordering on the Neches river, at nine o'clock, A. M. We found the river very high,

and the bottom overflowed; we were occupied all that day and night, and most of the next day, in getting across; there being but one flat, and that capable of carrying but eight horses, with their riders, at a time; and not making more than from three to four trips an hour. Each company, as it crossed, went on by itself, eighteen miles, to the next encampment, near the town of Crockett, and awaited the coming of the whole regiment; the last of which did not come up until the evening of the 10th instant.

Friday, September 11th. The regiment marched on, fifteen miles, to the next encampment; where it was to remain for two or three days, while the wagon-train went on to Robbins' Ferry, on the Trinity river distant thirty-three miles from Crockett, to take in a supply of provisions from the depot there. Our own company were compelled to remain at this place, for another day or two, on account of our wagon having again been broken down; for we had the fortune to have a driver who could strike every tree, on either side of the road, with the wheels, and never miss one. The wagon, however, suffered some heavy thumps from these, and occasionally, that is, once a week, on an average, broke down, and detained either the whole company, or part; though, on such a march as this, it is much the best, for a company to halt with its broken wagon; for it contains the tents and provisions; and if it should not be repaired, until night, the company has shelter and food; which would not be the case, if they had left it.

Crockett is situated nearly in the centre of the county of Houston, about midway between the Neches river on the east, and the Trinity on the west. The lands in this county are good; better on the eastern side, near the Neches, than in the centre or western parts, where the soil is rather too sandy for fertility. The western part has the advantage, however, of the navigable river, Trinity, in its neighborhood. The town of Crockett, itself, has nothing in or around it, of interest, save its name; given in honor of David Crockett, of Tennessee, who fell bravely fighting in the cause of Texas, at the "Alamo." In the portico of the only

tavern in the place, was one relic of olden times; this was a bell, corroded and broken, that had lately been found in a lake, in a most desolate spot, a few miles from the town. It was of Spanish manufacture, made in 1690, and weighed, probably, about two hundred pounds, when new; not so much now, however, for some parts of its composition had yielded to the corroding action of the water of the lake, and it was eaten by rust, almost to the appearance of a honey-comb. It had upon it the Catholic cross; and probably had been used by the first adventurers or settlers, in these lands, to aid in the work of converting the savages; but no trace, we understood, has been found in this part of the country, of any former permanent settlement. How, therefore, it had been used, or when or how it found its resting-place in the lake, is unknown. It is a curious old object, and its history, could it be known, would undoubtedly be one of interest. Quite a change had taken place, in this country, from the time of its submersion in the still waters of that lake, to the period of its again being brought to light. The thoughtful mind could find subject-matter, in the contemplation of this old bell, for many hours of interest.

September 12th. We had been detained two days, on account of our wagon; and this morning, all being ready, we set out to overtake the regiment; still encamped fifteen miles this side of the Trinity river; which we easily accomplished by noon, and again our tents were up with the others. Two large springs supplied the whole regiment with abundance of water; and we had any quantity of forage, provided from the depot at Robbins' Ferry, and full rations of provisions. We spent two days, yet, after our company arrived at this encampment, making four days for the regiment, in all; during this time the wagon-train were on at the ferry, taking in their loads of bread, pork, flour, &c., &c.

The immediate section of country, about this encampment, is poor; all, or nearly so, timbered. There was a great quantity of petrified wood lying around; large branches, and whole trunks of trees were thus petrified; the largest of

which, that we saw, was a hickory, about two feet and a half in diameter. These specimens of petrifaction were as perfect as we had ever seen; we thought more so; for the bark and wood not only retained their peculiar texture, but even their color; so perfect was the bark, when taken off, in color, (black and rough without, white and smooth within), that, at the distance of two or three feet from the eye, it could not be told from a piece of true bark; nothing but the weight, when taken into the hand, made known the illusion; on examination, it was found as hard as flint. The petrifaction of the wood was equally perfect. We secured several fine specimens of it; but, reflecting that we were going out from home for many months, and that we could not preserve them, we reluctantly threw them away. Immense quantities of this petrified wood, lay through this section, on high lands, of a sandy nature. The inhabitants here, who visited our encampment, in relation to these petrifactions, told us, that two miles from camp there was a petrified trunk of a hickory *still standing!* and like these, of perfect stone. We thought this rather improbable; but they asserted it, and offered to guide us to it; but it was too late then, being in the evening, and we were to be off in the morning. Several of them asserted the same, in answer to our inquiries, unknown to each other. But this must have been a "quiz."

Monday, September 14th. This morning, our company were early roused; being the advance of the regiment. To-day, we were minus one lieutenant, Wheat, the second assistant, who has been sent to Houston, sixty miles to the south, for medicine, the hospital stores giving out.

Six companies of the regiment marched to Robbins' Ferry; the other four to Clark's Ferry, four miles lower down the river; and, by so doing, the crossing of the river was much facilitated. We passed to the north again, to the old San Antonio road, which we had left a day or two before, and marched fifteen miles to Robbins'. The morning was pleasant, and the country beautiful, but not very fertile. Quantities of petrified wood, in blocks, large trunks, and small pieces, were on and near the road. Six miles east of

the ferry we found a block-house, probably built in the Indian or Mexican wars, strongly constructed of logs, closely fitted, the upper story projecting about two feet, on either side and end, over the lower. It had one strong door; loop-holes were around, above, and below, for the use of the rifle. It is but a short time since these defences were necessary throughout this country; but now, no enemy makes his appearance, so far in the settlements. Another mile from the block-house, brought us through the timber, to the opening of an extensive, level prairie, of rich, black soil, covered with a most luxuriant growth of tall, rank gamma grass;—coarse leaves, presenting to the eye the appearance of an immense field of millet.

This prairie must contain from six to eight thousand acres; is overflown by the rises of the Trinity, and it would make splendid rice plantations. Not a flower was upon it; it was one unbroken, waving sea of green. A narrow skirt of timber, along the Trinity river, separated it from the prairie; through this strip we passed, and immediately commenced the crossing of the river in flats; twelve horses and men at a time; and as we crossed, encamped a little below the ferry, on the opposite side. In a few hours, all were over, and the other column, from Clark's Ferry, had come up also.

The encampment was in a pretty, extensive grove of timber, shady and cool. Robbins' Ferry, on the Trinity river, to which we had so long been looking forward, and wishing to arrive at, we found to be not much of a place, when we had got to it. One house, one store, and two warehouses, were all the buildings there. The family residing here, looked like walking skeletons, so wan, so thin; their eyes were sunken, their cheeks drawn in; a miserable, sickly set. There is no water here fit to use; the river water is the best, but that is bad to the taste, and not wholesome. At the store, there was plenty of whisky; and although most of the men did not wish any, having had enough on the "rainy day" to last them for some time yet, still many took hold of it freely; and the natural result soon followed—quarreling and con-

fusion. A row was quickly "kicked up," in which one man stabbed another dangerously. This put an end to it.

Though the Arkansas and Kentucky regiments of cavalry had, each, taken large supplies from the depot of government stores here, and our train of wagons had been filled up completely, yet a vast quantity of provisions was left. This was the case also at Fulton. No one of the three regiments, which had been ordered to march, by this route, to the seat of war, could complain of want of provident care in the government, in furnishing supplies; for these were abundant; more than we needed, and of excellent quality.

The Trinity river is here only about sixty yards wide; but from twelve to fourteen feet deep. Its banks are high, broken, and steep; of clay entirely. It has a sluggish current; is of a dark, muddy color, and, although now low, sometimes rises over the high banks, and like a sea, overflows the adjoining prairies. It carries not, however, through its course, the depth of water mentioned, being, some miles below the ferry, quite shallow.

Tuesday, September 15th. We were on the march at an early hour; the morning was fine, and we were soon out in a beautiful, rolling prairie; extensive views of gentle hills, covered with long grass, dotted in the distance with small groves, met our vision before and on either side of us. When we rose out of the bottom land of the river, upon the first swell we came to, was an old mansion, formerly of a Mexican "hacienda," or large farm, overlooking in its prospect the fine range of country below—of hill and dale, extensive and green. The long lines of the regiment and train were all in view at a glance; and they made an imposing appearance. A fine breeze blew all the day, and the march was easy and pleasant. Good humor and gayety prevailed throughout the ranks. The fresh breeze of the prairie was invigorating to men and horses; which latter bounded and pranced along gayly. We marched rapidly, over a fine natural road, and the wagon-train, finding no difficulty or delay, were all in camp, under a lofty grove of live oaks, by

noon; and every one had the afternoon for his own amusement. This was sought in various ways.

The encampment was a very pleasant one, being a natural square, of five or six acres, surrounded by live oaks of great size, and entirely covered with long Spanish moss, hanging from the limbs and twigs, in drooping festoons, making a close shade below; beneath these trees was a deep lagoon of water, fresh, cool, and pleasant to the taste. Under the trees around the square were the lines of tents, and back of these the fires of each; the grass was tall and green, and grouped around upon it were the soldiers, resting from the march. At sunset, all were, as usual, called up by the bugles, to form lines for evening roll call; after which the suppers were disposed of, horses all attended to, and singing seemed to be the order of the evening, till, one by one, the lights were extinguished, and all were asleep; the most preferring to take the thick shade outside of the tents, in the long grass, for their sleeping places. We left Houston county at the Trinity, and were, this night, in Walker.

Wednesday, September 16th. We left the encampment at seven o'clock, and continued the march; after going about four miles, we came to a large plantation, now in ruins. The rank weeds were growing up in the yard of the deserted house, ten feet high, showing most excellent soil. The plantation lay well; and it bore such marks of former care and taste, and was now so dreary, that the universal opinion was expressed in the ranks, as we filed round the corner of the yard, that the family had been murdered. This opinion we found to be correct: the former owner, a man of wealth, and an early settler here, his wife, two daughters, and three sons, small boys, had all been murdered, and the house robbed, by a party of Mexicans and Indians. This was five years since, and no one had appeared as the nearest relative, to claim the land or property. The very look of the place seemed to proclaim murder and desolation.

In three miles more, we left Walker, and entered Grimes county; the soil, losing all semblance of fertility, was thin, sandy, and wretchedly poor—no settlers to be found. We

marched about fifteen miles in this sort of country, and en camped on a creek, where there was but little water. There was some game about here, and our boys, after encamping, went out, and returned at dark, with two or three deer and some rabbits of great size. The person who had furnished us our corn, and who lives a mile or two from this place, told us that some few wild horses yet remained in the wide strip of poor, bushy lands, over which we had traveled the most of the day. Our men were very eager to get a view of some of these; but their curiosity was not to be gratified in that respect for some time yet.

Thursday, September 17th. We were not in very buoyant spirits, this morning; the land around us was so miserably poor, and vegetation so stunted, that there was no enlivening prospect; many of the men declared, that we had passed through all the fine lands, and that all the rest of this country would be but the "fag ends." They were mistaken, however, as it afterwards proved, for we were just coming to them. The morning was pleasant, and we marched on pretty well, considering the deep sand through which we passed; after marching eight miles, we suddenly came out of the stunted growth of the poor land, into the most beautiful rolling prairies, with fine groves here and there, and tall grass, apparently undisturbed by animals, covering the rounded hills of such gentle height and slope, as only to be pleasing; the soil suddenly changed to deep loose black earth, of great fertility.

The breeze, of which we had felt none in the barren undergrowth, came cooling, and refreshing, over the prairie, loaded with the fragrance of thousands of wild flowers, of brilliant colors; as column after column emerged from the thicket, they were all struck with the strong contrast; and the general exclamation along the ranks, was, "how beautiful!" "How far you can see!" said one; "How green and fresh these rolling hills," said a second. "Look at the distant ones," said another, pointing to their dim blue outline against the horizon. "What lovely vales and groves," exclaimed yet another;—all looked, all admired the

scene. The swells of the prairie became higher and more picturesque as we advanced; we lost sight of one beautiful view, only to gain one more extensive and striking. The soil became still darker and more fertile, mixed with marl and shells in great quantity; and beneath the whole was a bed of limestone: it must be of inexhaustible fertility.

When we first entered Grimes county, the very name appeared poor and desolate; but now, that name appeared to have a signification the very reverse. Here and there we came to plantations with fine growing crops of corn, cotton, and some sugar cane, all flourishing.

We turned off from the road to the right in a picturesque valley, and encamped by a clear brook, near several fine springs. We unsaddled our horses, fed them, collected our wood, and set about our evening meal. A large tan-yard was near by, on the opposite side of the creek, and many of the men went to bathe in the vats, that were filled from the springs. On this creek were some of the largest cedars we have ever seen; cedar was abundant all around here. We saw that the rails for the fences were made of it. These will last a lifetime.

Friday, September 18th. Last evening, seeing that the hill over which the regiment would pass this morning, was high, two of us obtained leave from the captain, to leave the camp and ascend it by daylight, and wait for the regiment to come on; our motive for so doing was to obtain a view of the surrounding country in the clearness of the morning, by sunrise. Accordingly, by that time we were on the top, with a spy-glass, which we had brought with us from home, for such special occasions. The view was, as we anticipated, vast and beautiful; the morning was very clear. Looking towards the east, was seen, immediately below, the deep valley with its long sloping ascents on either side; its clear stream winding through, fringed with dark green groves of cedar; through and about which, the long and regular lines of white tents were peeping; in one part concealed, in another, row after row in full view; busy with life; the numbers of little lines of blue curling smoke rising from it, and above uniting,

floated gently off down the vale; while the clear tones of the bugles, soft and mellow from distance, came up distinctly to the ear.—Beyond the camp, the opposite green slope was dotted here and there by herds of cattle grazing, while the summit of the slope, with its line of oaks, through which the horizontal rays of the sun beamed in brightness, at the distance of two miles, closed the view. To the south the prospect of wooded hills, gentle and long in rise, were seen one beyond another, with here and there a patch of prairie between for eight or ten miles. To the west and south-west, lay spread out in full view the lovely valley of the Brazos river, alternately prairie and woodland—prairie and woodland again, until a broad belt of prairie, twenty miles distant, unbroken in extent, bounded the vision.

In the foreground of this view, at the distance of two miles, and contrasting finely with the more distant finishing of the picture, was the pretty, thriving village of Fanthrop

To the north-west, the landscape was like a map; here, dark in waving lines, with timber; there, light in long strips, of prairie; all intermingled in a beautiful combination, until the horizon was indistinct and hazy from very distance. Hearing the bugles more plainly, we turned and looked again down in the valley; the rows of tents had disappeared; the long lines of horsemen were filing out to the road; the wagons starting in the rear, and the camp was empty.

Employing our time until they had ascended the hill, in taking another view of all around, we then left the scene with regret, and took our places in the ranks.

Saturday, September 19th. This day, we marched on over the same splendid scenery; crossing a little valley filled with cedar groves, we rose the hill into the village of Fanthrop. We found this a brisk, lively little place; every one seemed to be at work: the blacksmiths' hammer could be heard, answered by the sound of tools from other mechanics; the stores were open, and doing, apparently, a brisk business. A large academy, for the education of youth of both sexes, had been just erected, and gone into successful operation. The

regiment did not halt, but the advance were far through the town before the rear had come near it.

At eleven, A. M., we entered the Brazos bottom lands, heavily timbered, red soil, and very fertile; and we struck the left bank of the Neversot river, which the road followed to its junction with the Brazos, opposite to the town of Washington. We commenced crossing the Brazos as soon as we arrived on its banks; two companies besides our own passing that evening, and, proceeding directly through the town, encamped on the edge of the prairie beyond; a fine encampment; but half a mile from the springs in the prairie, which were to furnish us water. The other seven companies encamped on the eastern bank, not crossing the river until the following day. The evening of this day had been very sultry, and a thunder storm appearing about to come over us, we made all haste to get up our tents, which labor was soon accomplished. The storm, though it touched us not, was near enough to cool the air, and the evening was very pleasant; and at night we slept well, only disturbed by the numerous packs of wolves that, attracted by the smell of meat, came near to us and among our horses, and, by their dismal howling, frightened many of these so that they broke loose.

Sunday, September 20th. Early this morning, Col. Thomas sent an order to our company for twenty men, in uniform, with carbines and cartridge-boxes, to march into town and take part in the funeral of a Kentucky soldier, of the cavalry regiment, left sick at this place, in company with several others, two weeks since. The others had become better; he died the day before. We marched into town, halted in front of the house where the body lay;—then formed in the rear of the coffin in double file; the colonel and field officers of our regiment followed next; captains and lieutenants next; then privates of our own regiment; then citizens. When all was ready, the bugles sounded the melancholy strain of the "Dead March," and slowly, and with our arms reversed, we moved for the graveyard, distant from the town about half a mile. As we went through the streets, the windows and

doors were crowded by the inmates; all, by their countenances, expressing sorrow for the loss of the soldier. He died far from his home, among strangers, by whom, however, in his last hours, he was carefully attended; and then was interred with the soldier's burial.—On arriving at the graveyard, the procession moved around the grave and halted.—Slowly the coffin was lowered into it.—We advanced, and fired three volleys over it;—filled the grave; and then wheeling, left the ground; and marching after quick and lively music, returned to camp.

The regiment were ordered out in the afternoon to divine service, on the edge of the prairie. The preacher, Mr. Ralston, who officiated as chaplain, took his position on the only log that was to be found. The colonel and field officers, with most of the company officers, in full uniform, were reclining in the long grass, directly in front of him; while the soldiers were seated in the same around, in a large semicircle; seats were not needed, for, by long habit, now we find the ground to answer every purpose. The sermon was good and the listeners attentive; all joined in the singing with feeling, and every emotion seemed to be calmed by the occasion.

The evening of the day was very pleasant. We strolled out on an eminence, a portion of the prairie, and surveyed with the glass the extensive valley of the Brazos below, and now in our rear—still grand and beautiful, as from the other side, it appeared.

Monday, September 21*st.* The colonel having ordered the regiment to remain here another day, we took the opportunity to examine and inquire about the town, country, &c. Washington is a small place of about four or five hundred inhabitants; has been the seat of government, the congress of the republic formerly meeting here. The appearance of the town shows, from its many dilapidated houses, that it has seen better days than at present.

It is situated on the west bank of the Brazos river, in the midst of as beautiful and fertile a country as can be found in the Union. The Brazos can be navigated by large boats

some three or four months in the year; and it is said, by removing the snags and logs from its bed, that small steamboats could run upon it, as far up as this place, the whole year; though, as yet, there is not sufficient settlement of the country to induce boats to come up; and all the trade of this place is carried on, by land, with Houston, on Buffalo Bayou, seventy-five miles south-east of it. But the day cannot be far distant, when this delightful country will be settled, and its resources developed.—The river, of steep and high clay banks, is not so muddy as the Trinity, but is brackish in taste and unfit for use, even for washing.—The Neversot, a small river that comes in opposite, is of better water. We noticed that this river sometimes rose thirty-five or forty feet, perpendicular height, the mark of the mud being on all the trees; and brush, cane, and drift-wood lodged in their tall branches.

At four, P. M., the regiment was ordered under arms, on foot, and marched out on the prairie, near the springs, and there formed in a hollow square to witness the punishment of two teamsters, who had stolen some carbines and other property, and had endeavored to make their escape; had been pursued by a file of men, overtaken and brought back; had been tried this forenoon by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes each on the bare back: which sentence, however, was commuted, by the colonel, to that of riding a rail through the ranks.

This ceremony was performed as follows: four stout men, two at each end of a long, rough pole, came into the square; the culprits were led in, and one of them, the younger, who had been coaxed into the stealing by the other, was gently set on the pole, and as gently carried around; all pitied him, for he appeared to feel the disgrace of the punishment severely, and not much noise was made as he passed on this high horse. He was set down, and the other was rudely thrown on, amidst hoots, groans and hisses; the bearers jerked and shook the pole on their shoulders, and he lost his balance and came to the ground on his side, with a concussion that took his breath from him for a moment. He had

fallen into hard hands; they threw him up again, breath or no breath, and finished his unpleasant ride; after which the regiment was dismissed, and the two men taken over the Brazos and set free, being forbidden to come again near the camp.

Tuesday, September 22d. A fine morning. The bugles sounded the saddle call, after breakfast, and the captains and lieutenants of each company repeated the order to their men, to strike tents and load the wagons: all went at it, and line after line of tents disappeared,—save those of our company, which still stood, for no officer could be found. One of the field officers rode up: "Is your captain here?" he inquired. "No, sir." "Your first lieutenant?" "No, sir." "Tell your second lieutenant to have your tents struck, and fall into line." "He is not here, sir." "Not here!—What, all gone?—Where is the orderly sergeant?" "Gone too, sir!" "Well, tell your second sergeant to come here." "He is gone, also." "Gone!—Is there any sergeant here?" "Yes, sir, the third sergeant, Hovey, is here." "Tell Sergeant Hovey to take command of your company, have your tents struck quickly, and fall into line!" "Yes, sir."

Upon the order of the sergeant, we struck our tents in quick time, loaded our wagon, sent it on, saddled our horses, put on our equipage, formed the line, and, with the sergeant at our head, were off; and he had command of us for the whole day. It was universally remarked, that it was as pleasant a day's march as we had made;—all being perfectly contented with Captain Hovey, as they called him.

We passed on over the same beautiful country, with view succeeding view—countless changes of the lovely landscape—which now was seen only five or six miles, over pretty vales, and gentle slopes of green,—then extended far as the utmost limit of vision would permit. At eight miles' distance from the morning's camp, we came to the village of Independence, on the top of a lofty swell of land, commanding an extensive view in every direction. This village was universally admired by all the men of the regiment, and is truly one of the prettiest places that can be pictured out.

A large American flag had been hoisted on the top of the hill, and added to the scene. The water here, too, was excellent, and the health fine. Many of the men declared they would return here.

We halted here a little while, and, at the sound of the bugles, again marched on, leaving the pretty place with regret. There was no difference in the soil or scenery, from before, during the remainder of the day. We encamped, towards evening, in a beautiful valley, four miles south of the Yagua river, a branch of the Brazos; being still within the limits of Washington county. March of the day twenty miles.

Here we met an old acquaintance, to many of our company, and spent the evening and morning most agreeably; the change, for a meal or two, of camp fare, of salt pork and hard bread, for fried chickens, roast pig, fine vegetables, and excellent milk and butter, found at his hospitable table, was most agreeable.—We were now just learning the value of good fare, by the continued experience of the reverse.

We found that it had been but a little while since this section was freed from the periodical irruptions of bands of Comanche Indians; whose movements have always been made with such celerity, that their murders and robberies were committed, and they were off, before pursuit could be successfully made. Our friend, while speaking of this, directed our attention to a small boy, of about thirteen years of age, who was riding by in a little wagon, in company with his father. We observed the lad, as having a fine open countenance, an intelligent look, and a manly bearing: he passed on; and we were told, that young as he was, he had been, nearly two years before, in the last hard-fought skirmish with the Comanches. His father, with three other men, and himself, were together, a few miles from this spot, when they were attacked by a large number of these mounted warriors of the western prairies. As each of the five was well armed, their defence was desperate, and long-continued. The boy, then only eleven years of age, fought and cried at the same time; loading his rifle and firing, repeatedly. His companions had no objection to his tears, for they were not

of the kind to dim his sight at all; for, as he raised his rifle, he took his aim with steady nerve, and, at each shot, killed or wounded a Comanche. Finding such a determined resistance, after several of them had been killed, and many wounded, the Indians retreated; two of the men were wounded; the boy was not hurt. The alarm being given in the settlement, the war party withdrew entirely, and have not been in so far since.

Wednesday, September 23d. We left the encampment at an early hour, and marched, to-day, twenty miles. Soil same as before; as rich as it well can be; scenery the same, save not so much timber. Many of the men had permission to leave the lines, to hunt, as we now were coming to a country of game. They killed and brought in a few deer. Some of it had large bones, and looked and tasted like veal; but they declared it was venison.

We encamped in a beautiful grove, about three o'clock P. M. after a march of twenty-two miles; the road had been so good that the wagon-train had kept up in speed with the main body; our tents were soon up, and our suppers cooked early. After supper, about a dozen of us mounted our horses and rode three miles over the prairie, to a basin of water, discovered by the hunters of the day, where they had killed an alligator, about six feet long.—The ride was very pleasant, and the basin itself, very picturesque. A stream of water, pure as crystal, fell over several succeeding shelves of limestone, covered with green moss, into the basin, itself scooped out of the same durable material; this basin was about one hundred and fifty feet long, sixty wide, and ten or twelve deep, and so clear that every little thing could be seen at its bottom; several large live oaks spread their branches over it, and the long Spanish moss trailed down, making a canopy of shade above. This young alligator had possessed this basin to himself, "monarch of all he surveyed;" but its clearness and beauty proved his ruin.—A singular piece of temerity with regard to an alligator is related in camp. At Sabine river, (now a long distance back), one of the men of

Caswel's company, called in camp "Skin-horse," went along the bank for game; did not see any; but then a young alligator popped up his head; "Skin-horse" fired at it, and the water was stained with blood, but the alligator had disappeared. The report of the gun brought some of his comrades to the spot, and they were told by him, what he had killed. They thought he was "fooling" them; which made him very angry, and swearing that he always told the truth, he stripped off his clothes, and waded in the water to his neck, feeling about with his foot, and stepped on the chap at the bottom; he being only wounded, instantly rose and poked his long nose out of the water, behind "Skin-horse," who turned, and with one hand seized him by the fore foot, and threw the other arm around his neck, and himself on his scaly back;—now came the tug of war. The alligator whirled round and round, making the water foam with his tail, snapping his jaws together, in his endeavors to get at his antagonist; while the latter having got a hold on shallow bottom pushed and dragged him towards the shore, while his companions, at first petrified with astonishment, ran to his relief; and they soon got the alligator ashore and dispatched him. He measured in length seven feet.—Hugging a live alligator in the water, is a ticklish sort of business.—"Skin-horse" is a good humored, dare-devil chap, cross-eyed, medium height, bony and strong, in for a scrape at any time, and is a great favorite with the whole regiment.

Thursday, September 24th. This morning we left the encampment very early, and leaving Washington county, entered that of Fayette. There being a thick fog all the morning, we could not look out on the prairie, but was told by a settler, that it was of the same kind of country as that from Washington, passed over the last three days. We only marched thirteen miles, and encamped in a grove of timber, in a narrow strip of sandy land, inferior to the prairie.

Now, reader, we were marching on to the seat of war, but were yet a long distance from it. The infantry who had gone by sea, and the Texas cavalry, from this section, where we now

CHAPTER III.

Previous to this time, the army of General Taylor had been increased to upwards of fifteen thousand men, by the arrival of the volunteer forces. The government having sent several steamboats to the Rio Grande, that general was enabled, with but little difficulty, to take possession of the towns of Mier, Reynosa, and Camargo, on and near the river. Colonel Hays' regiment of Texan cavalry, in the meantime, had made a circuit from Matamoras towards the interior, through the towns of San Fernando, China, and other small places, coming out to the Rio Grande again at Camargo, at which place the principal part of the army was stationed, and where a depot of supplies had been established.

Monterey, the capital of the state of Nueva Leon, is situated in the mountainous regions of the Sierra Madre, the lofty peaks of which surround and overlook it. Its population is about ten thousand, and being a place of great strength by nature, it had been fortified with much care by the old Spanish government, which fortifications have been increased since the Mexican revolution. Its distance from Camargo, on the Rio Grande, is about one hundred and eighty miles.

To this place, after the evacuation of Matamoras, the Mexican army under General Arista retreated, and remained; that general, however, was deprived of his command, by the Mexican government, and General Ampudia appointed to the command in his place; and the forces, in the meantime, were strengthened; immense quantities of munitions of war were thrown into the place, and it became evident that the

were, had arrived there long before, and not only so, but had gone to work; for on this day, Thursday, the capitulation of the city of Monterey, to the army of General Taylor, was concluded. The battle commenced on Monday, was carried on until this morning. In the following chapter will be found an account of all the proceedings with relation to it.

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Previous to this time, the army of General Taylor had been increased to upwards of fifteen thousand men, by the arrival of the volunteer forces. The government having sent several steamboats to the Rio Grande, that general was enabled, with but little difficulty, to take possession of the towns of Mier, Reynosa, and Camargo, on and near the river. Colonel Hays' regiment of Texan cavalry, in the meantime, had made a circuit from Matamoras towards the interior, through the towns of San Fernando, China, and other small places, coming out to the Rio Grande again at Camargo, at which place the principal part of the army was stationed, and where a depot of supplies had been established.

Monterey, the capital of the state of Nueva Leon, is situated in the mountainous regions of the Sierra Madre, the lofty peaks of which surround and overlook it. Its population is about ten thousand, and being a place of great strength by nature, it had been fortified with much care by the old Spanish government, which fortifications have been increased since the Mexican revolution. Its distance from Camargo, on the Rio Grande, is about one hundred and eighty miles.

To this place, after the evacuation of Matamoras, the Mexican army under General Arista retreated, and remained; that general, however, was deprived of his command, by the Mexican government, and General Ampudia appointed to the command in his place; and the forces, in the meantime, were strengthened; immense quantities of munitions of war were thrown into the place, and it became evident that the

enemy intended to risk the next battle in its defence, confident of success, from the largely recruited forces, the great natural and artificial strength of the place, and the abundance of supplies with which to stand a siege. As the intention of the American general to attack the place was known to General Ampudia, for many weeks previous to the commencement of actual operations against it, that officer made every exertion, to have the works in a perfect state of defence to resist such attempt; and as early as the 30th of August, before the American army had commenced its march from Camargo, he had issued his proclamation to ensure more decisive action in the defence; declaring the city already in a state of siege; and encouraging his troops, by informing them "that of the American army, there was but twenty-five hundred regular troops; that the remainder (volunteers) were only a band of adventurers, without valor or discipline;"—(an opinion, that during the siege afterwards, it is said, he took occasion to alter, as he saw with his glass the attack on the first fort, and the Tennessee and Mississippi regiments pouring over its walls in the face of five pieces of artillery, throwing a shower of grape and canister into their ranks; with several more on their flank, raking them. He then compared their fighting to that of devils);—remarking, in his own words, that "we (*i.e.* the Mexicans) can beat them again and again." The Mexican army were in high spirits, in anticipation of victory; and every arrangement of defence having been completed, with a force of upwards of ten thousand, exclusive of the inhabitants, who were required to assist in the defence, they waited for the approach of the Americans. Their works were arranged in the following manner:

The city lies nearly in the form of a parallelogram, its longest extension being east and west; along its southern side runs the small river San Juan, an easterly course. High eminences are on the other bank of this stream; (see Plan*

* For this plan, showing the city and fortifications, and the position of the attacking forces on the morning of September 21st, the author is indebted to Lieutenant A. J. Heiman, adjutant of 1st regiment Tennessee infantry.

of Monterey, page 100); upon two of these eminences were strong fortifications, marked on the plan by letters M and N. The western or upper part of the city was defended immediately at the suburbs by the large stone cemetery, (marked D), converted into a fort; its walls being pierced with embrasures for cannon;—this cemetery was near the entrance of the Saltillo road. Further out on that road, at the distance of nearly a mile, were two eminences, on one of which was the Bishop's Palace (marked F), a strong building, well fortified; on the other also was a strong work, (marked L);—extending round the whole northern side of the city, that on which the American army must approach, and also part of the western, was a wide plain, partly cultivated, at some distance from the city. This whole plain, for a long range, was completely commanded by the Cathedral fort, (marked G), or "Black Fort," as afterwards called by our forces; a very strong fortification, and one that was not attacked afterwards by them.—This fort was near the entrance of the Ceralvo road.

On the east of the city, the San Juan flowed round from the southern side. There were three forts on this eastern side: the first, fort Tannerio, (marked H), on the northeastern corner; the second, fort Diablo, (marked I), to the south of the first; the third, (marked J), near the Cadarita road, which it commanded. From this last fort, a strong stone wall ran around part of the southern side

Every principal street was barricaded with strong works of masonry; cannon on the most of them; the whole number of pieces of artillery was about fifty. Besides these fortifications, another great item of strength consisted in the manner in which the houses of the city were built: of close construction to each other; one high story; flat stone roof, with parapet walls of the same material around them, and with interior courts and gardens, presenting a naked view in the street, of continuous bare walls, of few doors, and still more few windows; which, where so placed, were guarded by perpendicular iron bars.—The streets were straight and long, and crossed each other at right angles.—A large

spring, and several smaller ones, were in the centre of the city, affording an abundant supply of fine water.

As said before, thus prepared for attack or siege, the Mexican forces awaited the approach of the American army; nor were they destined to wait very long, for the first division of that army, under General Worth, of one thousand seven hundred men, (regular troops, save one hundred Texan rangers), took up the march from Camargo to Monterey on the 20th of August, followed in a few days, and overtaken at Ceralvo, seventy-five miles on the route, by the division of General Butler, of two thousand seven hundred men, (volunteers), and that of General Twiggs, of two thousand two hundred, (regulars, save five hundred Texan rangers,): making, in the whole number, six thousand six hundred men; General Taylor leaving a force of ten regiments at the different positions on the Rio Grande, from Brazos Santiago, at the mouth, to Camargo. These were the 1st, 2d and 3d regiments of Indiana infantry, the 3d and 4th regiments of Illinois do., the 2d and 3d Ohio do., the 2d Tennessee do., the 2d Kentucky do., the Alabama do., and Georgia do.

The volunteers that marched upon Monterey were two regiments of mounted Texan troops, under Colonel Hays and Colonel Woods; the 1st Tennessee regiment of infantry, under Colonel Campbell; the 1st Kentucky do., under Colonel Ormsby; the 1st Ohio do., under Colonel Mitchell; the Mississippi regiment of riflemen, under Colonel Davis; the Baltimore battalion, under Colonel Watson; one company of Louisiana infantry, under Captain Blanchard, and one company of Texas infantry, under Captain Shivers.

From Ceralvo, the army moved onward, reaching the town of Marin, a place of about three thousand inhabitants, on the 15th of September; leaving Marin on the 18th, they arrived on Saturday, the 19th, within view of Monterey, and encamped at Walnut Springs, a beautiful pecan grove, where fine bold springs gushed out with water clear and cool.

General Taylor, on his arrival, at the head of the Texas cavalry, proceeded to reconnoitre the city, and advanced for that purpose over the plain, directly in front of the Cathe-

dral fort, and at a distance of about sixteen hundred yards. A heavy fog lay over the city at first; but, rising as he advanced, revealed the city and works. The fort commenced a fire upon the detachment, and, after taking a cool view of the place, he left the ground; immediately after, Major Mansfield, Captain Sanders, and Lieutenant Scarrit, of the engineer corps, supported by a squadron of dragoons under Captain Graham, and a company of Texas rangers under Captain Gillaspie, were ordered to reconnoitre, at which, the remainder of the day, they were occupied, being repeatedly fired upon by the batteries.

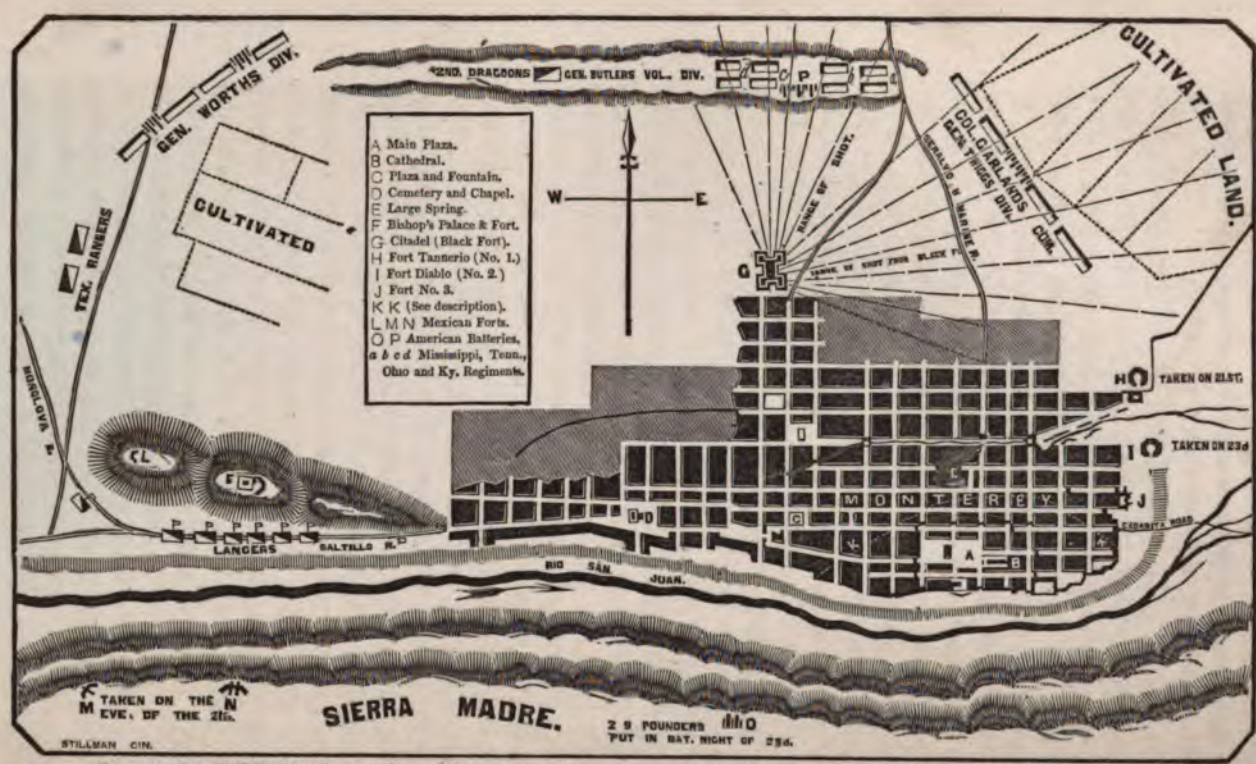
Not having obtained all the desired information, Lieutenant Scarrit was again, on Sunday morning, September 20th, sent out to the right, or western part of the city, called from its position, the upper part, and Lieutenant Pope to the left, or lower part. They finished their observations, and, though fired on many times, returned in safety. General Worth, with his division, and Colonel Hays' regiment of Texas Rangers, was ordered to proceed to the extreme right, (by a long circuitous bend, to avoid the fire of the Black Fort), and to take a position on the Saltillo road, on the extreme right, to intercept any supplies for the enemy, by that road, and to prevent the passage of any re-inforcements into the city, that being the only road by which such could come; and also to take the fortified heights, if practicable; by so doing, to cut off the retreat of the Mexican army. On account of having to construct bridges, and open a road through the fields of corn, sugar-cane, &c., this division did not reach the Saltillo road until the next morning; that night they lay on their arms; it was cold and rainy. As General Worth left for his post, this afternoon, the other two divisions were marched in front of the town, and remained in view until night, to take off the attention of the enemy from his movements. After night, all the troops of these divisions returned to camp, save the 4th regiment of regular infantry, which, under Major Allen, remained to cover and protect a ten inch mortar and two twenty-four pound howitzers, which were placed in a dry ravine, on the north of the city, and

directly in front, fourteen hundred yards from the Black Fort. The next morning, Monday, September 21st, the troops of the two divisions of generals Butler and Twiggs, were marched from camp at an early hour, and were drawn up as represented in plate.—(See Plan.)

General Worth moved on from the position, there indicated, with the Texan rangers, in advance, who soon encountered a body of about one thousand lancers,* (indicated on the plan). Here the action of the day commenced. The Rangers received the attack of the lancers,—killed, in a few moments, forty of them, and wounded sixty more,—Colonel Hays killing their lieutenant-colonel,—only two of the Rangers wounded. The lancers, finding such a hot reception, retreated. About the time that this firing was heard, General Taylor, then on the left or lower part of the town, ordered the battery, established the night previous, to open its fire upon the city and Black Fort; which fire was instantly returned, and kept up with spirit.—In order to favor the operations of General Worth, now most important, by drawing the attention of the enemy's forces from him, Twiggs' division, under the command of Colonel Garland, was ordered to make a demonstration against the lower part of the town. To this command was attached the Baltimore battalion of volunteers. This force moved up, under a heavy cross-fire, from the Black Fort on the right; (the proper name of this is "Fort Independence," called likewise "the Citadel," and also "Cathedral Fort;" but the common name, given it by the American soldiers, was the "Black Fort," and so, in this description it will be called), and another from the left, from fort No. 1; advancing through these cross-fires with some loss, the command reached the edge of the town, about two hundred yards to the right of fort No. 1.

In obedience to his orders, the commander of this divi-

* These are Mexican cavalry; each one is armed with a steel-headed lance, about eight feet in length, bearing a small swallow-tailed flag of green and red; beside this, the lancer has an escopeta, or short gun with large bore, carrying a heavy ball, doing execution at a long distance; and a straight sword, commonly sharp on both edges. A body of lancers makes a fine appearance.



Plan of MONTEREY, and Disposition of American Troops, just before the Attack, on the morning of Sept. 21, 1846.

sion, engaged the enemy by a spirited attack. The column charged up the street, with the intention of turning to the left and attacking fort No. 1, in the rear; but immediately they were placed in a most perilous situation;—before them was the heavy battery, at the Bridge of "Purisima," the cannon of which swept the street with grape. The head of the column was also exposed to a fire from fort No. 2, (marked I), the rear, from fort No. 1; and to round shot from the Black fort; and, added to this, the fire of a thousand muskets from the house-tops, where the enemy could not be reached.

—Seeing this column in so perilous a situation, General Taylor ordered the Mississippi and Tennessee regiments, under colonels Davis and Campbell, headed by part of the 4th regiment of regular infantry, to advance to their relief; these proceeded under the heavy fire of the fort No. 1, and the Black Fort, which swept through their ranks. The fire in front was too severe for the regulars, who fell back from before it; but the two volunteer regiments, nothing daunted, though suffering most severely, together, in the face of the cannon, threw themselves upon and scaled the walls of the fort, pouring in with such rapidity as to take several officers and thirty men prisoners, in an instant, and to turn one of the guns, loaded that moment with canister, upon the garrison, who were running toward the next fort, stopping the flight of many of them. This was a most gallant charge and was of the greatest service, but cost the lives of many. To give an idea of the destructive fire through which these two regiments made this charge, the loss of the Tennessee regiment, alone, one hundred killed and wounded, in a few moments, out of the whole number, three hundred and seventy-nine, that went into action, will suffice; but they hesitated not an instant. Five cannon were taken in this fort, and a large quantity of ammunition; these cannon were immediately turned by Captain Ridgely, of the artillery, against the 2d fort (marked I) and the city, and they became a most important auxiliary to the operations.

—While this charge was making, Captain Bragg's battery of light artillery came down at full gallop, exposed for half

a mile to the full fire of the Black Fort, entered the street, and proceeded up to Garland's assistance; Maj. Gen. Butler, with the Ohio regiment, under Col. Mitchell, leaving their first position, moved to reinforce that command. General Butler ordered another charge; but, like the first, it was ineffectual; he was wounded; several officers and many men were killed and wounded, and the whole, then under General Hamer, withdrew from the town, and took up a position to the left of the fort No. 1, now taken. Upon the Ohio regiment, now under Lieut. Col. Weller, a body of lancers, under cover of the Black Fort, charged furiously, but were received with a fire which left many of their number stretched upon the field. They retreated;—were reinforced to near a thousand, and again came down, but were repulsed again by Bragg's battery, which, taking rapidly a position under cover of a cornfield, unperceived by the lancers, opened a heavy fire, so unexpected and destructive, as to drive them back again with confusion into the city, in the rear of the Black Fort; the battery, with that of Captain Ridgely, then took a position near the captured fort No. 1, where it remained until ordered back to camp at four, P. M.

This fort No. 1 was now under a heavy fire from the other forts. The Tennessee and Mississippi regiments, and the 3d and 4th infantry, kept up a sharp engagement in this corner of the town; the 1st Kentucky regiment, under Col. Ormsby, had been ordered to remain with the battery first mentioned, before the Black Fort, and had been the only protecting force of that during the day, all of which time it had continued its fire upon the fort and city. In the evening, the captured fort No. 1, and vicinity, having been more strongly entrenched in the rear by Lieut. Scarritt, was occupied by Garland's command, of the 1st, 2d and 4th regiments regular infantry, and Ridgely's battery of artillery, and also one battalion of the 1st Kentucky;—the other troops were withdrawn and ordered back to camp. Thus ended, on this part of the city, the bloody and hard fought battle of the 21st.

The dead and wounded covered the plain under the range of the Black fort, and lay thick before fort No. 1,

mowed down in that heroic charge; they were scattered over the cornfields at the edge of town; the streets in which Garland's command had been, were covered with slain and wounded; these last, when Americans, and falling into the hands of the enemy, were slaughtered and barbarously mangled and stripped of all their clothing. One officer, however, that fell wounded into their hands, Captain Williams, was well treated during the short time he lived, and dying the next day, he was buried by them with the honors of war.

On the western side, the division of General Worth had acted most gallantly, and with brilliant success. After the fight with the lancers in the morning, the division came in range of the high work marked L, which opened upon them with shot and shell; killed Captain McKavett, of the 8th infantry, and one man, and wounded others; and at noon, that marked M was stormed and taken by four hundred men, under Captain Smith. The fort was garrisoned by five or six hundred Mexican soldiers, with two nine pound cannon; these retreated to the height marked N. The force here was about sixteen hundred, with a piece of artillery; the fort was stormed and carried by the same detachment, in conjunction with a larger one under Brig. Gen. Smith; the Mexicans retreated across the valley, towards the other fortification.

After this height was taken, the Bishop's Palace opposite, (marked on the plan F), opened with shell and shot upon the assailants in fort N. This cannonading continued until night; and thus, with this division, ended the operations of the 21st instant.

During the night, the forces of General Worth remained in possession of the two forts, on the heights, they had taken, and slept on their arms. On the lower part of the city, Colonel Garland's command and Ridgely's battery occupied the captured fort No. 1, and kept up a cannonade at intervals upon the city, which was answered by the Mexican batteries of the Black Fort, and fort No. 2 (I), and also from the smaller works. In the darkness, bodies of stragglers from the city

emerged on the plain, to rob the dying and dead; the wounded survivors were dispatched by their knives, and all indiscriminately stripped.

The dawn of day was the signal for the deadly combat to be renewed.—On this morning, Tuesday, the 22d, the troops of Taylor's force moved early from camp to the scene of action. General Quitman, with the Tennessee and Mississippi regiments, marched into fort No. 1, and relieved Garland's command; the remainder of the force was drawn up to the left of the fort, manœuvreing; the object of this day's operations, in this quarter, being to divert the enemy's attention from those of General Worth. On this part of the city there was, on this account, a continual cannonading, by the captured fort, upon the city, assisted by the light batteries, and answered the heavy response of the Black Fort and other batteries of the enemy.

Bragg's light artillery, which had suffered much the day previous, in loss of men and horses, was stationed this day to keep open the communication with the camp.—This whole end of the city was, during the day, wreathed in clouds of smoke, from the numerous batteries;—the enemy were kept in continual expectation of another assault, and thus were prevented from throwing more force to repel the attacks of General Worth.

That officer began his operations by daylight, storming, at that time, the height marked L, which was the first that had, on the preceding day, fired upon his division. This fort was taken without much difficulty; — the enemy, foreseeing the attack, had removed the cannon, during the night, down the eminence, to the strong fortification of the Bishop's Palace; to prevent those guns from being taken and directed down upon that strong hold; and to this palace they also retreated upon the attack of the storming party. The capture of the latter, F, was now likely to be a serious undertaking; it could not be stormed, being too high; and having now a force of two thousand men in it, with several pieces of cannon. The main body of the assailants was concealed from the view of the Mexicans, by the crest of the ridge above

while four companies were detached and sent rapidly forward to attack the palace; these deployed separately around, within a short distance of the work; every one sheltering himself the best he was able, behind the rocks, commenced firing at the garrison, picking them off as fast as possible. Their fire was answered by musketry and heavy cannonading, with canister; but no two men being together, this firing was thrown away. In the mean time, a twelve pound howitzer had been dragged up the height, L (eight hundred feet elevation), with great labor, and placed in position, opening a plunging fire into the palace below, with such effect from its shells, that the Mexicans sallied out, in a heavy body of cavalry and infantry, and charged the height, to retake it.—Their attack was received with such a deadly fire, that the advance of lancers turned and fled; the routed infantry did the same, in great confusion, closely followed by their assailants, who quickly entered the palace; the artillery of which was turned upon the fugitives, who, running through, were chased and slaughtered all the way down the hill, into the very edge of the town.

The palace remained in the hands of the division; its four pieces of artillery were immediately turned down upon the work, in that end of the city; viz., the fortified cemetery, (on the Plan, marked D). A great quantity of ammunition being captured in this palace, the firing from it, and the height opposite, marked N. was kept up during the rest of the day, and throughout the night, with such effect, from the well-directed balls and shells, that the Mexican troops were obliged to evacuate the cemetery and western part of the town, and retire in towards the Plaza, (marked A, on the Plan); taking the cannon from the cemetery and planting them at the stone barricades in the streets, to rake them for their whole extent.—Thus had General Worth succeeded in turning all the defences on the heights at this part of the city, into so many points of attack. The scene now presented from the north, or road to camp, of the city, was grand; —the volumes of smoke rising from the forts on the east, from the heavy Black Fort in front, and from the mortar battery in

the foreground; from the lofty heights on the west, the same volumes opening out and rolling away. These were accompanied by the continual thunder of the artillery, and loud, wiry noise of the shells, before their explosions.

Night was now approaching, and on the eastern part General Quitman, with the Tennessee and Mississippi regiments, remained in the captured fort, as the garrison for the night, ready for the operations of the next day, and the remainder of the troops of this division returned to camp; where, tired and exhausted, they threw themselves down in their tents to sleep. Thus ended, on both parts of the city, the battle of the 22d.

Both parties being willing to rest from the work of destruction for a space, only an irregular cannonading at intervals, was carried on during the night. In the morning, Wednesday the 23d, the battle commenced again in all its fury;—during the night, the enemy fearing an assault, had withdrawn the forces from the forts on the east (marked I and J), taking the cannon from them, and retired a square or two towards the Plaza (A,) where mounting the artillery behind the stone barricades, (some of these twelve feet thick), and lining the tops of the flat roofed buildings with infantry, where, protected themselves, by the parapet stone walls, they could fire with effect into the street below, they determined to make a desperate resistance.—The Black Fort opened all its artillery upon the columns of troops advancing from the camp to the attack. While these were advancing under General Taylor, General Quitman seeing that forts I and J, mentioned before, were abandoned by the enemy, sent into the city a part of the Tennessee and of the Mississippi regiments, who in a few moments became hotly engaged with the enemy. The remainder of these two regiments were then ordered to reinforce them; Colonel Woods' regiment of Texan rangers, dismounted, under General Henderson, and the third regiment of infantry followed, and a general engagement took place, which lasted without intermission until near night. Captain Ridgely from Fort No. 1. (H,) opened a heavy and continued fire of shot and shell, upon the city

and cathedral (B), near the Plaza; while Captain Bragg's artillery was employed against the barricades in the streets and the enemy on the house-tops, and the battle raged with fury. The Texans, Tennesseeans and Mississippians, entered the houses, climbed to the roofs, drove continually, the enemy from house-top to house-top, while others picked and stove their way, through the strong partition brick and stone walls below, from house to house, and room to room, avoiding the streets raked from the barricades, until thus, by a hard fought track through the houses, of blood and death, round the barricades on either side, they opened upon the astonished Mexican cannoniers and soldiery a fire from the house tops above them, and the doors and windows; and closing around on the rear, captured the guns, compelling the enemy to retire. So from house-top to house-top, and through wall after wall, they advanced, driving the enemy before them.

While this severe fighting was going on in and around the squares of the eastern part of the city, General Worth from the Bishop's Palace, attacked the western part. His division moved in two columns, and quickly reached the cemetery (marked D,) where he planted a mortar, and immediately commenced throwing shells into the Plaza (A.) the main body of the enemy being there. These shells did much execution in that crowd of soldiers, killing them by scores. The division was separated into many small detachments of fifty or sixty each, and ordered to take different streets and squares in driving in the enemy. They suffered very little from his cannon in the street, working, like those in the other end, through the buildings; and on the house-tops, firing from parapet wall to parapet wall; their sure aim took any Mexican whose head was in view. The Texas rangers here, were of the greatest service. Foot by foot, and house by house, the enemy were driven in towards the Plaza, and when night ended the conflict of both divisions, the enemy were reduced in possession of the city, to a few squares around the Plaza, showed by the dotted line (marked K, K). These house-tops joining each other for sometimes the whole length of a square, the advance of a square was rapidly made. The

destruction and carnage now was terrible.—On the approach of night, the troops on the eastern side were withdrawn to the captured forts, and Gen. Quitman's brigade of 1st Tennessee and Mississippi regiments, having been on duty since the morning of the day before, continually fighting, without food by day, or shelter or blankets during the rainy night, were now relieved, by Gen. Hamer's brigade, of 1st Ohio and 1st Kentucky regiments, and Capt. Webster's artillery.

Darkness, as before, stopped, for the time, the sanguinary scene; though shells were, all the night, thrown from Worth's mortar into the Plaza, which were very destructive. This night, Gen. Worth had three cannon hoisted on the top of a building, and also two nine pounders placed in battery on the height, in the rear of the city, (marked O, in the plan,) and all things were in readiness for the renewal of the combat in the morning; and thus ended the battle of the 23d.

On Thursday the 24th, the battle was renewed, but such had been the terrible effect of the assault, the day before, that a flag of truce was sent out from General Ampudia, commander-in-chief of the Mexican forces, to General Taylor, by Colonel Moreno, adjutant general of the Mexican army, bearing the following communication:

"HEADQUARTERS, AT MONTEREY,

Sept. 23, 1846, 9 o'clock, P. M.

Senor Major General—Having made the defence of which, I believe this city susceptible, I have fulfilled my duty, and have satisfied that military honor which, in a certain manner, is common to all armies of the civilized world.

To prosecute the defence, therefore, would only result in distress to the population, who have already suffered enough from the misfortunes consequent on war; and taking it for granted that the American Government has manifested a disposition to negociate, I propose to evacuate the city and its fort, taking with me the *personelle* and *materielle* which have remained, and under the assurance that no harm shall ensue to the inhabitants who have taken a part in the defence.

Be pleased to accept the assurance of my most distinguished consideration. PEDRO DE AMPUDIA.

To Señor Don Z. TAYLOR,

General-in-chief of the American Army."

All hostilities ceased for the time, and General Taylor sent back the following reply :

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
Camp before Monterey, Sept. 24, 1846.

Sir,—Your communication, bearing date at nine o'clock P. M. on the 23d inst., has just been received by the hands of Col. Moreno.

In answer to your proposition to evacuate the city and fort with all the personal and material of war, I have to state that my duty compels me to decline acceding to it. A complete surrender of the town and garrison, the latter as prisoners of war, is now demanded. But such surrender will be upon terms, and the gallant defence of the place, creditable alike to the Mexican troops and nation, will prompt me to make these terms as liberal as possible. The garrison will be allowed, at your option, after laying down its arms, to retire to the interior on condition of not serving again during the war, or until regularly exchanged. I need hardly say that the rights of non-combatants will be respected.

An answer to this communication is required by 12 o'clock. If you assent to an accommodation, an officer will be dispatched at once, under instructions to arrange the conditions.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant.
Z. TAYLOR,
Maj. Gen. U. S. Army commanding.

Señor D. PEDRO DE AMPUDIA.
General-in-chief, Monterey"

At 11 o'clock, General Ampudia requested a personal conference with General Taylor, which was granted, and after some delay, it resulted in the appointment of commissioners for the capitulation of the city. These were, by General Taylor, Brigadier-general Worth, General Henderson, Governor of Texas, and Colonel Davis, of the Mississippi regiment. Those appointed by General Ampudia, were General Tomas Requena, of the artillery, General Ortega, and Don Manuel M. Llano.

The terms of capitulation agreed on were as follows, viz :

"Terms of capitulation of the city of Monterey, the capital of Nuevo Leon, agreed upon by the undersigned commissioners, to wit: General Worth, of the United States' army; General Henderson, of the Texan volunteers, and Colonel Davis, of the Mississippi riflemen, on the part of Major General Taylor, commanding-in-chief the United States' forces; and General Requena and General Ortega, of the army of Mexico, and Senor Manuel Llano, governor of Nuevo Leon, on the part of Senor General Don Pedro Ampudia, commanding-in-chief the army in the north of Mexico.

ART. 1. As the legitimate result of the operations before this place, and the present position of the contending armies, it is agreed that the city, the fortifications, cannon, the munitions of war, and all other public property, with the undermentioned exceptions, be surrendered to the commanding general of the United States' forces, now at Monterey.

ART. 2. That the Mexican forces be allowed to retain the following arms, to wit: the commissioned officers their side arms, the infantry their arms and accoutrements, the cavalry, their arms and accoutrements, the artillery one field battery, not to exceed six pieces, with twenty-one rounds of ammunition.

ART. 3. That the Mexican armed forces retire within seven days from this date, beyond the line formed by the pass of the Rinconada, the city of Linares, and San Fernando de Presas.

ART. 4. That the citadel of Monterey be evacuated by the Mexican, and occupied by the American forces, to-morrow morning, at 10 o'clock.

ART. 5. To avoid collisions, and for mutual convenience, the troops of the United States will not occupy the city until the Mexican forces have withdrawn, except for hospital and storage purposes.

ART. 6. That the forces of the United States will not advance beyond the line specified in the 2d (3d) article before the expiration of eight weeks, or until the orders or instructions of the respective governments can be received.

ART. 7. That the public property to be delivered shall be turned over and received by officers appointed by the commanding generals of the two armies.

ART. 8. That all doubts as to the meaning of any of the preceding articles shall be solved by an equitable construction, and on principles of liberality to the retiring army.

ART. 9. The Mexican flag, when struck at the citadel, may be saluted by its own battery.

Done at Monterey, September 24th, 1846.

W. J. WORTH, *Brig. Gen. U. S. Army.*
J. P. HENDERSON, *Maj. Gen. com'g Texan Vol.*
JEFFERSON DAVIS, *Colonel Miss. Riflemen.*
MANUEL M. LLANO.
T. REQUENA.
ORTEGA.

Approved:

PEDRO AMPUDIA.
Z. TAYLOR, *Brig. Gen. U. S. army command'g.*"

The Black Fort or citadel, mentioned in article fourth, was evacuated the following morning, Friday, the 25th, and taken possession of by our troops; and the city also, according to the terms of the capitulation. When our forces entered and examined the city, they were astonished at the magnitude and strength of the defences, and only wondered that it had been taken at all.

So fell the city of Monterey, the capital of the State of New Leon, the strongest city in the north of Mexico, with a full supply of munitions of war, and with a garrison of over ten thousand men, protected by the most formidable entrenchments and fortifications; after three days' hard fighting before the bravery and determined perseverance of six thousand Americans, more than half of whom never had been in a battle before. The American loss, in these three days, was five hundred and fifty killed and wounded; Mexican, never ascertained exactly, but between twelve and fifteen hundred. The hospitals were filled with their wounded, left to the care of the invaders.

The volunteer regiments, through these battles, excited, by their gallantry and unflinching firmness, the admiration of all the regular officers and troops; acting more like veteran soldiers, than like men but a few weeks from the pursuits of

peaceful life. The killed and wounded of these volunteer regiments were as follows:

FIRST TENNESSEE REGIMENT—COLONEL CAMPBELL.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	COMP.	REMARKS.
	KILLED.			
1	W. B. Allen	Captain		Killed on the 21st.
2	S. M. Putman . . .	2d Lieuten.		" "
1	John B. Porter . . .	Private	C	" "
2	William H. Robinson	"	"	" "
3	John A. Hill	Sergeant	D	" "
4	B. F. Coffee	Private	"	" "
5	E. W. Thomas . . .	"	E	" "
6	Booker H. Dolton . .	"	F	" "
7	Isaac Gurman Elliot .	"	G	" "
8	Peter H. Martin . .	"	"	" "
9	Edward Pryor . . .	"	"	" "
10	Benjamin Soaper . .	"	"	" "
11	Henry Collins . . .	"	H	" "
12	James H. Allison . .	"	I	" "
13	James H. Johnston .	"	"	" "
14	James B. Turner . .	"	"	" "
15	R. D. Willis	"	"	" "
16	Joseph B. Burkitt . .	"	K	" "
17	Jas. M. L. Campbell .	"	"	" "
18	A. J. Eaton	"	"	" "
19	A. J. Gibson	"	"	" "
20	Finlay Glover . . .	"	"	" "
21	A. J. Pratt	"	"	" "
22	William Rhodes . .	"	"	" "
23	John W. Sanders . .	"	"	" "
24	G. W. Wilson . . .	"	"	" "
	WOUNDED.			
1	R. B. Alexander . .	Major		Wounded on the 21st, severely.
2	J. L. Scudder . . .	1st Lieut.		" "
3	G. H. Nixon . . .	"		" " slightly.
4	J. C. Allen	2d Lieut.		" " severely.
1	F. F. Winston . . .	Corporal	B	" " slightly.
2	J. L. Bryant	Private	"	" " severely.
3	Alexander Bigam . .	"	"	" " "
4	D. G. Fleming . . .	"	"	" " "
5	Mackey Roney . . .	"	"	" " "
6	Samuel Davis . . .	"	"	" " "
7	James Thompson . .	"	"	" " "
8	David Collins . . .	"	"	" " severely
9	A. S. Duval	"	"	" " slightly.
10	T. B. Powell . . .	"	"	" " "
11	Wm. B. Davis . . .	"	C	" " "
12	Joseph Law	"	"	" " "
13	James York	"	"	" " mortally
14	William Young . .	"	"	" " "
15	Richard Gifford . . .	"	"	" " slightly.
16	A. V. Stanfield . . .	"	"	" " "
17	Asa Lamb	"	"	" " "
18	J. J. Argo	Corporal	D	" " "
19	James Todd	Private	"	" " severely.
20	Thomas Vickens . .	"	"	" " "
21	W. D. Cabler . . .	"	E	" " since dead.

TENNESSEE REGIMENT—CONTINUED.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	COMP.	REMARKS.
22	James M. Vance . .	1st Serg.	F	Wounded on the 21st, severely.
23	George W. Gilbert .	Sergeant	"	" " " slightly.
24	Chas. M. Talley . .	Private	"	" " " "
25	Michael Crantze . .	"	"	" " " severely.
26	R. C. Locke	"	"	" " " "
27	J. F. Raphile	"	"	" " " since dead.
28	Thomas Kelly . . .	"	"	" " " severely.
29	Albert Tomlinson . .	"	"	" " " "
30	Julius C. Elliott . .	Corporal	C	" " " "
31	R. A. Cole . . .	Private	G	" " " slightly.
32	James H. Jenkins .	"	"	" " " severely.
33	A. G. Stewart . . .	"	"	" " " "
34	Gulinger Holt . . .	Sergeant	H	" " " "
35	James Patterson . .	Corporal	"	" " " slightly.
36	Charles Arnold . .	Private	"	" " " "
37	J. J. Blackwell . . .	"	"	" " " "
38	Joseph Crutchfield .	"	"	" " " "
39	J. Freeman	"	"	" " " severely
40	J. D. Gilmer	"	"	" " " "
41	P. O. Hale	"	"	" " " slightly.
42	Daniel C. King . .	"	"	" " " severely.
43	C. B. Maguire . . .	"	"	" " " "
44	S. S. Reaves	"	"	" " " "
45	A. W. Reaves . . .	"	"	" " " slightly.
46	Augustin Stevens . .	"	"	" " " "
47	Thomas N. Smith .	"	"	" " " "
48	C. B. Ward	"	"	" " " "
49	Charles Davis . . .	1st Serg.	I	" " " severely.
50	Robert W. Green . .	Corporal	"	" " " "
51	Eli Brown	Private	"	" " " "
52	W. F. Bowen . . .	"	"	" " " "
53	Peter Eugles	"	"	" " " "
54	Robert Flannigan . .	"	"	" " " "
55	William Lowery . .	"	"	" " " slightly.
56	S. N. Massy	"	"	" " " "
57	E. G. Zachary . . .	"	"	" " " severely.
58	W. M. Alferd . . .	Corporal	K	" " " "
59	John H. Kay . . .	"	"	" " " "
60	A. S. Alexander . .	Private	"	" " " "
61	M. C. Abinathy . .	"	"	" " " slightly.
62	Jesse Brashars . . .	"	"	" " " severely.
63	J. M. Bailey	"	"	" " " "
64	Campbell G. Boyd .	"	"	" " " "
65	B. L. Commons . .	"	"	" " " slightly.
66	J. W. Curtis . . .	"	"	" " " severely
67	H. H. Dodson . . .	"	"	" " " "
68	John Gavin	"	"	" " " slightly.
69	Aaron Parks . . .	"	"	" " " "
70	F. Richardson . . .	"	"	" " " severely.
71	A. O. Richardson . .	"	"	" " " "
72	Thomas C. Ramsay .	"	"	" " " "
73	John Vining	"	"	" " " "
74	M. D. Watson . . .	"	"	" " " "
75	Thomas Thompson .	"	F	" 23d
	MISSING.			
1	Felix Wordzincki . .	Private	F	Missing on 21st, return'd unhurt.
2	R. R. Morehead . .	"	I	Certainly killed in action of 21st.

MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT—COLONEL DAVIS.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	COMP.	REMARKS.
	KILLED.			
1	L. M. Troeur . . .	Private	C	Killed on the 21st.
2	Silas Mitcham . . .	"	E	" "
3	Samuel Potts . . .	"	G	" "
4	Joseph H. Tenelle .	"	H	" "
5	William H. Grisam .	Corporal	I	" "
6	Joseph Heaton . . .	Private	"	" "
7	Joseph Downing . .	"	"	" "
8	Daniel D. Dubois . .	"	H	" 22d
9	John M. Tyree . . .	"	K	" 23d
	WOUNDED.			
1	Alex. K. M'Clung .	Lieut-col.		Wounded on 21st, dangerously.
2	R. N. Downing . .	Captain		" " severely.
3	Henry T. Cook . .	1st Lieut.		" " slightly.
4	Rufus K. Arthur . .	2d Lieut.		" " "
5	L. T. Howard . . .	"		" 22d & 23d, severely.
1	Henry H. Miller .	Private	B	" 21st, dangerously.
2	J. H. Jackson . . .	"	"	" " "
3	A. Lainhart	"	"	" " severely.
4	J. L. Anderson . . .	"	"	" " slightly.
5	G. H. Jones	"	"	" " "
6	John D. Markham .	Corporal	C	" " severely.
7	H. B. Thompson . .	Private	"	" " slightly.
8	E. W. Hollingsworth	Sergeant	D	" " "
9	Dr. G. W. Ramsay .	Private	"	" " mortally.
10	Alphius Cobb . . .	"	"	" " dangerously
11	George Wills . . .	"	"	" " severely.
12	W. Huffman . . .	"	"	" " "
13	O. W. Jones	"	"	" " "
14	William Orr	"	"	" " slightly.
15	D. Love	"	"	" " "
16	Joseph H. Langford .	Sergeant	E	" " "
17	A. P. Barnham . .	Private	"	" " mortally.
18	H. W. Pierce . . .	"	"	" " dangerously.
19	William Shadt . .	"	"	" " "
20	W. H. Fleming . .	"	"	" " severely.
21	Jacob Frederick . .	"	"	" " slightly.
22	John Coleman . . .	"	"	" " "
23	Wm. P. Spencer . .	"	"	" " "
24	M. M. Smith . . .	"	"	" " "
25	James Kilvey . . .	"	"	" " "
26	J. Williamson . . .	"	G	" " dangerously
27	A. W. Taig	"	"	" " "
28	Warren White . .	"	"	" " severely.
29	Robert Bowen . . .	"	"	" " "
30	Frederick Mathews .	"	"	" " mortally.
31	Benj. F. Roberts . .	"	"	" " slightly.
32	Avery Noland . . .	"	"	" " "
33	Francis A. Wolf . .	Sergeant	I	" " dangerously.
34	C. F. Cotton . . .	Private	"	" " severely.
35	Geo. Williams . . .	"	"	" " "
36	Nat Massie	"	"	" " slightly.
37	William H. Bell . .	Sergeant	K	" " dangerously.
38	E. R. Lewis	Private	"	" " "
	[illegible]	"	"	" " "
	[illegible]lin .	"	"	" " "
	[illegible]ompson .	"	"	" " slightly.
	[illegible] . . .	"	"	" " "

MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT—CONTINUED.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	COMP.	REMARKS.
43	John McNorris . . .	Private	K	Wounded on 21st, slightly.
44	R. W. Chance . . .	"	B	" 22d & 23d, mortally.
45	P. W. Johnson . . .	"	C	" " severely.
46	Robert Grigg	"	H	" " slightly.
47	Platt Snedicor . . .	"	K	" " mortally.

FIRST OHIO REGIMENT—COLONEL MITCHELL.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	COMP.	REMARKS.
	KILLED.			
1	Mathew Hett . . .	1st Lieut.		Killed on the 21st.
1	W. G. Davis . . .	1st Serg.	B	" " "
2	D. F. Smith	Private	"	" " "
3	O. B. Coxe	"	"	" " "
4	Elijah Reese	"	"	" " "
5	Thomas McMurray .	"	"	" " "
6	W. H. Harris . . .	Corporal	1st Rifle	" " "
7	Richard Welch . . .	Private	A	" " "
8	James McCockey . .	"	C	" " "
9	George Phale . . .	"	"	" " "
10	William Weber . .	"	"	" " "
11	John Havolett . . .	"	D	" " "
12	T. D. Egan	"	E	" " "
13	Stephen Freeman . .	"	2d Rifle	" " "
14	Oscar Behnee . . .	"	"	" " "
	WOUNDED.			
	W. O. Butler . . .	Maj. Gen.		Wounded on 21st, severely.
1	A. M. Mitchell . . .	Colonel		" " severely.
2	A. W. Armstrong .	Lt. & Adj.		" " "
3	Lewis Morter . . .	1st Lieut.		" " slightly.
4	N. H. Niles	"		" " severely
5	H. McCarty	2d Lieut.		" " slightly.
6	James George . . .	Captain		" " "
1	Samuel Myers . . .	Private	1st Rifle	" " "
2	Josiah A. Kellam . .	"	"	" " "
3	Edward Wade . . .	"	"	" " "
4	William Maloney . .	1st Serg.	A	" " "
5	John Farrell	Private	"	" " "
6	John Clarken . . .	"	"	" " "
7	William Work . . .	"	"	" " "
8	Thos. Vande Venter .	"	"	" " "
9	John Flannigan . .	"	"	" " "
10	Jeremiah Ryan . . .	"	"	" " "
11	Michael Gilligan . .	"	"	" " "
12	Tobias Went . . .	"	C	" " "
13	Charles Segar . . .	"	"	" " "
14	Griffin Lowerd . . .	"	D	" " "
15	Alfred Doneghue . .	"	"	" " "
16	Joseph Lombeck . .	"	"	" " "
17	Silas Burrill	"	"	" " "
18	William Miller . . .	Sergeant	E	" " "
19	G. W. Fitzhugh . .	Corporal	"	" " "
20	Robert Doney . . .	Private	"	" " "
21	Adam F. Shane . .	"	G	" " "
22	John Fletcher . . .	"	"	" " "
23	A. B. McKee . . .	"	"	" " "
24	George Myer . . .	Corporal	H	" " "

FIRST OHIO REGIMENT—CONTINUED.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	COMP.	REMARKS.
25	E. J. Spoole . . .	Private	H	Wounded on 21st, slightly.
26	Henry Weber . . .	"	"	" " "
27	Henry Myer	"	"	" " "
28	George Webster . .	Sergeant	2d Rifle	" " "
29	George Longfellow .	"	"	" " "
30	John F. Longley . .	Corporal	"	" " "
31	John Pearson . . .	Private	"	" " died since.
32	R. H. Alcott	"	"	" " "
33	Henry Humphries .	"	"	" " "

FIRST KENTUCKY REGIMENT—COLONEL ORMSBY.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	COMP.	REMARKS.
	WOUNDED.			
1	Valentine Deutche .	Private		Wounded on the 21st.
2	Lewis Young . . .	"		" "
3	Joseph Bartlett . . .	"	I	" on the 22d.
4	Philip Smith	"	"	" "
5	Thomas Alender . .	"	K	" "

COLONEL HAYS' REGIMENT—TEXAS RANGERS.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	COMP.	REMARKS.
	KILLED.			
1	R. A. Gillaspie . . .	Captain	I	Killed on the 21st.
2	John M. Fullerton .	Corporal	K	" "
3	J. W. D. Austin . .	Private	E	" "
4	Daniel McCarty . .	"	D	" "
5	Herman S. Thomas .	"	A	" "
	WOUNDED.			
1	—— Armstrong . .	"	"	Wounded on 21st, severely.
2	Fielding Alston . .	"	"	" "
3	John P. Waters . .	"	"	" "
4	C. E. De Witt . . .	"	"	" "
5	Oliver Jenkins . . .	"	"	" " slightly.
6	J. F. Minter	"	"	" " "
7	Thomas Law . . .	"	"	" "
8	John Robb	"	C	" "
9	Wm. E. Reese . . .	Lieut.	D	" "
10	Jesse Perkins . . .	Private	E	" "
11	N. P. Browning . .	"	F	" "
12	—— Roundtree . .	Sergeant	G	" "
13	J. B. Walker	Corporal	H	" "
14	Wm. Corley	Private	"	" " severely.
15	Gilbert Brush . . .	"	"	" " slightly.
16	J. B. Barry	Sergeant	K	" " "
17	B. F. Keys	Private	"	" " "
	MISSING.			
1	J. Buchanan	"	H	Missing on the 21st.
2	H. P. Lyon	"	"	" "
8	C. W Tufts	"	"	" "

BALTIMORE BATTALION.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	COMP.	REMARKS.
	KILLED.			
1	Wm. H. Watson . .	Lieut-col.		Killed on the 21st.
2	John Trescort . . .	1st Serg.	B	" "
3	G. A. Herring . . .	Sergeant	F	" "
4	Alex. Ramsey . . .	Private	E	" "
5	Joseph Warry . . .	"	"	" "
6	Patrick O'Brien . .	"	B	" "
	WOUNDED.			
1	W. P. Poulson . .	1st Serg.	"	Wounded on the 21st, slightly.
2	Robert Caples . . .	Private	A	" " severely.
3	James Piles	"	"	" " "
4	Albert Hart	"	"	" " "
5	William Lee	"	"	" " "
6	Jacob Hemming . .	"	B	" " slightly.
7	Geo. Aunuld	"	"	" " severely.
8	Chas. Peck	"	D	" " slightly.
9	Andrew J. Norris . .	"	"	" " "
10	Geo. Allen	"	E	" " "
11	Jas. Henry	"	"	" " "
12	Harry Elting . . .	"	F	" " "
13	Wm. Kelly	"	"	" " severely.
14	H. Gifford	"	"	" " slightly.
15	Melvin J. Stone . .	"	"	" " "
16	E. W. Stephenson .	"	"	" " "
17	Wm. P. Alexander .	"	A	" " severely

COLONEL WOODS' REGIMENT—TEXAS RANGERS.

KILLED, ... George Short, Thomas Gregory.

WOUNDED, ... Baker Barton, Chas. G. Davenport,
" . . . . . Ira Griggsby, Calvin Reese.

PHŒNIX COMPANY, LOUISIANA, CAPTAIN BLANCHARD.

KILLED, ... S. G. Alleng, John Francis.

WOUNDED, ... Louis Kirk, J. W. Miller,
" . . . . . W. Burton, M. Morton.

CAPTAIN SHIVERS' COMPANY—TEXAS INFANTRY.

KILLED, ... James C. Pennington.

CHAPTER IV.

We will now return to the march of the regiment that was left, at the close of chapter III, in the midst of the beautiful section of country between the Brazos and Colorado rivers, in Texas, on September 24th—so far on the march to the seat of war.

On the evening of the 24th, the regiment encamped in a valley, and on the side of a long hill, covered with large timber. On the top of this hill was an extensive farm, from which the necessary forage for the night was procured. Water, furnished by springs, was rather scanty; but in other respects the encampment was pleasant. Arriving at it early in the afternoon, every soldier had his horse well attended to, and his supper before sunset; the evening passed away pleasantly. The shade being very thick over us, and the air remarkably clear and calm, many messes chose to spread their blankets in the open air, rather than put up their tents; the author was of this number; and spreading down his blanket, in company with a young soldier, one of his messmates, promised himself a sweet sleep. His comrade reclined upon the grass, near by, with his clarionette, his constant companion on the march, and being quite in the spirit for music, he played and sung for an hour or two; and when all the lights were out in the valley below, and on the hill, and all had retired, the notes of the clarionette floated gently through the quiet air. He played "The Girl I left behind me," and following with "Sweet Home," at last wound up his concert with "Oh! no, I'll never mention him," and then, with a melancholy sigh, he put up his clarionette, and laid down beside

him; related a long tale of unrequited love, which, without doubt, was very affecting; but before he got well into it, his hearer was asleep.

In an hour or two, we were suddenly awakened by a quick, strong wind, rushing through the trees above us. We sprang up; instead of the clear starlight, the night was now dark; the black clouds above were rapidly flying over us, and the strong wind, as it were, in an instant, drove every particle of warm air away, and it became cold and chilly so quick, that the change of feeling occasioned, could only be compared to a sudden immersion in cold water. A Texas "Norther" was down upon us; which we had often heard of, but never before had experienced. It grew colder, and heavy rain descended, and every one out was wet in a moment. It was too late to get the tent then. So immediately we threw our saddlebags against the trunk of the tree; our saddles on top, and sat down on them together, with our backs against the tree, and our two blankets doubled over our heads, and around us; but we could not keep warm; we shivered and shook in the cold wind and rain, which beat, in the darkness, on us; and so we passed the time till daylight, about four hours, which appeared, to us, to be twenty. We were obliged to sit all the time in one position; and we made many resolutions, to the effect that we, in future, each night, would put up our tents, rain or shine. This "norther" did not last long, being over by sunrise, and the air soon grew warm again.

September 25th. Our tin-cups full of coffee, hot as we could drink, with a fine piece of fat pork and a hard piece of pilot bread, as usual, was our breakfast; and much it revived us, after our uncomfortable night; and we soon felt as well as though we had slept soundly. Our company being last in line of march this day, we were not hurried in starting; but packed our tents and saddled up at our leisure, while company after company passed along by us; and when the ninth had filed by, we took the road in rear; then as advantageous as any part, for the march was short, no dust, and plenty of water.—The same rolling prairie, with

the same black soil, continued. The swells of land were not so high as before, and consequently the changing views not quite so extensive, though full enough so for beauty and variety.

At noon, we arrived at the next encampment, on a pretty stream of clear water, one mile east of the town of La Grange, on the Colorado. The encampment was on both sides of the stream, occupying much space, and was convenient. Many of the citizens of the town came out to visit us.—We were much interested in the conversation of one, in particular, giving to a dozen of us, laid round in the grass, a history of his frontier life in this country, for the last fourteen years;—of his part in the battles with the Mexicans at San Antonio, San Jacinto and Lost Prairie;—his escape from the bloody butchery of Fannin's command, to which he had belonged;—his pursuits of, and fights with the Comanche Indians;—his description of them, their appearance, horsemanship, customs, and of the character of their country, but a few days' travel to the north and north-west from here;—of their sudden inroads upon the settlements, &c., &c. The old soldier and hunter, for he was both, kept groups interested in his relations until near night. He informed us of the manner in which the Indians make a "stampede" to steal horses, and cautioned us to look out at night, now, as we were soon to pass the frontier.

He stated that the Indians would hang on the distant verge of the horizon, unperceived by the eyes of an unpracticed person, watching the movements of the body.—That late at night, when all was still, they approach the camp, well mounted, and with two or three trained horses loose. To these, they attach several dry hides, which rattle; and bells, and jingling pieces of metal, and suddenly start them off at full speed with loud yells, directly into the camp: the coming horses, thus accoutred, their noise and the yells of the Indians, so frighten any other horses, unaccustomed to it, that no common rope can hold them; but breaking and tearing every thing loose, they rush over men and tents, and following the trained horses, fly in a body out in the prairie, on the oppo-

site direction from that, from whence the alarm originated. On this side, too, are mounted Indians, who receive and instantly drive off the herd. Pursuit is useless.—He recommended to us to be watchful in the prairie wilderness ; to have our guns loaded at night, and our horses near us, and upon any such alarm, quickly to kill the coming horse, before he got into the camp, &c. These Comanches were, a few years back, very troublesome, but now have retreated further from the settlements. A small band of Lipans and Tonkaways still hunt in this section of country, and have encamped near La Grange during several winters. These, as well as the Comanches, are mostly armed with strong bows and arrows ; having, however, some rifles, shot guns and lances.

Saturday, September 26th. The regiment were on the line of march early in the morning, and proceeded on to the town of La Grange. The advance did not stop in town, but proceeded on to the ferry, on the Colorado, three-fourths of a mile down the stream, and immediately commenced crossing. The whole day was occupied in the passage of the regiment and wagon train. Four of us, of company G, being detailed, that day, as a guard, we did not go to the ferry till evening, but spent the day in town. This is the county-seat of Fayette county, which lies on both sides of the Colorado. The town is well laid out; its buildings are neat, and a general air of prosperity pervades the place. Population five hundred. A steamboat has been built upon the river, which plies up and down, though the navigation is obstructed completely near its mouth, by a raft of drift timber, some miles in length ; though it is said, that the raft can easily be removed. At present the trade of La Grange is done at Houston, one hundred miles to the south-east. At the ferry, the river appeared to be deep, and had a strong current. After the regiment had crossed, we followed on, and, on the other side, rising a long hill, we found the encampment in a grove of timber—a good situation, but too extended, the camp occupying, perhaps, two hundred acres. It was nearly dark when we came up, and the whole were occupied with getting their suppers. Many bright fires, gleamed in rows

on the hills, and cast an indistinct, wavering light far around. Fine grass, tall as wheat, and thick and green, was over the whole ground; it served our horses well, with the corn they had got. We took care to pitch our tents, and slept undisturbed. The wind blew a gentle breeze from the north, during the night, and it was quite cool.

Sunday, September 27th. The regiment, upon leaving the woodland, this morning came out again on the rolling prairie; and a succession of beautiful views, such as have been before mentioned, followed each other for the whole distance of the march. The wide extent of tall thick grass, spread over the hills and valleys, apparently untrodden by any living being, to leave a step behind. It waved in the wind, and presented a continual appearance of progressing undulations, as the breeze passed over, and gently swept up the hills.—These hills were of larger base than before, but not so high as those between the Brazos and Colorado rivers; the valleys, too, were more extensive, with continual, long, gentle slopes; some of them contained from one to two thousand acres, every foot of which was open to the view from the same spot. The soil was the same; black and fertile, mixed with shells. When in the valley, if you looked around, you saw the long green slopes, on either hand, with romantic groves of live oak trees, without any smaller growth, here and there for miles along the valley.—If you observed the scene from the tops of the swells, the eye was fatigued with the rich succession of vale and hill, of every gently rounded form;—of groves and open sunny slopes. The moving column of the regiment with the head rising over the hill, the middle winding through the vale, and the rear on the hill again, with the wagons, one by one, closely following in a long line behind, gave an appearance of life and animation to the scene.—These last, showed a pleasing contrast of white covers, in the distance against the green of the prairie.—Not a house or plantation broke the succession of wild luxuriant vegetation.

This whole lovely country, so fertile, pleasant and salubrious, is almost entirely uninhabited.—The advance started up from the road a large herd of deer, which had been

quietly grazing there; permission was given, for a few moments, for any one who wished to chase them, to do so; and whole companies broke out of the lines at once;—the remainder halted.—It was exciting, to see so many, scattered from each other, going at full speed, in all directions, after the dispersed herd;—over the hills and through the valleys, winding and turning, and yet all in full view, nothing intervening to obstruct the vision. The deer at last, ran far away to the north, and the little dots of pursuing horsemen, growing less and less in the distance, could be seen, until finally, they were lost to the view.—Those nearest came back to the lines, at full speed, and the word was given to move forward. The others came up from time to time along in the day, each one with a deer, or part of one. In chasing that herd, they had started up several more, and all found sport enough.

In the valleys, we now came to many singular water holes; some of them fifty yards long, and perhaps thirty wide; the water was near the surface, and the long grass, and wild flowers bent over to it. From a little distance it looked shallow; but none of these holes were less than ten feet deep, and the most about twenty; the sides were perfectly perpendicular for the whole depth; the water was clear as crystal, so that every fish in them, of which there were thousands, and every pebble on their bottoms, could be seen. Some of these holes were small, not more than eight or ten yards by four or five, but all equally clear and deep.—One of the men dismounted, at one of these, where the train halted to water, and his horse poked his nose through the bending rushes, to drink; the edge of earth broke away, and he went head foremost to the bottom, about fifteen feet, with all his accoutrements; much to the annoyance of his rider, and the sport of the rest.—We passed a solitary grave, carefully paled in, under the spreading foliage of an ancient live oak, on the prairie, about one-quarter of a mile from the road; some of us rode out to it, but there was no name upon it. We supposed that it was the grave of a man who fell in a skirmish with the Comanches, which had been fought near this place. At 1 P. M. we saw the first house, for the day, and soon encamped near it, on a

rise of timbered land, overlooking a beautiful meadow, in which were several of the deep holes of water described. Beyond the meadow the prairie again was spread out.

Monday, September 28th. This morning was very cool.—We marched eighteen miles, over the same fine section of country, and encamped at the next house on the road, at, also, another of these water holes. We saw plenty of deer, and some were killed.

Tuesday, September 29th. We continued our course toward Lavacca bay, the next depot of provisions. On this route, our course was from La Grange about S. S. W., and we were rapidly nearing the sea-coast, and the land, as we proceeded, became gradually more level; the soil continued excellent. At noon we crossed the Lavacca river, in the county of the same name. It was now nearly dry, save deep basins along its bed; this wide, sandy bed of the river shows that it is sometimes quite a large stream. One habitation was here; the only one we had seen this day. We marched sixteen miles and encamped on a clear deep stream.

A report having reached camp that Lavacca was very sickly, and that there were but one hundred and seventy-five of the Kentucky regiment of cavalry there fit for duty, all the rest being sick, Colonel Thomas called a council of officers, who solemnly deliberated on the propriety of encamping fifty-five miles this side, and hauling the supplies from Lavacca, by the train. The whole of this council, and the cause that led to it, was a ridiculous farce. One of the members of the regiment, traveling ahead with the forage-master, heard this loose report, and immediately wrote to the colonel; and he as soon gave his testimony towards its belief, by calling this council to adopt measures concerning it. If the colonel had acted with but half of his usual judgment and good sense. he would have put the letter in his pocket and continued the march: and then, when arriving near, if there had been an epidemic or sickness raging, he could have known and acted upon it definitely;—but as it was, on this most improbable tale, wholly, as it afterward appeared, without foundation, the regiment, and especially those companies from the moun-

tains, having a dread of the sea-coast, were thrown into considerable anxiety. The council, having nothing definite upon which to act, dispersed, and the colonel determined to go ahead by himself. He did so, and found the whole a false report.

Wednesday, September 30th. This was a fine cool morning. We were on the march at an early hour. Captain Porter, being sick, rode in one of the wagons. None of our lieutenants being present, and the orderly sergeant sick, the company marched to-day under the command of the second sergeant. The country passed over was fertile, as before but continually becoming more level, and consequently having but little variety in scenery.—The sun became hot, and water being scarce on the route, our Mexican gourds came in good use. These gourds were much preferable to canteens, for carrying water on the march; for water, in these would remain cool through the day of the hottest sun; while in the tin canteen, it became warm and unpleasant to the taste. This coolness of the gourd, is owing to the continual evaporation going on through the shell. They are convenient in shape and size, being mostly in the shape of the figure 8, and holding from one to two quarts. Round the small part of the gourd the strap is fastened, for suspending it to the side or the pommel of the saddle. Every traveler in this portion of Texas, that we met, had one. Most of our men had thrown away their canteens, and obtained one of these gourds. (Some of the regiments in the service were furnished with India rubber bags, or canteens, to carry water; but they are liable to the same objections as the tin ones, the water in them becoming warm.)

At two, P. M., we arrived at the encampment, on a pretty brook of clear water; the lofty trees on its banks were covered with grape-vines, and the rays of the sun could not penetrate beneath,—neither, at night, could the dew fall below.—We let our tents remain in the wagon, and took our resting-places beneath this natural arbor; and as the night became cool, we built large fires, around which we slept. We had no sentinel, having been relieved from that service

since we left Washington, in Arkansas—there being no necessity, as yet, for them; and Colonel Thomas, with a praiseworthy attention to the comfort and health of his men, wishing to lighten, as much as possible, their duties and service.

Thursday, October 1st. Leaving camp early, we passed on over a country fertile, but of a more sandy nature than before; soil still black, and covered with tall grass;—no fields or houses along—all uncultivated. Extended spaces of prairie, were covered with a species of dwarf sunflower, about four feet high, giving them a bright yellow color. Deer were more numerous than before, and another general chase, like that described a few days previous, took place in the forenoon. It was a wild scene; so many horsemen at full speed, in all directions, after the frightened deer; many near, and many far away. It required but a small stretch of thought to imagine them a tribe of wild Indians in full chase on the prairie. They were very successful in running down and killing the deer. The horses seemed to enjoy the sport, in the cool morning air, as much as the men; snorting and champing their bits, when held up, eager to be off with the others. Some of the men, carried away with the sport, got so far from the regiment, that they did not come up until long after we had encamped for the night.

At one, P. M., the advance crossed the road leading from Matagorda, on the south-east, to San Antonio, on the north-west; and at two, reached the encampment, on a pretty little brook, near to a plantation called North's, in the county of De Witt, one mile east of the Gaudaloupe river; where was fine grass, and plenty of corn and fodder for our horses, and good beef for ourselves. The cattle, in this section of country, for size and beauty, cannot be excelled in the United States; and, in fact, from here on, during the campaign, we saw no more of the small, scrubby stock found in the southern states, in Arkansas, and the north-eastern part of Texas.

In the evening, we were agreeably surprised by the sudden appearance of a member of our company, whom we had left at Memphis. We had given up the idea of ever seeing him again in the campaign. He had come by water,

via New Orleans and Lavacca, and had left that place the day before, on hearing of our approach.—He informed us that the reports we had heard, of the extraordinary sickness of the Kentucky cavalry there, were all false.—He also informed us that another member of our company was there, with letters for the most of us, directly from home. This was in reality good news, for every one was most anxious to hear from Tennessee. We became impatient to go on, but two days elapsed before the order so to do came back from Colonel Thomas, then at Victoria, thirty-five miles ahead.

This intervening time we employed about camp, in obtaining information with regard to the country around.—The lands here were almost level; plenty of timber on the branches and in the bottom of Guadaloupe (pron. War-loop) river. There is no water power, however, save that given by the rapid current of that river, which is said to be of force fully sufficient to drive floating mills, for sawing and grinding. Flat boats have descended this river from Gonzales, sixty miles above this place, or ninety-five above Victoria.

We fell in with an intelligent old man, who came down to the camp to visit us, who had resided about here for eighteen years, and was originally from St. Louis, in Missouri. He informed us that the lands on the eastern side of the river continued level and fertile to the coast, about sixty miles; but the timber in that direction, (south), became very scarce; neither was there a sufficient supply of water in that section; to the north, along the Guadaloupe, the lands became rolling and high, with excellent soil; similar in all respects to the rolling prairies through which we had passed, having also upon them a sufficient quantity of good timber.—The climate, he stated, from his own experience and that of other settlers, to be healthy, quite so; he having had, in a large family, for that long space of eighteen years, only one case of sickness;—said the soil was first rate for cotton, and as good for corn—sugar-cane growing luxuriantly; sweet pota

toes also growing to a very large size; (but that is the case in all sections of Texas).

For stock farms, he said, the country could not be excelled; cattle, horses, sheep and hogs were fat the whole year, with little or no feeding, save the grass of the prairie.—Those of the settlers who raise cotton, ship it to New Orleans, from Lavacca; and they get their "returns" in three or four weeks. The principal inconvenience is the distance of hauling, being from fifty to seventy miles; but as the roads are level and hard, with no stone, this is but little trouble, save in the middle of winter; when, for the last twenty miles, the large prairies towards the coast are almost impassable; indeed quite so for a loaded team, on account of the deep mud and softness of the soil, when long wet.—He related many anecdotes of the passage of the Mexican army through this section, and among other things, said that David Crockett's identical old rifle, "Betsy," was at a house in the neighborhood;—that a few days previous to the storming of the Alamo, and Crockett's death, he had lent it to the "Bee Hunter," who volunteered to carry an express from Colonel Travis, the commander, to the commanders of the other Texan forces; and thus it was preserved when its owner fell.

Saturday, October 3d. This morning we were ordered to saddle up and move towards Victoria. This order we executed quickly. A dense fog lay over the surface of the prairie, which so remained until about nine o'clock, when it lifted and cleared up. Shortly after the sea breeze arose, and the march of the day was very pleasant. This sea breeze, we were informed, blows here every day, and sometimes it extends much farther to the north; but this was the first time we had felt it;—it was invigorating to all.

At eleven o'clock, at the request of Captain Porter, a couple of us turned off with him, to a house on the bank of the river, to the right as we passed down. The captain was unwell, and wished the comfort of a bed, which there he quickly procured, and falling asleep, did not awake until late in the afternoon. This day passed very agreeably.

This house at which we had stopped, was on the high bank of the Guadaloupe, some sixty feet or more above its waters. These flowed on below deep, clear, with a remarkable color of sky blue, which is noticed by every one, the first time that this river is seen. The bank was firm and rolling, covered with grass to the water's edge. On the opposite bank was a large growth of timber. In front of the houses, outside the strip of lofty live oaks, under which they were built, the prairie covered with long waving grass spread out level as the sea; with here and there, at greater or less distance, small clumps of oaks, of an acre or less, each widely separated from the others. They appeared like islands in the calm ocean.—It indeed was a beautiful spot for a residence. The house, however, was very rough; large forks, planted in the ground, were its corner posts. These supported other round timbers, that served as plates; the roof rested on these; the sides were of pickets, planted in the ground, and nailed above to the plate;—the large cracks had loose boards nailed over them,—there were no windows, but the whole of the inside was lighted by the doors.—The chimneys, at each end, were of the roughest sort of sticks daubed up with clay. There were no floors in the house, save the earth, which had been raised a little above that on the outside, and beaten with continued footsteps smooth. The doors, swung on wooden hinges, were of rude boards nailed together.—But in this habitation were a gentleman and lady, whose manners and polished appearance, fitted them to move in any society. —Neatly and fashionably dressed,—polite and easy in their bearing, they appeared the very reverse from those we expected to see when we rode up. Their children were like them.—Their large, rude shell of a house, was filled with the finest furniture, tastefully arranged, but showing with it the most singular contrast. Rich curtains were so disposed as to hide the rough walls on the back,—while large pier-glasses reflected the objects before them.—A full and select family library was ranged in order, in one of the rooms, on shelves above.—The beds were hung with curtains white and neat;—every thing of the household was connected

order and regularity. The negro servants were cleanly, and respectful in their demeanor. The houses of these were built in the same rude way as the mansion of their master; and all the other buildings around were in the same style.

The owner of this place was a planter from Mississippi—had been here a year. We asked him no questions, with regard to his rough house, but supposed that on account of the difficulty, as yet, of obtaining here suitable lumber to build good ones, he chose to make the old shanty answer for a time; for with all its rudeness, it had two good qualities, or rather three; it was roomy, it was strong, and it was tight and secure against the rain.

—When the sun was low, we mounted our horses and proceeded on to camp, eight miles, on Price's creek. The march to-day, had been twenty miles. At night several of those who had been left at Little Rock, Washington, and other places, sick, now came up, recovered; many others, however, are yet behind.

Sunday, October 4th. We left camp at the usual hour. It again coming to the author's turn to serve on wagon guard, he rode with that for the day. We were so delayed in getting the tents, mess-bags, &c., stowed into the wagon, that all the companies had filed out on the road and proceeded on; and the bugles were almost out of hearing, before we could start. Every wagon in the train was off, and it seemed as though nothing would work right with us; and when, at last, we did get off, we were forced to halt again to adjust and fix up the harness of the mules. We passed on through a skirt of timber, and came to the edge of the prairie, now extending to the southward and eastward, a perfect level, without a tree in that direction to relieve the eye. Stretched out on it, in a long serpentine line ahead, were the different companies of the regiment, small in the distance, with the train in the rear. As our company's wagon had six mules to it, while the most had but four, we were enabled to push ahead faster; and in an hour or two we came up with the rear wagon. We now skirted along near the bank of the Guadaloupe, on the right.

Over that river rose a range of hills, wooded to the tops. These must be pleasant situations for residences; but, as yet, they are unsettled. The view from them is unimpeded to the east and south, for fifteen or twenty miles. We saw one "settler," however, along here,—a large black bear;—he lifted up his head, and for a moment looked at the troops. Several gave chase, and bruin "put out" into the river bottom and escaped them.

The prairie over which we passed, to-day, is of the kind called "hog-wallow." It has a wavy surface, like a lake after a strong wind. These waves or ridges are rounding, about a foot in height, and ten or twelve broad, with a sink as wide between them;—each wave is parallel to the next, or nearly so, though all are curving and somewhat serpentine in their course, and occasionally broken entirely. The undulations succeed to each other for hundreds and thousands, and even, in some places, for tens of thousands of acres together. We had never heard this form of surface satisfactorily accounted for. The old Mexican inhabitants of this country have a tradition handed down, which they say is true; that is, that about one hundred and fifty years since there was a long drought, of several years' continuance, and that the prairies of this black soil parched, cracked or opened in gullies, a foot or two wide, and ten or twelve deep;—that on the coming of rain again, they gradually filled up, but not entirely—showing the trace of the old chasms, which now are the intervals between the ridges. In corroboration of this, they say, that now, even in a common dry spell, that this kind of ground will crack to some depth.—Their account is given for as much as it is worth. One thing is certain: the "hog-wallow" prairies are all of this loose, black soil, and whenever that course of soil is interrupted, the "hog-wallow" ceases;—but, on the other hand, we have passed over large tracts of the same soil, which was not broken by "hog-wallows," though, all of that was on the high, rolling lands.

—After a pleasant march of fifteen miles, over this prairie, we came to our encampment. This march was ren-

dered pleasant by the sea breeze now becoming stronger, as we approach the gulf of Mexico. The place of encampment was on a clear brook, with a skirt of timber along its bank;—being four miles north of the town of Victoria.—A little settlement, of five families, was made on this creek in 1837; but the Comanche Indians came down here suddenly, and found them unprepared for attack; and every soul was killed.

The Indians encamped on this ground, and the next morning proceeded to the little flourishing town of Linnville, ten miles to the south-east; and, making a sudden and furious attack, captured the place—killed the men, and carried many of the women and children away as prisoners; others, they killed on the spot. They robbed the stores and burnt the place;—they threatened Victoria, but made no attack. On their return, they were met by a force of Texans, and a severe battle took place, in which the Indians were worsted, but made good their retreat to their native mountains. This tribe is powerful and warlike, numbering, it is said, near thirty thousand warriors.

Monday, October 5th. This day's march was pleasant, though we endured some inconvenience for want of water; the scenery was extensive, but presented the same view continually, of level prairie, as far as the vision could reach, with no object to break the distant line of horizon around. Company G was on the march at an early hour, being, by order, the first company in line, to-day; but early as we were, Captain Gillaspie's company had given us the slip, by silently, before day, taking up the march, in order to obtain the best encampment: for the regiment was to remain encamped near Port Lavacca for several days; and we had already understood that there was but little shade there.

We passed through the town of Victoria by sunrise.—The sound of our bugles waked up the inhabitants, who came to the doors and windows, to look at us, in numbers.—The place had not a very flourishing appearance. There were several stores, two or three taverns, court-house, jail, and mechanics' shops of various kinds. It seemed as though a little bu-

siness was here carried on. The town is situated near the Guadaloupe river, which the inhabitants hope will prove navigable for steamboats, as far up as that place. There is a printing office here, and a weekly paper issued. All the communication of the town with the sea coast, is done through Port Lavacca, which is situated thirty miles to the south-east, on Lavacca bay; this distance is all over a level prairie. In the spring, summer and fall, it is an excellent road—one of the best that can be imagined;—in the winter it is the very worst; the mud renders it almost impassable. It is all of the "hog-wallow" prairie, and very little timber on its whole extent.—We did not halt in the town, but changing our course to the south-east, moved towards Lavacca.

About nine o'clock, it became exceedingly hot on the prairie, but at ten the sea breeze rose, and gradually increased till towards evening; rendering the traveling pleasant, though the continual passing over the ridges of the "hog-wallow"—up and down, up and down—was not, in itself, agreeable.

The want of water being severely felt by many, a sergeant, with one or two men, was dispatched towards a skirt of timber that appeared to our left, to find some, if possible; they returned and reported that water had been there, but that there was none now. Shortly afterward, we met a long train of new wagons, all alike, and each drawn by three yoke of oxen, proceeding to San Antonio with government stores, for the use of the troops there. These were in view for several miles, before we met them, and on coming up, many of the men procured from the teamsters a drink of water from their large Mexican gourds; we were told that four miles further, there was plenty of it.

These four miles we passed over quickly, and came to Placedor's creek, a pretty brook, that wound along in a ravine in the prairie; its bank covered with tall live oaks, hung with Spanish moss;—several large springs, too, were near the creek. There was a splendid situation for a camp, along under the oaks on the bank, in its winding course, while be-

fore, in the rear, and on each side, the wide prairies spread out,—an extent of waving green, across which, unobstructed, the gulf breeze came, cooling and refreshing.

The different companies came in one after another, and took their places up and down, for two miles. The colonel's marquee was pitched on the top of the long rise, extending from the creek below, up to the level of the prairie.—Corn and oats had been hauled out from Lavacca, twelve miles to this camp; and our horses having been well fed, we hastened to meet our comrades, who had come round by water. The meeting was pleasant, and rendered more so by the delivery of the number of letters they had brought, by which so many were enabled to hear from home and friends.

A large circle of men were seated about, in the grass, almost hid by it, reading attentively.—After strolling round over the prairie, we returned, each one to his line of tents; and busy preparations were made in clearing away places for these tents and the horses, for the anticipated stay of a week or two.—The camp was called Camp Irwin, but went more generally by the name of Camp Placedor, from the creek;—named after an old Indian chief, of the Tonkaway tribe, still living, and well known in this part of Texas.

Towards evening, we were surprised to see a body of troops in the distance, coming over the prairie to the east, toward us. When they came up, we found that they were three companies of the Kentucky cavalry, who were just renewing the march for the Rio Grande; they encamped with us for the night.—The remainder would follow in a day or two.—The regiment had been divided on account of the scarcity of water ahead.—Their camp, from which these came, was about ten miles below this. That regiment first encamped here, and then moved there to be nearer Port Lavacca.

—We remained at this encampment until the 16th instant, repairing wagons, shoeing horses, and taking in stores, at Lavacca, for the next march through the prairie wilderness, and salt marshy desert;—a distance of about three hundred

miles to the Rio Grande. During this time the regiment were in a continual course, each day, of drilling and parading—improving in the discipline of soldiers, which, as yet, we had had but little opportunity of doing, while on the march.—We made frequent visits, however, to the bay, and to the town of Lavacca, to enjoy the sea air and salt water bathing.

—Port Lavacca occupies a position on the western side of Lavacca bay, thirty-five miles from the pass which connects the bay with the gulf of Mexico. The land upon which the town is placed is level, being the termination of the prairie, which extends uninterruptedly far into the interior. No stream of water runs nearer to port Lavacca than Placedor's creek, ten miles; save a little dirty brook, which runs within four miles, called Chocolate bayou. This is unfortunate for the place, for no fresh water can be procured by digging. Cistern water is used, save that brought from Chocolate bayou. It is probable, however, that at the distance of a mile or two from town fresh water might be got, by digging.

The bay here, is wide, but shallow. No vessel drawing more than seven feet, can come up to the place; and then is obliged to lie about a third of a mile from the shore; part of this distance is passed over by long wooden piers. The town, or village rather, is about fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the water, and contains thirty or forty houses, some half dozen stores, and several large warehouses. For the size of the place, there is much business done here. Notwithstanding its shallow harbor, its want of water, and the total absence of timber in the neighborhood, it must do the external trading of the counties of Victoria, De Witt, Lavacca, Bexar, Gonzales, and parts of others, for the reason that, poor as is the situation for a town, there is, on this part of the coast, no better one, nor any as good. The fine lands of the interior of western Texas will be settled, and their trade must concentrate here.

There is still another disadvantage of this place, which has before been alluded to;—that is, the muddy nature of the wide prairie around it, in the winter; of which thirty

miles must be crossed to get to the place in any direction; but all these difficulties will be obviated, in some way or other, for Lavacca must be a place of trade. The health of the town itself is said, by those who have lived there, to be good; and, judging from appearances, one would think that the strong sea breeze, that blows every day fresh from the gulf, would prevent the accumulation of any miasma; but there are no local causes for that, for on one side is the gulf, and on the other the vast prairie. Decaying timber is out of the question, for wood, even for fuel, cannot be procured; and every stick of building timber must be brought from New Orleans, Mobile, or other ports.

The Dutch emigrants, who had been arriving here in immense numbers, and departing to their colony on the head waters of the Guadaloupe, had, many of them, died; but that was owing to their sudden change of habits—from those of a long sea voyage,—living upon salt provisions—to the exposure to the hot sun of the prairies, and a change to fresh beef, of which, we were told, they ate on their first arrival, with great gluttony.—This will account for the extensive sickness among them.

When we were at Port Lavacca, it was a busy place, for beside the arrival and departure of emigrants, the 1st and 2d regiments of Illinois infantry, under colonels Hardin and Bissel, had landed there, together with a battalion of regular infantry, another of dragoons, and a battery of artillery.—These had all marched from this place to San Antonio, where, joined by the Arkansas cavalry, Col. Yell, the whole, numbering about 3,000 men, made up the army of Gen. Wool.

All the stores of provision, ammunition, and other things necessary for the support of such an army, in the long march over a perfect wilderness of hundreds of miles, which they were to perform, had to be landed and stored here, and transported by land from this to San Antonio; and hundreds of teams were, for between two and three months, all busy in making trips back and forth between the two places. Beside this, the Kentucky cavalry and our own regiment, had been ordered here, and large amounts of stores had been sent

for our use. The freight of the vast amount of stores required, gave employment to many sail vessels and steamboats—the storage and buildings necessary for these at Lavacca, gave employment to hundreds of laborers,—and the hauling of these stores and ammunition, &c., to San Antonio, one hundred and sixty miles, to hundreds of teams.—Teams came here to haul from middle and eastern Texas.

All this going on, rendered the little town of Lavacca as busy a place as could be anywhere found.—Steamboats were puffing in the bay, arriving and departing;—vessels were discharging, into smaller boats, their various cargoes;—on the bluff, before the village, were large piles of wagon-bodies,—of wheels, of bows, of axletrees, &c.;—many mechanics were engaged in placing them together, and these of every kind found plenty of work, and good pay.—Government warehouses were crowded with vast quantities of corn, oats, flour, bread, &c.,—ship loads upon ship loads of them.—Every house, every square foot of sheltered room in the place was occupied by some one engaged at something. The large number of men in the quartermaster's department, were not able to obtain lodging in the town, but lived very snugly in a long row of marquees, with plank floors, situated on the very edge of the bluff, where their inmates could inhale the fresh sea breeze just as it left the salt water, which was dashing against the shore beneath, with a continual noise. Many gamblers always are to be found about an army, and they were well represented in number, as well as in black-leg skill, at this place.

Taking into account the whole, officers, merchants, soldiers, teamsters, mechanics, draymen, laborers, sailors, oystermen, citizens, emigrants, aud gamblers, in all their operations, in such numbers, and in such a small compass, Port Lavacca, at that time, was the most busy, crowded place we had seen. It was interesting to take a seat in the portico of one of the houses on the street, (for there is but one street in the place), facing the water, and observe the activity with which everything on the shore, and the vessels, went on;—to see the boats going and returning from these vessels with

sacks of corn, or barrels of bread, and landing them, in large piles, on the pier, from whence they were taken, by scores of laborers, and placed in larger piles on the bank;—so large were these already, that a dozen of ship loads would not make one;—while other vessels were throwing overboard horses and mules, who were swimming to the shore, and were conducted to the horse-yard, to join the multitude already there; and all things else going on with an equal degree of briskness; for the description of which there is no more opportunity, more space having been given to this little town than was intended;—suffice it to say, that of all classes of people here collected, the emigrants made out the worst. Many of them, becoming sick by gorging themselves with fresh beef, oysters, &c., were left by their companions to get along the best way they could; and that was badly enough, since not a few perished, like dogs, without attention. One was dying, when we first went in, in the street, in a wagon-body, where, on a little straw, he had lain for several days, exposed to myriads of green flies, which covered him; and the living worms, their offspring, in countless numbers were eating and working into his flesh, even while the life was in him, and the power of speech had not left him. In feeling, compassion, or assistance to one another, the citizens informed us that the emigrants that had arrived, were about alike;—that this man, perishing amid the crowd of his companions, uncared for, unassisted, was but one case among many, that were happening continually.

During the ten days that the regiment remained at camp, most of the men who had been left sick at various places along, back on the route, came up; but one died where left, Marsh, of Lenow's company;—some were yet behind, who were very sick, and who did not come up for some time after this.

In a regiment as large as ours, of course, we had men of all grades of character and disposition; and although nineteen-twentieths, we had almost said, ninety-nine hundredths of the number, were men of determination and patriotism, who had volunteered to serve their country, and who never felt like

flinching from duty, yet there were some few, who were tired of the hardships of the life we led, from day to day, and who most earnestly wished to return home, and cursed themselves for ever leaving their firesides. There was no chance for them, now, to help themselves.

A number of the men, who, by sickness long continued, had become utterly unfit to perform their duties as soldiers, were, at this camp, discharged, and sent to New Orleans, on their way home. Some of these got well, on their return; some died during the passage, or shortly after they arrived at their native places. Now, when these sick ones were discharged, it was amusing to see those others, first spoken of, endeavoring to appear sick;—talking low, with short coughs, and groans, and dismal complaints of chronic affections of the liver, head, &c.; refusing to eat but little; and saying continually, to each one they met, "that they felt so badly." This was sport to the surgeons, who examined them, when they applied, and told them that they were sick truly, but that they could cure them better in the camp than by sending them home; and directed them to take a cup of cold water, three times a day, or other such prescriptions;—which commonly cured them, for nothing was heard of their sickness afterward.

One of the men of another company than our own, in speaking of this, read, from a letter that he had received, of Mr. ——, who came to Memphis with that company, and was there discharged on a plea of bad health, but whose real motive was to return and marry a beautiful girl, who had engaged herself to him before his departure; and who, while much grieved at the separation, yet was proud to see him come out at the call of his country;—she had, with a full heart, bade him "God speed," and hoped for his soon and honorable return.—She was astonished to see him back so soon, and upon hearing his motive, indignantly refused to have anything farther to do with him.—Served him right.

For two weeks before this time, we had had much more sickness in camp than before, and in the ten days we lay here, we buried four men, three soldiers, J. R. Haynes, ——

McCorkle, —— Waddel, one teamster, and —— Page. Th dead were buried in a lovely spot, on the rise of the green prairie, under the boughs of a large live-oak, whose heavy branches were covered with the long moss, that drooped in mournful festoons over their graves.

Thursday, October 15th. This morning we were ordered to strike tents and saddle up; an order quickly performed. We were soon in line, and with the whole regiment drawn out on the plain. The five companies commanded by captains Caswell, Lenow, Porter, Haynes, and Newman, being all armed with carbines, swords and holster pistols, were constituted the first battalion, under the immediate command of Lieutenant-colonel Allison;—the other five, under captains Gillaspie, Cooper, Evans, Marshall, and Goodnow, armed with rifles, were formed into the second battalion, under Major Waterhouse; and as we were approaching the enemy's country, an order was made for the regulation of the future marches; directing that they should be continually by battalions, and no longer, as before, by single companies; the two battalions taking turns in advance, day by day, and preserving, in the march, the distance of a mile between them.

In this order we took the road back for Victoria, through which we had come, having there turned off from the general course. The rear of the Kentucky cavalry left the town just before our advance arrived. We passed through the place to the Guadaloupe river, one-fourth of a mile beyond; and the first battalion immediately commenced crossing in the ferry-boat, twelve at a time, and encamping on the western bank, getting over by dark; the second battalion halted and encamped on the eastern side of the river, to cross in the morning.

The evening being pleasant and calm, but little attention was paid to pinning the tents firmly down;—all laid down to pleasant sleep,—but were quickly aroused in the night, by the rude visit of another "norther," that came sweeping wn, as some of the boys said, "but-end foremost," giving warning. The lines of tents fell before it in an in-

stant, and their inmates, shivering in the cold blast, were out, thick as bees, getting them up again, and pinning them securely. After this was done, every one, as quickly as possible, put on all the clothing they could carry, and, wrapping themselves up in their blankets, endeavored to sleep again; but it was of not much use,—the cold wind was so strong, and the change had been so sudden, that no one could be comfortable, and there was not much sleep the remainder of the night.

Friday, October 16th. This morning, the first battalion remained in camp, while the second commenced coming over the river, and after them the wagon train. This passage consumed the entire day. Some few more sick were sent back to Lavacca, to go around to the Rio Grande by water, not being judged, by the surgeon, to be able to stand the march through the wilderness. Many were so sent from Camp Placedor; the commander of our company, Captain Porter, was of this number, and the company marched to the Rio Grande under the command of the first lieutenant. This day was cold, the norther still blowing, but more gently.

One of the company caught a tarantula, and much attention was given to his examination, by the men, although we had seen them, occasionally, during the march of two or three hundred miles back; though none so large as this one.

Imagine, reader, a large spider, with a body as large as half a hen's egg, and not much unlike that, in shape; this connected, at the larger part, with the head, by a more slender middle, which, however, is very short, so much so, that the head, which is nearly as large as the body, apparently, at first view, joins it all around,—this head blunt and square, as it were, down in front;—in the middle of this face is the mouth, running up and down from the bottom to the top,—large eyes, and body and head covered with a sort of bristles;—and then, in all his ugliness, you have before you the tarantula, the king of the spider tribe. The bite of these is highly poisonous, often producing death.

Another sort of "varmint" we came across occasionally, almost as hideous looking as the tarantula, but very differ-

ent in form, is the "centipede," or "sante fe," as the men called them. These reptiles are about six or eight inches long, composed of joints of a half inch in length; they are from one-half to three-fourths of an inch wide, and flat, or nearly so, on the back and belly; the joints are hard, and have short, pointed legs at each corner of them, about twenty-five or thirty on each side;—they are mingled in color, one joint being reddish, the next yellowish;—their jaws, or hooks, with which they bite, are, in appearance, like those of a beetle or "bess-bug," but large, strong, and sharp, taking large splinters out of any stick held towards them.

Besides these, another beauty often forces himself into our company, though when we see him, he is sure to meet with a "warm reception;" it is the scorpion; (a species of lizard is, in the southern States, called by this name, but this reptile is entirely of another stripe);—it does not bite, but carries its sting in the end of its tail, which, composed of joints, is rolled up on its back. It has two claws in front, which are large, and give its body the appearance of a craw-fish, and it is about the size of one. When it stings, it faces its object, and brings its tail in a half circle over its back and head. —The sting is very poisonous, always making an adult very sick, and sometimes producing death;—for a child, it is said, the sting is extremely dangerous.

At sunset all the battalion was over the river, and most of the train, only a few wagons to cross in the morning. We were surprised to see coming into camp, from the westward, a sergeant and five regular dragoons;—they bore a dispatch from General Taylor to Colonel Thomas. What could be the import of it? was, in a few moments, the only question asked. Great was the curiosity manifested among officers and men, to know General Taylor's intentions with regard to us. Many groups commenced giving their opinions upon, and discussing the subject. Some were loudly declaring that there was no need of our service,—that the war was about closed, and that the order was for us to be disbanded; and this opinion they wished to back by bets. Others equally se, contradicted the first, declaring as loudly that the war

was not closed, and that the order was for us to make a forced march, immediately, to join General Taylor,—and offered to take up the bets of the first.—Some of the officers were taking different sides, with regard to the matter, while the more sensible were willing to wait and find out the truth, before advancing an opinion;—the wiser way; for then they would not have to withdraw an opinion expressed.

After about three hours' suspense, the dispatch not requiring secrecy, the colonel made its contents known, much to the relief of the wondering. They were these:—in the first place, an order to turn from the road to Camargo, and take the one for Matamoras, as the plan of the campaign had been altered, and proceed towards that place with reasonable speed; and secondly, to take all care with the horses of the regiment; keeping them in order, as much as possible, during the march through the wilderness prairie before us; as shortly after our arrival at the latter place, we might calculate on being ordered upon active service.—This was the sum and substance of the dispatch.

The escort that brought it, also brought one, partly of the same tenor, to Colonel Marshall, of the Kentucky cavalry, now ahead; differing in this, that they were ordered to pursue the road to Camargo. Thus, the two regiments were separated, and never were together again during the campaign; (the ultimate effect, with regard to us, was, that we passed to the south of Mexico, under General Scott—to them, that they were retained in the valley of the Rio Grande, under General Taylor.)

Saturday, October 17th. We left the camp at Guadaloupe, at an early hour. We marched over a pleasant country, but rather scarce of timber, and at noon encamped on a clear, rapid stream, called the Colette. The air had been blowing from the north for the whole day, and it had been quite cool;—large numbers of swallows, driven to more southern climes by the cold now coming on at the north, come flitting by us, on their long journey; the air was filled with them, and they appeared to us like old acquaintances, reminding us of home. Many large flocks of geese were flying over: and above them,

the larger ones of cranes, each one of which, in the two converging lines of every flock, seemed trying to outdo his fellows in squaking and squalling;—and with the whole, they kept up a continual noise, that brought upon them, from the camp, the discharge of many rifles and carbines, and was the original cause of the transfer of many of their fat bodies, from the height of air, in which they had been exercising their vocal powers, to a more contracted situation in our camp-kettles, over the fires;—a change however, very gratifying to us.—The wind from the north continued to blow quite cold, during the night, but having become more accustomed to it, it affected us but little, and we slept soundly.—Here we remained the next day, the 18th.

Monday, October 19th. This morning was quite cold. We were a little later than usual, in commencing the march of the day,—which delay was caused by our not being accustomed to march by battalion. We were on the road by seven o'clock.—Our march this day, was over a pretty undulating prairie, interspersed with large tracts perfectly level. After marching eight miles, we came to the level prairie, called in distinction the "Lost prairie." Another two miles brought us to the intrenchments, made by Colonel Fannin's command of about 240 men, which they had thrown up to defend themselves against the attack of the Mexican General Urrea, with a large force of cavalry and infantry, and in which intrenchments he surrendered his command as prisoners of war to the Mexican force, on Sunday morning, March 20, 1836. This intrenchment, we afterward learned, was cut in the prairie on Saturday night, after fighting nearly the whole day previous. They, being surrounded, cut this with their bowie-knives, and scooped out the ditch around an area of perhaps a half acre; which ditch was large enough to shield them from the balls of the Mexican force;—but they had no water, and could get to none. Liberal terms being offered them, in writing, by General Urrea, they accepted them, and were marched back to Goliad, (from which place y were endeavoring to make a retreat).

After looking at the last intrenchment of the unfortunate

Fannin, and his brave associates, we continued our march towards Goliad; which was at the distance of six or seven miles. We soon passed over the prairie, the scene of the battle between Urrea and Fannin, and came to the rolling lands again; which were covered with a low growth of nopal or prickly pear. We came in view of the ruins of the old mission of Bahia, on our left; and shortly after passing one small grocery, and one farm house, the last habitations for some distance now, we came to the San Antonio river, a pretty stream, like the Guadaloupe, of blueish water, and encamped on its bank, at two P. M., opposite to the ruins of the old town of Goliad;—the encampment was pleasant,—fine grass, and corn abundant; which we were glad to see, for it was to be our last supply.—His horse being sick, the author went to the plantation, about half a mile, to endeavor to obtain some articles recommended, in such cases, to relieve him; for now he was his only chance, and he appeared about to die. At this place, however, he was fortunate to meet Mr. Owens, at that time the farrier of the company; and he, taking the sick horse, in half an hour, to his great satisfaction, relieved him completely.

Entering, then, into a conversation with the old gentleman of the house, we obtained much information with regard to this section of country. He described the soil as being, what it appeared, very fertile;—the health of the country good, and its communications with the coast easy. The greatest objection to it was the want of rain. He described it as settled at wide intervals, along the eastern side of this river, the San Antonio; but no settlements on the other,—the boundless prairie stretching out without an inhabitant—Here, too, we fell in company with Judge Hunter, who was one of Fannin's command, and who escaped the massacre by almost a miracle.

After spending two hours agreeably here, and the horse being entirely recovered, we walked back to the encampment; now with its tents all pitched, horses picketed, and fires burning. As it was yet early in the afternoon, many of us left the camp, and, crossing the river, ascended the

long slope, and proceeded to the ruins of Goliad: we passed away two hours, in walking through the ruined streets and squares, examining the old fortifications, &c., before we thought of returning.—The setting sun reminded us of the lapse of time, and we reluctantly started back; determining if possible, to pay the ruins another visit in the morning. We fed our horses well, knowing that the corn now given them would be the last they would get for many days. After sitting up late,—for the day's march had been so light that no one was fatigued—we retired to rest. On this evening, the first regular regimental guard of sentinels, throughout the night, was set; for we were now on the very edge, if it could be so expressed, of the frontier; and this river might properly be said to be the south-western boundary of the settlements of the republic of the United States. A long distance, truly, from this to the opposite one on the north-east.

Tuesday, October 20th. This morning, the Colonel issued an order that no man should cross the river, until the wagon train was all over; the ford being difficult, and the banks high, steep, and slippery; so that there was a disappointment, with regard to those of us who had laid off a visit to the ruins of Goliad;—but shortly after, a wagon upset, in going up the opposite bank; and Lieutenant-colonel Allison sent over for a detail of two men, from each company, to come over to get it up,—and, as good fortune would have it, the author was ordered to cross, which he did, taking all his arms and accoutrements with him so as not to be compelled to return.

When we had got over, it took but a few moments to get the wagon up, and reload it; and then, being free for several hours, we went on to the ruins; which, judging from the continued howling that came from their dreary recesses, last night, now was the den of numberless wolves.—We had [illegible]n annoyed, by these, every night, for some time back, but last night especially; a little before day, the ruins, and [illegible]rie all around us, seemed alive with them, making a [illegible]leful noise.—Arriving on the spot, we examined the

whole at our leisure, knowing that it would take the whole day for the train and troops to cross the river.—From an elevated point in front, on the western part of the ruins, the author sketched the old church of the place, in which Fannin's men were confined,—and of the fortification around it; including a glimpse of the San Antonio river, at the bottom of the hill, and of the ruins of the old mission of Bahia, on the northern side of the river, and a catch of the distant landscape; which will be seen opposite page 150.

The ruins of Goliad occupy much room, covering the top of the hill; which, on one side, the north-east, looks down on the beautiful valley of the San Antonio, and on the other, the south-west, on the boundless prairie, stretching out, level as the sea. The town having been built of stone, entirely, its ruins will last for a long time;—the church will stand for ages. To walk through the ruined streets, with the old crumbling houses on either side, once densely populated, now with trees and tall weeds growing around them,—the hiding places of scorpions and other reptiles, and the concealed dens of wolves;—to see the broken arches, once erected with care,—the fine work, amid universal decay, gives, to the mind of the thoughtful, a train of melancholy reflections.

Amid the ruins, the old church, on the brow of the hill overlooking the valley, stands out, the strongest and most uninjured.—Its situation was well chosen for extensive scenery. No valley can be more picturesque than that of the San Antonio, which is stretched out below it.—Its walls, and lofty arched stone roof, are blackened by the smoke from the fires of those who, from time to time, have made it a stopping-place for a night.—Such it has been, for years, for every war or hunting party of Indians, who have come down over the prairie. The church, within, is eighty-one feet by thirty, and thirty high, to the arched roof; on the southern side, it has a vestibule, of thirty by thirty feet, and twenty in height;—on the northern side, on either corner, is a projection, twenty by twenty feet, and each of the height of the main building; and the one on the north-west corner, cannot, by a view from that direction, be distinguished from the front. The lower

room, in this projection, resembles a dungeon, more than anything else. The roof of the whole, as said before, is of stone, and the flat top is made of that durable cement, of which the older Spaniards were so good manufacturers, and which we afterward had occasion to admire, in the massive works of southern Mexico.

Adjoining the church was a fortified enclosure, (seen in the view), containing an area of about two and a half acres, and strong even in its ruins; with round bastions at each corner, for the mounting of artillery, and loopholes along the walls. The front wall was composed of a block of stone buildings, about twenty-five feet high, one opening on the outside. On the thick walls of these ruined buildings, as well as on those of the body of the church, was much finely sculptured stone work; the remainder of the wall around, had been about fifteen feet high, and from three to four in thickness; this, like the buildings, was broken. The old Mission, seen over the river, on the left of the picture, was in the same state of ruin; but its roof was also gone; one gable end still stood up.—The stone of which this town and church was built, is somewhat of the nature of "rotten limestone,"—is quite light in color,—quarries out regularly and easily,—is soft, when first quarried, but becomes hard on exposure to the air. (The same kind of stone, we saw afterward, was used for building throughout the northern part of Mexico, and in fact, more or less through all of our route; many towns being built entirely of it. It is the most convenient building material they can use,—for the ease with which it is quarried is surprising, as also the perfect regularity with which the blocks split out. It is abundant, in almost every hill, from Goliad, on the north, to Tampico, on the south.)—The quarries, whence this stone was obtained, were outside the ruins of the town.

This town of Goliad, was founded by La Salle, the great explorer, in 1682. It flourished for several generations, and once contained ten thousand inhabitants;—now was entirely deserted.

In the old church and fortification, were Fannin's men

VIEW OF THE RUINS OF THE OLD CHURCH AND FORTIFICATION AT GOLIAD.

confined, for a week previous to their massacre.—The whole of this business was an ill-judged, and unfortunate affair, on the part of the Texan commander; and of the utmost brutality and treachery, on the part of the Mexican officers. —The whole of the responsibility of this bloody assassination, of unarmed prisoners, rests with Santa Anna; of which we will take notice.

The history of the affair, in a few words, is this:—Fannin, who had occupied this post for some time, determined to hold it, after he was apprised of the approach of a large Mexican army, and after, too, that army had, a month previous, appeared before the town of San Antonio, the next post, and shortly after, stormed the fortress of the Alamo, putting its garrison to the sword; when, besides, he had no provisions, or means of standing a siege. The road lay open for him to retreat, but he thought he could hold the place until he might be reinforced. He continued in his determination to hold the fort, until a strong body of cavalry and infantry under General Urrea, were on the march for the place, and close to it. And then, to cap the climax, in the face of this army, he altered his determination; and, abandoning his stronghold, attempted to retreat; but too late!—The little force had marched but four miles, when they were overtaken, and attacked; and, in six miles, were compelled to halt and intrench, without water, in the open plain; and, of course, to surrender; which surrender was made on the morning of Sunday, March 20th, 1836, on condition that they should be well treated, and sent to the United States.—With two other detachments, under majors Ward and Miller, captured separately, in all about 420 men, they were confined in the church for one week; when, on Sunday, March 27th, on the information that they were to be marched to the coast, to go to New Orleans, they were conducted, in three columns, out between lines of Mexican soldiers; one column going east—one south,—and one west; and, at given signals were suddenly shot down, without warning;—from the butchery, some few endeavored to escape by running; some of these were overtaken and killed; others finally escaped.—Colonel Fan-

nin was shot, in the yard, by himself; and the spots where the numerous balls struck the stone wall behind him, after passing through him, are still pointed out.

When Fannin capitulated to Urrea, that General immediately sent a dispatch to Santa Anna, then at San Antonio, informing him of the capture of the detachments and asking what he should do with the prisoners.—Instead of replying to him, to observe the terms of capitulation, that he, as commander of that division, had entered into with the prisoners according to the established rules of warfare, in civilized nations, Santa Anna, wishing them destroyed, but yet too cunning to have such an act laid at his door, wrote back no answer at all; but sent to General Urrea a copy of an act of congress of Mexico to the effect that no prisoners should be taken, and that all persons, found in arms against the government, should be put to death.—Urrea took this as his answer.—Santa Anna, after his fortune had changed, upon being interrogated, with regard to this butchery, by President Jackson, at Washington, endeavored to deny that it was by his order or connivance that it had been done.

He, who obeyed the laws of congress only when it suited his own convenience, and who was, in effect, a Dictator of all the laws, and who hesitated not, when his purposes required it, to prevent that congress, by the point of the bayonet from meeting, seemed suddenly to find himself under such strong obligation to an old law, that never had, in all their numberless revolutions been practiced, as to force him to command the barbarous, cold blooded murder of four hundred men; to whom the honor of the Mexican nation, about which he speaks so much, had been pledged in a fair and open capitulation, for the performance of that agreement, upon which they laid down their arms.

He must violate all this, now that the prisoners were in his power, to satisfy that old law, to which he himself, several times, as a revolutionist, had been amenable, if it had ever been put in force.

If it is said that he acted on the clause that had been passed

at the commencement of this Texan war, viz: "that no prisoners should be taken;" then, upon that, there was, even if he had been ever so scrupulous with regard to adherence to the law, no reason to justify the massacre of the prisoners; for these had already been taken, under a solemn promise of the Mexican nation, so far as a commander of a separate division of its army is the representative of that nation, of fair and honorable treatment.—No! he wished them shot;—he cared not for capitulations.—He had killed every one of those found in the Alamo, after they, by ten days' hard and gallant fighting, had slain hundreds of his soldiers.—He wished these shot also; but, as said before, wanted not the odium of the act; and he therefore adopted a measure for that end, fully as effective as though he had sent a positive order to General Urrea; and then because he did not send such positive order, he has the impudence to endeavor, after his defeat, to exculpate himself from the responsibility of the deed. And what is more strange, is, to see an American statesman and writer endeavoring to palliate the act, and excuse him in this occurrence, as well as others, endeavoring, (to be sure not in direct terms), to make it out that it was unavoidable, on the part of Santa Anna.*

Any American, who can excuse or palliate, on such a trifling pretext, this wholesale murder of his countrymen, this open violation of the most sacred capitulation, must have really a singular personal preference for the author of the outrage.—But we are digressing; and, merely mentioning the almost miraculous escape of Judge Hunter, from the massacre, we will return to our encampment for the day.—He was in one of the columns, when they heard the volley, from one of the others, that was sending his comrades to eternity. Quick as this was heard, the prisoners in that one suspected the truth, and one man, with a desperate resolve, broke from the line and ran. Several shots were fired after him, but unavailing; he escaped. At the same instant, the large column of the soldiery were ordered to fire upon the prisoners; which they did immediately; and the line of unarmed

* Waddy Thompson's Recollections of Mexico.

men fell before the fire. Hunter threw himself on the ground, in time to avoid it; two of his comrades, in their death agonies, fell upon him, and covered him with their blood; he remained still; but moving a little, afterward, was discovered, stabbed, his throat cut, and his skull broken with the butts of their muskets; and being stripped of his clothing, as the others was left for dead; but, despite his severe wounds, fate had not yet decreed his death. In the night, he came to his senses, and crawled off down to the river; which he managed to cross, and after incredible suffering, got to the house of a Mexican woman, who dressed his wounds, and sent him off, under the charge of her son, on horseback, to a place of more safety, another Mexican family, on the Guadaloupe. Here they secreted him; and by good nursing, and strict attention, he recovered.

The regiment having all passed over the San Antonio, together with the wagon train,—but too late to perform any march,—encamped on the western bank of the river. Corn enough was left, last night, to allow our horses five ears each; which, though a small feed, was of great service to them. A strong guard was set, this night, around the encampment; and as this was always done in the same manner, the form will be here described.

—The encampment was made as compact as possible.—The guard consisted of sixty men;—these were divided into three equal numbers of twenty each, called first, second and third reliefs. The first relief was posted around, at equal distances, at eight, P. M.; each one with a short distance to walk back and forward, with instructions to let no one pass without the countersign, neither in, nor out. The countersign was a word selected by the colonel, or highest officer, and by him given to the officer of the day, (the one that, for the day, had control of the guard, and who saw to the general police of the camp), and was known only to him, the immediate officer of the guard, and the sentinels. While the guard were thus posted, the first and second reliefs were sleeping at the guard fire, a short distance from the encampment, and on the line of surrounding sentinels. At eleven o'clock, the second

relief was awakened by the sergeant; they fell into line; the list was called as made out the night before, and all were counted off; then the following commands and movements took place:

Sergeant. Attention! second relief!—every one threw himself in the attitude of the soldier, erect, leaning a little forward. Carry—arms! equivalent to "shoulder arms" with infantry. Right—face! Forward (at this, every one rested on his right foot)—march! every one stepped off with his left foot; the relief moved on, with the sergeant at the head; in a few moments, the outline of the first sentinel could be seen in the darkness, and as soon as within a dozen paces or so, the sentinel challenged: "Who comes there?" The sergeant replied, "Sergeant of the guard, with second relief!" *Sentinel.* "Second relief—halt!—Advance, sergeant, and give the countersign." The relief halted, the sergeant advanced near to the sentinel, and, in a low voice, gave the countersign; which, this night, was "Fannin." This being right, the sergeant turned to the relief;—"Advance relief!"—they advanced up to the sentinel;—"Halt!" No. 1, the first in line, then receiving from the sentinel all his instructions, and, in a low voice, the countersign, took his place, and the sentinel relieved fell in the rear, and followed on. Coming in view of No. 2, the same thing occurred,—and so on, through the whole, and back to the camp fire, where all the relieved guard lay down to sleep. At two o'clock in the morning, the third relief was awakened, and in the same manner relieved the other; they standing until daylight.

The author, on the regimental guard, at this time, was, with the others from company G, on the second relief, and stood his turn from eleven to two o'clock. The night was very dark.—There were many small gullies on the prairie, and these were hidden by the tall grass, so that he could not see them; and, in walking his distance, about sixty yards, back and forth, he fell into them two or three times; but his vexation, at this, was turned into suppressed laughter, at hearing his next comrade floundering out of one, only to fall into another; there being more of them on his ground. He picked

himself up, two or three times, without saying anything;—then began to swear, "not loud, but deep." His muttered oaths were hardly out, before he went in again. "This is a pretty place to put a fellow, this time of night," soliloquized he, as he felt his way along; "shall break my neck, sure, before we're relieved.—Ah! here is another;—did'nt catch me that time;—if I had a candle, I could come it.—No need of a guard along here, any how.—If any of the Comanches, Lipans, Mexicans, or any other of the c-s-d red skins should come here, they could not get into camp; for they would break every one of their d—d necks, in these gullies!"—Down he went again, as he finished his sentence, his gun striking heavily on the ground;—as he got out,—"D—m the gullies," he said;—"what's the use of walking back and forward, any way;—I won't do it;—I'll stay right here;"—and there, in one spot, he did stay.

Wednesday, October 21st. This morning, we of the guard were roused about daylight; the third relief was taken off, and all forming into line, were, after a delay of a few moments, dismissed, for half an hour, to get our breakfasts; we then met again; one-half, under a lieutenant, took up the line of march, as the advance guard;—the regiment then followed, in its separate battalions;—then the wagon train wound its slow course along;—following that, the remaining thirty of us, under Lieutenant Kirk, came as rear guard.

We had been passing, for some time, through a section of country very thinly settled; sometimes ten, sometimes twenty miles from house to house; but now there was no residence for eighty miles, to San Patricio, on the Nueces river. Our general course, from Memphis to Goliad had been south-west, save the short diversion south-east, to Lavacca, and the return therefrom, to the main route; now we turned more to the southward, pursuing, from this place to San Patricio, a course nearly due south.

We were directed by Lieutenant Kirk, to ride up and down the banks of the river, to see that no loose horses were left, and that all persons were off. We did so, but finding no one, we formed in two's and followed the regiment, now

about two miles ahead. We passed directly through the ruins, and descending the hill on the south-east side of the romantic valley of the San Antonio, entered the dead level of the prairie, which lay spread out apparently boundless; and from the east, by the south, to the west, not relieved, in its distinct outline on the horizon, by a single tree or any object of elevation. After marching some four miles, we came to one of the men, sick, near the road side; but although he had a severe chill, we were obliged to take him on, for it would not do to leave him to come up, as by the report of the Kentucky cavalry, sent back, we had reason to believe that a large war-party of Comanches were hovering on the prairie.

In another mile, we came up with the rear of the wagon train; and as we were compelled to keep behind them, the Lieutenant ordered a halt; and we stretched ourselves out in the grass, for an hour, while the wagons gained distance ahead.—We then remounted.—We had several prisoners in custody, the reason of which was, that there had been whisky to sell near the camp, at the river, at the single grocery spoken of, and several quarrels had taken place. One of these, still under the strong effect of liquor, became so unmanageable, that it was hard work to get along with him.—On this day's march, no good water was found;—a few warm pond-holes were passed.—The soil was alternately rich and black, and then sandy and poor; no timber at all, until at the close of the day, we arrived at a long skirt of scrubby post-oaks; and beyond them was a pretty creek of pure water, where the regiment encamped.—Here, too, was fine grass.—Each one tied his horse out by a long rope, called, in this country, and by the Mexicans, a "lariat;" for the grass was all we had for them.—March, this day, about thirty miles.

Our time, as guard, being out this evening, a new one was detailed for the next twenty-four hours. We of the old guard, under our officers, were drawn up in line about sunset; then came files of men, from each company, who were to supply our places; each file being under the command of an orderly sergeant; these fell into another line, at a little

distance from us, each sergeant delivering to the adjutant the list of the names of the men from his company.—These were embodied;—the new officer of the day appointed,—and the arms of the new guard inspected, and loaded;—then formed into ranks; and wheeling, came down by our line of the old guard and, being saluted by us with presented arms, they passed to the guard tents;—took possession of them, and the charge of the prisoners; while we were marched off to the edge of the encampment, and brought to a front-face; and by the regular commands, "ready!—aim!—fire," the guns were all discharged, and we were dismissed.

The details, for the guard, were made in each company in alphabetical order; so were those for wagon guard; and at this time, in our company, those who came on regimental guard one day, were sure to be on wagon guard the next day or the day after.

Friday, October 23d. Yesterday, Thursday, we marched twenty miles over the level prairie; and this morning we were again early on the route. The way was long and weary; the sun was quite hot, and there was no breeze; the columns raised heavy clouds of dust, which were extremely uncomfortable.—We marched thirty miles, over a perfectly level prairie; no timber; fine grass, and abundance of prickly pear; the fruit of this is shaped like a pear, smaller, however, of a red color, and agreeable taste;—it is hard to get, though, for the thick leaves are covered with barbed thorns, long and keen as needles; and when they enter the skin, they are difficult to pull out. We had passed innumerable deer, to-day, and many of them were killed; we saw also several wild horses. A beautiful large claybank, with snowy white mane and tail, came up near us, holding his head high, to examine us; this he continued a few moments, when, as if satisfied, he bounded away, leaving a long trail of rising dust behind him.

At four P. M. we arrived at the little village of San Patricio,—if three stick houses, daubed with mud, can be called a village;—though they looked well, to us, not having seen a house in three days' traveling. The families here were Irish;

how they had ever got into this wilderness, was more than we could account for.—The word San Patricio, is the Mexican method of expressing the name of the well known Irish saint, St. Patrick.—The village is about half a mile north of the Nueces river;—on this was a ferry boat; the last on the route. The advance guard, and the 2d, or Rifle battalion commenced the crossing immediately, while the first was ordered to encamp on the northern side, which afforded but poor grass, and a bad chance to get water from the river on account of the steepness of the banks.

Venison was plenty in camp, at night; deer enough having been killed, during the day, to supply the whole regiment with sufficient fresh meat for the supper and following breakfast;—to this, many added fish, from the river; where they caught large numbers, with but very little trouble. —The Nueces is a deep stream, with a rapid current, and in most places, with high banks.—It is said, that it can be navigated up as far as this place, if not much farther.

Saturday, October 24th. The 2d battalion having all got over the river yesterday, the 1st commenced crossing early this morning;—the miserable shackly ferry boat, was used to take the wagons, the arms and accoutrements, and men over; the horses all swam across. The passage was so slow, that it was near sunset when the last got over.—A decided change was seen in the appearance of the lands on the other side of the Nueces; instead of the dull, perfectly level prairie, the land rose in lofty swells, with beautiful valleys in every shape,—extensive views,—little lakes of water,—green grass, and beauty in every object.—Here were groves of timber; the first we had seen for several days; and the quality of the grass was such, that our half starved horses did not apparently know when to cease eating.

The encampment was in a beautiful situation, on some little hills, ten miles below the ferry. The water of the river was pleasant to the taste, and for bathing, and many went into it. The change of scenery produced a corresponding change in our feelings; for the last three evenings all had been dull; there was no life, no spirit, no enjoyment;

but this night all were in better humor. They got their suppers, on getting to camp, but did not lay down to sleep until late. Thousands of wild geese flew over the camp; and the way that Uncle Sam's rifle and carbine cartridges were used up, for about an hour, was by no means slow; the colonel, however, stopped the sport of firing, after that time.

Sunday, October 25th. Our colonel having determined to leave the direct road to Matamoras, and go by Corpus Christi, to take General Taylor's route, we turned to the east, directly down the river, and marched along its meandering course, over pretty fertile plains and wooded hills; here and there coming to the river, which, at last wound its way in a serpentine course, eastwardly, into the heart of a vast body of marshes, that spread out before us, and looking from the hills, like a silver thread, in their distant bosom of green, so fresh and so extensive; beyond these a narrow line of blue, dark and even, showed the salt waters of the bay;—the breeze from this, over the marshes, came cooling and invigorating.

At two P. M. after marching twenty-five miles, we came out on a high bluff, overlooking a splendid prospect of sea and land;—the wide bay, with its blue waters curled by the strong sea breeze in breaker caps of foam, stretched out to the right and front, and came round, with a long sweep, to the left; enclosing, on that side, a pretty little peninsula of flat, white shell beach; between the left and front, on this peninsula, directly below us, was the former encampment of the army of occupation, under General Taylor;—there they remained many months, awaiting the action of Mexico for peace or war. On the edge of the bluff before us, as it commenced its fall down to the beach below, was part of the town of Corpus Christi,—or in English "Christ's body."

The column moved on, and we came to the commencement of the descent, and could see all the plain below.—There was the principal part of the town, which before had been concealed from our view. It was now below us, on the same white shell beach as that, which, on the left, at the distance of a mile, formed the peninsula, of the camp. The

waves broke in ceaseless roar and foam upon it, rushing up to the road below. One small schooner rode at anchor in front of the town. The halt here commanded, for a few moments, was rendered pleasant, by this fine view and by the coolness of the sea breeze.

The town itself was small. Overlooking the whole, we could count every house; there were not more than thirty or forty there; one or two quite pretty places. One, the residence of Colonel Kinney, who afterward accompanied us through Mexico, was a very neat and tastefully fitted up house, though small.—The wagon train coming up, we descended the long slope, to the left of the town, down to the shell beach; turning to the left, we went on the peninsula.—The beach was hard, and on its smooth surface, where the waves were beating, the tread of the horses made no impression.

We arrived at Taylor's old camp;—found it enclosed by walls of this shell earth, thrown up to keep off the continued force of the sea breeze. The space included within the outside parallel walls was separated into many long and narrow divisions; one for each company;—these were directly into our hand, as the saying is; but we found that each had been intended for a company of infantry, and were not large enough for us; and we were uncomfortable, for want of space within; beside, the wind coming in fitful gusts over the walls, which were thickly set with brush, on the top, blew the smoke from our fires so densely in our faces, that we preferred much to be out in the strong wind.

After encamping, Colonel Thomas had all the corn and oats purchased, that could be procured in town; but that was only fifty sacks; which gave each horse five pints. He then sent the little schooner over to St. Joseph's Island, thirty-five miles, to obtain forage at the government's stores there. She returned, late in the night, with fifty more sacks, all she could bring, and went again. The men of the regiment who had been so fond of bathing, now had a fine opportunity to plunge and dive in the pure waters of old ocean himself; and hundreds were in the water, up and down the beach, at

once; almost every one had his horse in, too; and that evening, the horses were cleaner than they had been for months.

To most of the men, the salt water was new, and when they went in, they took soap with them, and applied it to their bodies, heads, whiskers, &c., liberally; and, of course, these were presently covered with pure grease; (for in putting soap into salt water, the alkali, or potash, of the soap, leaves its combination with the grease and unites with the salt acids of the water, and the grease remains upon every article touched with the soap). The heads of some of these men were soon stuck in a mass, with the grease; while others had their fine whiskers, upon which they prided themselves, stuck together.—Several were along the shore, with articles of clothing, at the same time, endeavoring to wash them with it; but all soon found that salt water and soap did not work well together.

Many of the men went up into the town, and soon procuring plenty of whisky, some got deeply under its influence; and returning, made much noise in camp at night.

This little town of Corpus Christi had several stores in it, with assortments of goods; at which, at first sight, one was surprised, and knew not where, in such a place, a market could be found for them;—but this had been for several years, and was now, the principal mart of commerce for those Mexican traders, who had for some time driven an extensive and profitable business by smuggling goods into their country; these goods being rendered so high, by the Mexican tariff of duties, that the profits of these traders were often from five hundred to a thousand per cent.—For these were the supplies of dry goods, chinaware, hardware and almost everything that can be purchased elsewhere. But, it is said, that this trade will, hereafter, be diverted from here to Point Isabel;—the harbor, there, is so much better, and it is also nearer to the Rio Grande.

No vessel, drawing more than three and a half feet of water, can come over the mud flats of Corpus Christi bay. The country back of Corpus Christi, so beautiful and fertile, along the Nueces, must, hereafter, be thickly settled; though

timber will be somewhat scarce; but those extensive prairies, of eighty miles width, from the Nueces, back to San Antonio, never can, or will be settled; for there is a great scarcity of water;—in one place over which we came, four or five days since, there was a tract of thirty miles, without a drop;—more than that, there is a total want of timber; nothing of that description growing, save thickets here and there, of musquit bushes;—this section is the northern limit, of that growth, and is too far south for the common timber trees of the north.

The citizens, here, had hopes that the town would yet be of some note; but not much reason for such an expectation could yet be seen. We found, in this place, a part of a company of Texan Rangers; the remainder of which were at San Patricio. They were under the command of Captain Wright. They scoured this section of country, guarding it against the hostile attacks of Mexican robbers, on one hand, and bands of the roving Comanches on the other. They were well mounted,—in the employ of the government, and were armed with rifles, pistols, and bowie knives;—were efficient and valuable troops, on this vast frontier. Their performances in another sphere, at Monterey, have already been noticed.

Monday, October 26th. This day, at noon, we resumed our march, after receiving two and a half quarts of corn each, of that brought by the boat, last night, for our horses. As she could not bring it in half the quantity, or even the one-fourth part needed, the colonel ordered the regiment away into the prairie, on the route, where the horses could, at any rate, get some grass. We marched twelve miles due south, (for Matamoras lies in that direction from Corpus Christi), and encamped at some water holes, of tolerable water.—We passed through thickets of musquit brush-wood;—this is a tree of thick and irregular branches, somewhat resembling the wild plum tree of our own country;—the wood is hard, and, in color, resembles cedar;—the twigs are all very strong, and each one covered with keen and long thorns;—so many are there of these, that, if detached from the twig, and each

weighed, the twig itself would be found the lighter;—thousands upon thousands of them are firm on every bush;—the leaf is like that of the locust, in shape, but very small. We found a great quantity of this musquit; from this place through the remainder of the route, in Mexico, wherever any timber could be seen, musquit was to be found;—thereafter, it was, for the most part, our only fuel.

As the word "chapparal" will now be often used, the reader will understand that it signifies a close growth of this musquit; which, from its innumerable small branches interlocking, all covered with these thorns, joined with the great firmness and rigidity of the twig, makes a passage through it very difficult; and sometimes, especially when large bodies of prickly pear are growing beneath, absolutely impracticable. In such a case, a person cannot see into it twenty feet.

Tuesday, October 27th. We remained at the encampment all this day, waiting for the wagon train; which had stopped at Corpus Christi, for the arrival of another load of corn, by the little schooner mentioned. It rained this day, for the first time in eight weeks, upon us. We had been very fortunate in having so little rain, while, for so long a distance, we have marched through the low, flat section adjoining the coast; which we can see is extremely muddy, at times.—We feared that the rains were now about to set in, and that we should see sights with mud, with horses fed only on grass.—The prairie, from this day's rain, became very muddy.

The men went hunting;—were gone but a little while, before they brought in deer in numbers, more than we had any use for. Probably a hundred or more were in camp that evening. The hunters reported the prairie, a mile or two to the right and left, as alive with herds of deer;—some of them asserted that a thousand must have been in view at one sight.

—One of our mess-mates went out;—quite a spruce, handsome young man; very attentive to his personal appearance at all times;—he returned, having met a customer in the shape of a pole-cat; which, after a battle, routed him. He returned to camp, bearing with him a strong odor, not quite

so agreeable as the fragrance of the "spicy breezes" that "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;" but, in fact, so very repugnant to the senses, that, as he entered the tent, we got out as fast as possible; while the odor, disseminating itself rapidly, brought from all the tents near by, the general exclamation of pole-cat! pole-cat! whew! faugh! and other such expressions of gratification, very much to the young man's annoyance;—he soon disrobed himself of his dress, and,, by every means, endeavored to free himself from the fragrance, that drew such universal attention.—Buffalo ranged here, sometimes, though we had not seen any.—A large skull of one found on the ground served us here for a seat in the tent.

Wednesday, October 28th. This morning, we were all on the march at an early hour, the first battalion in advance;—the advance guard about a mile and a half or two miles ahead, on the prairie. We were marching on in lively spirits, when suddenly back, at full speed, came an express from the advance, saying that a large body of horsemen were in front, drawn up in line of battle. As soon as this message was delivered to the officers, quite a scene took place.—The regiment was immediately formed in column, by sections of eight;—the wagon train halted;—it was amusing now to hear the questions and exclamations.—Carbines were examined and loaded;—the flints of rifles picked;—but some had none, and were inquiring eagerly of all around them for a spare flint—others for cartridges. The great object of inquiry, in the carbine battalion, was for percussion caps. "Confound those deer," one said, "I have used up all my caps; will you give me some caps, Sam?" "Haven't got but few." "Jim, give me a cap." "I can't do it." "Who has got spare caps?" "I have got some; but I shot all my cartridges away at those d—d geese." "I'll swap with you." "Well, good." "Who can give a cartridge," says another.—"Cartridges! cartridges! who has got spare cartridges!" said many in a breath; while many more were for caps! caps! flints! These were immediately handed around from the ammunition wagon, and every man quickly supplied;—and in less time than it would

take for the writing, every gun and pistol was loaded, carbines unslung, and the order was given,—"Attention—battalion! Forward—move!" and on we went.

The colonel rode along the ranks;—"Keep cool, boys!—There is a body of Mexican cavalry there!—Take good aim and be sure and fire low!—Don't throw away your shots;"—(at this, bang! went a gun close by us;—whiz-z-z went the ball.—We looked, and preacher Smith, of our company, had let his go in advance, carelessly. This brought a loud and severe reprimand from the lieutenant-colonel);—in the meantime, in solid body, we were approaching nearer the advance guard, which had remained halted.

Presently, a heavy cloud of dust announced the rapid approach of the enemy.—They came up near, and with a quick and well executed movement, wheeled into line, and halted;—the dust blew off, and they were plainly to be seen, on the right;—when, lo! they were a large herd of wild horses, or mustangs, which, with their numbers and regular movements in the distance, had induced the advance to consider them enemies;—having been prepared for this by the representations of the Rangers, back at Corpus Christi, whose captain had informed Colonel Thomas, that the approach of the two regiments, our own and the Kentucky, through the wilderness, was known to the Mexicans, as well as the Americans; and that he need not be surprised if Canales, one of the Mexican generals, and a robber, should cross the Rio Grande and attack the regiment, hoping to find it unprepared.—All this, we afterward found, was perfect idle talk; but then we had no information by which to judge of its correctness. Hence, the alarm quickly taken, on the appearance of these wild horses.—These stopped but a moment, and were off out of sight. Amid jokes and laughter, we resumed our double files, took the caps from the carbines, and moved on.

To the transaction, the name of "the battle of the mustangs" was immediately given, and continues in the mind of every member of the regiment by that name. We arrived soon after, at a creek running through a deep ravine. (This

is named on Mitchell's map as Olmos creek; but the Mexicans called it by a different name—which, however, slipped the author before recorded.)—Here we encamped for the night. There was but little grass here, and that was dead; and our horses made out poorly.

This evening, a Mexican rode into camp, bearing a letter to Colonel Thomas, from Matamoras; and he stated, also, that there were Comanches on the prairie ahead.—The country had now lost that rolling appearance, mentioned as being met with when we crossed the Nueces; it became more level, during this day's march.

Thursday, October 29th. This morning we were soundly asleep, when the loud notes of the bugles rang clear;—every soldier, as usual, in the morning, started, rubbed his eyes and yawned, waiting to hear the orderly sergeant's voice, which commonly followed the last note of the bugle; after an interval of about one minute, we heard it; "Eagle Guards! turn out to roll call;" and the soldiers, half awake, came out of the tents and took their places in line. The orderly had his eyes but half open, but with the routine so perfect, he could go through it asleep. He called out, "Fall in on the left! Look to the right and dress!" When the line was formed and dressed, (or straightened) and the officers were in their places before it, the orderly opened his book and commenced the roll; calling the name of the captain, then the three lieutenants, then the sergeants, then corporals, then farrier and blacksmith, then privates, alphabetically. Those who were present, answered; if one had not got in line, he was crossed, and the next day put on wagon guard for it. After the roll was called, the sergeant read the list of those whose turn it was to serve on regimental guard, coming alphabetically, and then the names of those whose turn in the same way it was to serve on wagon guard. He then commanded, "Regimental guard, report under Sergeant ——— at the guard tents," at seven o'clock, or sunrise, or whatever hour might have been designated. "Wagon guard, be at your posts at the wagon at 'saddle call.'" The orderly having got through, gave up the command to the senior company officer present,

who, if he had anything to say, said it; and then came the command, "Company—Right face! Dismissed!" The line broke in every direction,—and all scattered; one out of each mess, whose day it was to cook, went to getting breakfast for his mess, the others to feeding and rubbing their horses, &c., &c. The regimental guard repaired to the guard tent. The ceremony of guard mounting was gone through with and then all were dismissed to breakfast. This done, the bugles then sounded, "saddle up," and the new regimental guard from each company, again assembled at the same place, were formed in line and divided into the advance and rear guards. The wagon guards of each company repaired to the company wagons;—some of each mess of every company were employed in striking and rolling up the tents, while others were packing the cooking utensils in the mess bags; all then were carried and laid down by the wagon, and the guard loaded them in. Every man, then turned to his horse, saddled him, and buckling on his sword, and slinging his carbine on his shoulder, mounted and fell in to the forming line of his company, which when full moved off and took its place in the battalion; both battalions were in a few moments formed, and the wagons loaded. At the sound of the bugle again, the advance guard led out on the road, followed by the battalions, and those by the train, the rear guard bringing up the whole.

This was the way every morning, from month to month, when on the march; every one learned, and every one knew it precisely, for there was no alteration save in the time of guard mounting.—This day the author was on the regimental guard, and on the division that fell into the rear. We did not leave the encampment, until all were off the ground, and nothing was left there, save the smoking beds of coals, and the remnants of provision, left around, for which the wolves were waiting, and which would be seized by them, in less than fifteen minutes after we had left.

The rear guard had been strengthened this day, by order of the colonel, to forty men.—We slowly proceeded after the wagons. The day was pleasant, but the scenery was dull; the vast prairie had recently been run over by fire, and the

young grass had not well sprung up. As there were thousands of deer about us, the hunters from the line, as usual, chased and killed many. In one instance, a couple of them bounded directly through the line.

I rode in company with Carr to-day;—he was mentioned before as an old Indian hunter. He seemed to be in his element in these wild, uninhabited scenes; and, as I manifested much curiosity with regard to the habits of observations of the Indians, enabling them to track persons or animals, he offered to show me something about tracking; and obtaining leave from the officer in command, to leave the line to hunt, we pursued our way together, striking off into a parallel course with the guard, about a mile distant, but on the level prairie in full view.

Many deer were around us; but we did not wish to kill any, being yet too far from camp;—there were many signs of wild horses. After an hour, we came to a trail running to the south-east, across our route;—stopping over it, we could see that many horses had traveled it that morning; farther along, we came to another running the same course. I was passing over it; but he, looking down, said "Indians!" and shewed me, as we dismounted, the faint outline of a foot, seen only, by the horses' tracks, on the hard earth, being a little dimmed, and still so little that it was some time before I could perceive it. He traced it out with his knife; but still, I was doubtful;—he then rode along the trail, and called me again; but I could see nothing distinctly enough to judge from:—he rode along further, and there was a little pond hole of water; and in the margin, in the mud, were the fresh tracks of moccasined feet, in abundance,—enough of them where they had dismounted; and the water was still muddy where their horses had been in.—In the mud around this pond, too, he showed me the tracks of deer, of buffalo, of large rabbits, of wild horses, of wolves, and to wind up the whole, the round tracks of a panther.

I had got off my horse to examine them, but he called my attention, saying that he did not much like the appearance of a large clump of musquit bushes further to our left, for

he would not be surprised if those d—d Indians were about there; and, as the regiment were nearly out of sight in the distance, that we had better join them. I mounted, and we rode on towards it. We stopped, however, in a little distance, to shoot the largest rattlesnake we had ever seen, and then pushed ahead. We crossed two more trails, parallel with each other, and but a short distance apart. These, Carr said, were of buffalo, which always made them in that way; and that it was often difficult to distinguish them from those of Indians, when, from rain, or any other cause, the slight track could not be seen.

We saw one of the men coming in pretty rapidly from the left, farther out than we had been;—he was one of the hunters from the second battalion;—he rode up to us, and said, that he believed there were Indians out there.—Carr laughed, and asked him why he thought so. He said that he was riding out farther than the rest, and had got entirely out of view of the regiment, wanting to see some wild horses; and over the prairie he saw two horsemen, far off, that he thought were some of our boys; but they went very fast, and did not appear to be chasing deer or game, for they rode up to a bunch of musquit bushes, and came out again, and there were three of them then;—and he saw another beyond them, and the idea struck him they were Indians, watching the movements of the regiment, and he put out at full speed, and seeing us as he came in, he rode up. They acted strange, he thought, if they were any of our boys; but they were off so far he could not see plainly. Carr asked him if he was afraid of them. "No," he said, "but if they were Indians, there was no telling how many there were of them." We told him of the tracks we had seen, and he was confirmed in his opinion.

Although there were plenty of tracks of wild horses, we saw none of these; they having probably taken the alarm at the sight of the body of the regiment, and put out. The rear guard was now in full view, and our companion left us to join his battalion. We continued along parallel with the guard, for some time, and shortly after joined it again. The

day was very hot, and the road was dusty;—we felt the want of water. At noon, we came to a creek of clear water, and rode to it, to obtain some; but we were disappointed, for it was salt; so much so, that even our horses would not drink it. We rode on, some ten miles further, and we saw the regiment on a small hill before us, drawn up in columns. We found, that being about to encamp there, that word had been received from the advance, that they were in view of a Mexican encampment, whose number was unknown.—All were ordered to their saddles again, and the column in a trot moved ahead. We wished to go too, but could not, having to protect and bring up the rear of the train.—We proceeded on slowly, and about two more miles brought us in view of the regiment again, appearing very peaceable, and raising the lines of tents. We pushed ahead and entered the encampment.

On the right of this were a drove of sixty or eighty mules, and horses, all packed with hides, blankets, and other articles; these were guarded by about twenty-five armed Mexicans. Every one of these had a frightened, anxious look. The captain of the band was before the field officers, for examination.—One of our men, who could speak Spanish fluently, was the interpreter.—The Mexican stated, that his party was from the Rio Grande; that he was going to Corpus Christi to trade; that his men were armed to defend themselves and their goods from the Comanches, whose war parties he had learned were on the route.—That all this was true, was apparent from circumstances; and he was immediately released, and left the officers, touching his hat and saying, *adios! señores*, (farewell, gentlemen). He directed his men to go on to the next water, the last that we had passed, (where the regiment had been about to encamp). Our men, however, would not let them go so easily; they wanted to trade, and the Mexicans were very willing.—One bought a horse, that had been caught from the prairie, a few days before; another purchased a Mexican blanket, with its variegated colors; others bought lariats; and others were much taken with the enormous spurs used by the traders, the row-

els being two inches or more in diameter, and they gave their own in place, which were freely taken.

The regiment, in coming on, had obtained a much better encampment for grass and water, than the one at which they were about to stop.

After the Mexicans had gone, the men of the advance were telling, round their suppers, of their day's march, and according to their account, they had a lively time all day. When they had marched out from camp this morning about five miles, being two miles ahead of the regiment, they came suddenly upon between two and three thousand wild horses; (the number being said by all to be more than three times those in the regiment.) These upon their appearance, wheeled, and moved round in solid bodies, and finally, and with great celerity formed a line; one flank of which was near the road in front, and the other was extended so far on the horizon to the right, that it could not be distinctly seen.

They remained in this position for some moments, holding their heads high to examine the guard; they then, by wheeling in large bodies, broke and left for the vast open range to the north-west, going off with a cloud of dust in their rear, which hid them from the view. As they wheeled, the extreme right was brought near to the guard, who were unable to control themselves, but dashed out of the ranks, and charged upon them; broke the regular order of one of the bodies, confused, and scattered it. They shot two of them, and caught a third, as he endeavored to break through the line;—they tried to lead him, but he was unmanageable, and they released him. These horses were of all colors and sizes, from the patriarchal old steed, that led the van, down to the smallest colt.

In an hour or two more, the guard came upon a pack of large wolves, and immediately gave chase to them; these scattered; soon after, all the guard returned, save the chief bugler of the reg't; he was seen in the distance, rapidly in chase, until he disappeared from view. He returned in a couple of hours, having, in his excitement and eagerness to catch the wolf he was after, lost his cloak from the

seat of his saddle, and his hat from his head; and bareheaded in the hot sun, he came back at a more steady pace; and when he again got up, he was venting many exclamations against all wolves in general, and the one he had chased in particular. After this excitement of the chases had died away, the guard came in view of the Mexicans before mentioned, and not knowing their numbers, or intentions, were very cautious in approaching them. The Mexicans were disposed to be friendly, and struck their breasts, and said, *Amigos! Amigos a los Americanos!* (Friends! Friends to Americans.) The lieutenant sent back an express to the colonel, but then ventured nearer, and finding them friendly, all the guard sat down to eat with them;—while the regiment behind, advancing rapidly up, believing the guard about to be cut to pieces,—found them at their supper.

—The Mexicans departed; the guard was assembled at the guard tent, the first relief was posted, and the rest of us, as well as the body of the regiment, lay down to sleep.—I was placed on the second relief, and stood from eleven o'clock till two. My station was along the edge of a high bluff looking down on the creek below; on the next post to me was Carr, and we violated the strict discipline, so far, as to get together at the junction of our stations, and have a long talk. He told me the conclusion of the tale, he was relating with regard to himself; (which the reader will remember on page 65).—The Indian there mentioned, fired, but hit the tree; several more came to his assistance, and Carr was taken prisoner, and kept tied several weeks; but after a while was allowed some liberty, when he made his escape from them, and traveled one hundred and ninety miles in six nights, concealing himself in the day time, and got into the settlements on the Upper Mississippi;—he never returned to his Indian friends, but set out for the Mexican war.

After finishing our conversation, he walked his round, and I mine. The night was still and quiet; nothing could be heard, save the neighing of the wild horses out on the prairie, which seemed to have come up pretty near us, and occasionally the concert of a pack of wolves. About one

o'clock, we heard a gun in the distance, from the Mexican traders' camp, then another, and shortly after, two more.— Probably they had seen the Comanches round them; they would not fire without. It was a singular fact that here, in a space of a few miles, in a perfect wilderness, without a habitation to the north, nearer than seventy-five miles; to the south, of over a hundred; to the east, towards the coast, none; to the north-west, none for several hundred; there should be three distinct bodies of men, of three different races, of three different languages, manners, and customs; and each of the three, in a state of warfare with both of the others,—Americans, Mexicans, and Comanches.

These bands, and in some instances, large forces of the warlike, savage tribe of Comanches, had infested and overrun this whole section, between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, for all the season; had, while our troops were at Camargo, crossed the Rio Grande, between that and Matamoras, in large numbers, and made extensive depredations in the vicinity of Mier; in one case, appearing near the town directly after our troops had left it. They had not molested these, but in one instance; when a skirmish took place between two companies of Texas rangers, under captains Gillaspie and McCullough, and a large party of the Indians, in which several of them were killed.

A treaty had been made, in the month of June previous, by General Butler of South Carolina, and Colonel Lewis of Tennessee, commissioners for that purpose, with this tribe, and all the tribes on this frontier, in general council, assembled on the upper waters of the Colorado, in Texas. But this treaty the Comanches had not well kept.

Three days after we had passed along here, a party of traders endeavored to go back to Corpus Christi, on our trail: they were attacked by this same body of them, then hanging round us, and only saved by a precipitous retreat, and the speed of their horses.

Friday, October 30th. Wishing to be on the advance guard this day, the author in place of another, reported again, and succeeded. He had managed to keep a few oats until this

time, and they were of much benefit to his horse, for it was hard upon the horses now; long marches from water to water;—having been always accustomed to grain, they could not do without it, and keep up their strength and vigor; besides the grass was much of it dead, and of but little help to them. There is a short, fine, silky grass, through this prairie wilderness in places, called musquit;—this, even when dead, from the great amount of seed it bears, is fine for horses; but there was none of this at some of the places of encampment, and many of the horses of the regiment were already showing the effect of their want of proper food.

The advance, this day, consisted of twenty-four men, a sergeant, corporal and bugler, commanded by a lieutenant; and we were accompanied by Major Waterhouse. We were on the march at an early hour.—A fog rested over the surface of the prairie; but it soon passed away, and the day's march was pleasant; but fresh water was scarce, though salt was abundant. Thousands of deer, as before;—many herds of wild spotted goats, that we had not seen previously, and many wild horses, that, drawing themselves up, surveyed us for a few moments, and then went away with the fleetness of the wind.—One, a gray, being visible in the distance, Christian, one of the men, obtained permission to give him a chase;—this he did in good style:—he got round him unperceived, so that when the horse saw him, in running directly from him, he came towards us. Our boys seeing him a long ways off, coming, spurred their horses out, and forming a wide semi-circle, surrounded, confused and turned him about, and crowded upon him.—He fought well, biting with teeth, and giving kicks with his hind, and blows with his fore feet;—he could do but little, though, against such a set of dare devils; who, after a desperate struggle on his part, in spite of his snorts and blows, his rapid kicking and biting, jumped at him like so many blood-hounds, and soon got a slip-noose over his neck, and a turn around his head;—and then, tying him to two strong horses, they whipped him and forced him into line.—He never, for a moment, discontinued his efforts to regain his liberty.—He was a very good looking,

middle sized stud, but had one of his eyes injured, probably by fighting.

While engaged in the frolic with him, the boys saw several human skeletons lying on the green sward around;—fragments of clothing were near. One of the men dismounted, picked up a skull, with a joke, tossed it up to another, and picked up a second; and, each with one, came on the lines of the guard again. One of the skulls had been cut through above the left ear, with a narrow and thick tomahawk, that had raised the bone, making the incision broad;—the other was shot directly through the head. Who these were, and when they were killed, afforded much conversation to some of the men, who reasoned and argued upon their different views of the matter, with as much sobriety and earnestness as though they had data from which to form an opinion. These finally concluded that the larger one was the head of Morgan, the anti-mason.—The horse was forced along several miles, and then turned loose, and he bounded away to enjoy his freedom again.

We passed, occasionally, pretty, clear lakes, but at each one failed in getting drinking water;—all were salt.—After marching about twenty-five miles, the advance halted, upon a narrow ridge of higher land, lying between two extensive lakes, also salt;—but on the ridge was a pond hole, overgrown with rushes and moss. In this was fresh water; which, on being strained, was drinkable, but unpleasant to the taste.—We were rejoiced, however, to find it.

The regiment shortly came up; the train and rear guard followed; the camp was laid off, and soon horses unsaddled and "lariatted" out to grass, tents up, fires burning, &c.

At sunset, we saw several horsemen coming in, far over the prairie, on our trail;—we examined them closely, but were agreeably surprised, on their nearer approach, to find them a number of our men, who had been left behind from place to place, sick;—some as far back as Little Rock, on the Arkansas. Accompanying them, was the assistant surgeon, Dr. Stout, who had attended to them all along, having had a laborious time. We were rejoiced to meet the doctor and

his patients recovered.—(There were now but one or two yet behind, and these afterwards joined us at different places.)

One man of our company, McPherson, and one of Captain Gillaspie's, had been missing for two days, since they had left the lines to hunt on the prairie. Much concern was felt about them; which, this evening, was relieved by their coming up together.—McPherson gave a singular account of his being lost. He had chased off a herd of wild goats, endeavoring to kill one, when he suddenly came upon a herd of wild horses grazing.—These galloped around, formed their line in a moment, and, as usual, held up their heads to examine him. He, wishing to get nearer, spurred his horse directly for the centre of the line;—when near the horses there, they turned and ran, the two flanks following; but as the centre ran ahead, in the cloud of dust, the flanks closed in behind and around him; and he being forced to keep up, was not able to get out for some time;—and when he did succeed in clearing himself from them, his horse was reeking with sweat and covered with dust, and he himself was entirely ignorant of the course he had come; for the sun was not out, the sky being cloudy; the prairie appearing in all directions the same vast level scene, save the dust from the herd of horses in the distance.—He went back on the trail, got confused, and wandered around. Shortly after, seeing a distant horseman, he rode towards him, and found him to be one of Gillaspie's men; who, hunting, was also lost. These two slept during the night in the grass, without fire; for, having seen numerous tracks of Indians, they were fearful of building one, which, in these prairies, would show for many miles around. They wandered all the next day, paying no attention to the horses, deer, &c., surrounding them, only anxious to find the road. They slept, that night, as before; and in the morning about ten o'clock, to their great joy, struck the road about twenty-five miles back, or a little beyond our last night's encampment;—they then rode on and came up,—hungry and exhausted.

One man by the name of Smith died this day, while on the

march, in the hospital wagon. He had been sick for several days. During the night another one died, Rogers, of Captain Haynes' company.—They were both buried this morning;—(No material could be procured for coffins; so their graves were dug deep, and they were laid out in them, wrapped in their blankets, and barrel staves were placed closely above them.)

Saturday, October 31*st*. This day's march of about twenty-eight miles, was through a continued succession of salt lakes and marshes of immense extent, with here and there a rise of land between. These marshes, we observed, on the east, at a distance of ten or twelve miles, were bounded, in one part, by a range of lofty hills; these, however, did not continue far; they appeared to rise out of the marsh itself.—On the lakes, and overflowed extent of marsh, were innumerable flocks of pelicans, swans, geese, cranes and ducks;—on the ranges of higher land, were many herds of wild horses, deer and goats. The grass on these ridges was taller than we had ever seen, rising—in many places thick—higher than we could reach, while on our horses.

These marshes were difficult for us to cross;—still more difficult for the wagon train. We were obliged to make long circuits to find crossing places over them, and yet longer ones to get round the lakes. The water on the marshes was from one to two feet deep for miles in succession, covered with long rushes; in the centre a deeper lagoon wound its way. In some of these lagoons was a considerable current running to the east;—water extremely salt, and, in most places, from four to five feet deep. Through these marshes we wound our way. It was splash—splash—splash—splash, before and in the rear. We, as well as our horses, suffered much inconvenience from the want of fresh water.—That, last night, was so unpleasant, that neither men nor horses drank much.—This day not a drop could be found until late, when we halted on a little hill, in a hollow of which, elevated the level of the marshes, was found a pond hole with water, small, and overgrown with rushes and this was enough to give us and our horses a drink,

but not sufficient for the night.—Scouts were sent out, in all directions, to find more; and, after two hours' delay, they reported there was wood and good grass at a point of timber about six miles off, just discernible on the horizon, and a pond hole of "salty" water about two miles from it, and that this was the best chance for us to encamp for the night.

We immediately commenced the march for the timber, where we arrived about an hour by sun, and encamped. The grass was tall, though of an inferior quality;—plenty of oak wood, (the last we saw).—The water brought from the hole, two miles off, was unfit for use; it made us more thirsty, to drink it. Many of the men dug holes in the lower parts of the prairie around the camp, but the water that rose in them was worse than that of the pond—more salt. —The general conversation that evening was about water: one was relating the account of a spring of cool clear water in his father's yard; another was speaking of an old well at his home, that never gave out; while another had much to say about a spring branch that run through his yard in Tennessee; while others spoke of the "Big Spring" at Memphis, &c., &c. Some of the men made coffee of the salt water, but that was worse;—they could not swallow a drop of it. —In the wagon train, it was now found, there were two barrels of liquor.—Nobody knew who the owner was; but it was for sale, and many bought, and mixed it in the water. This made it more palatable; in fact, so much more, that many of the men drank so freely of it, that they were much elevated under its influence.

Sunday, November 1st. The horses all looked badly this morning. For the want of forage they were getting weak, and moved in a dull, sleepy way. Some gave out yesterday on the march, and died; three or four died last night; and this morning, immediately after roll call, one came staggering through the tents of our company, and fell over on one of them, kicked and died. A man was sleeping in the tent, having laid down after the roll call; and the dying horse, in his fall, knocked it down and rolled over on it; and how it

happened that he did not fall on the sleeping man, we could not see.—As the dying animal came over on the tent, the man got from under the canvass on the other side, with remarkable quickness, and with a look of perfect wildness, at being so aroused; which was not diminished as he saw the horse that had occasioned it.

We were on the march this morning very early. The route of the day was like that of the day before, though we passed through not so much marsh, but went by more lakes. One of these was very large and clear, and we hoped to find it of fresh water;—for the thirst of ourselves, as well as of our horses, now was getting great. We rode to it;—the shore was of sand, but the water, evaporating, had left a crust of dirty salt, from two to three inches in thickness, all around. This was also the case in the water: every step the horses took, broke up the incrusted salt on the bottom. The water itself was a solution of it;—held as much as it was possible that it could do;—consequently was, literally, "as salt as brine." (This article, salt, we had often needed before this, and did often need it afterwards; but, in this section of country, there was "too much of a good thing.") We soon turned away from this lake; which, though large and clear, was not visited by any water fowl, being entirely too salt for their taste. Neither is it probable that there was a fish, muscle, crab, or any living thing in it;—we saw no trace of such.

We went on six miles further, and came to two lakes, that had many flocks of ducks and geese upon their surface, which gave us reason to hope that they were fresh. We tried the first,—salt; too much so swallow well;—rode to the other, about a mile: this could be drank by those as thirsty as ourselves. Our horses drank it freely.—The encampment was immediately pitched near the first one, where plenty of

squit wood was on a little rise, and pretty good
id the way our tired and hungry horses ate this
n."

prairie now became more rolling, but, as yet, little
ak timber having become smaller and more scrub-

by for a long way back, had now entirely disappeared, and musquit taken its place.

Monday, November 2d. We commenced the march of the day early. The officers calculated that the river called the Sal Colorado (*pron. Sal Colorou*) was about four or five miles ahead, when we started; but we marched some twenty-six or twenty-eight miles, and saw nothing of it. After traveling some four or five miles, we came to a lake of good water;—this was truly refreshing. The succeeding lakes were alternately salt and fresh, yet all looking alike, and in the same kind of soil:—there were many of them. About noon we struck the chapparal, and after that saw no more of the extensive views of prairie and marsh.—This chapparal was close and thick of musquit; but under it was a closer growth of prickly pear, growing up some eight and ten feet high, (*see prickly pear, plate, page* 356;) every separate plant twelve or fourteen feet across;—each large leaf covered with thousands of needles, that penetrated us and our horses, and remaining always in the wound, being by no means easy to draw out.—A new kind of grass began to be plenty. This bore burs, each one with five points, strong and sharp.

The regiment was halted at two P. M., while scouts were sent out to examine the country. We remained about two hours, in the intervals between the large tracts of this impenetrable chapparal.—The appearance of the country had changed entirely.—For many weeks, and even upon this morning, had we been in wide, open grounds; and although for several days in the salt marshes, yet these were open, and we had plenty of room; but this afternoon we were crowded up in narrow intervals, with thorns on every side; the close musquit being loaded with them, and the vast quantity of prickly pear covered with the same;—if we found a place of grass large enough to lay down, we bounced up again quicker than we threw ourselves down: for the grass was full of these burs, that were keener than needles.—One good thing, though, we found: fresh water in abundance, in the lakes spoken of.

After being ordered to resume our march, we passed on

about six miles, and came out of the "d-v-l-sh chapparal," as the men already called it, into a pretty prairie of a thousand or two acres, covered with a close growth of the short, fine, silky musquit grass, mentioned before, not more than four inches long, and dead at that,—completely brown. One who had never seen this sort of grass, would have thought this place a poor chance for horses; but it was, even dead, much better than the long, green, coarse grass mentioned: for this dead musquit was heavy with seed. If we could have got plenty of this, our horses would have done pretty well, but it was only occasionally that we got it.—Several more horses died to-day from weakness.

We had seen but very little game all day,—not a single wild horse, and very few deer; but to-night, to our great gratification, we saw several cattle, wild to be sure, but we knew that these were herded. We put out after them, and killed four or five; for our stock of provisions was running out, and for four days back had we been on half rations. The minor articles, such as coffee, sugar, rice, candles, &c., had given out entirely. There were, this night, two days' rations of meat and bread in the train.

In the evening quite a row took place. Many of the regiment had been talking over the legality and expediency of hauling in the train two barrels of whisky, to the exclusion of two barrels of pork. This had been, however, silently spoken of; but this evening, after dark, a large crowd took their canteens and proceeded to the wagon, and took possession of the barrels;—knocked in the heads, and supplied every one that wanted with whisky, until it was all gone.

Tuesday, November 3d. The regiment was on the march at an early hour. The face of country, this day, was alternately of prairie and chapparal,—prairie mostly, until near the Sal Colorado, which we struck at one, P. M. (This was the stream where General Taylor was met by the Mexican adjutant general, who forbade his progress.—This stream was seventy yards wide, and of salt water. We commenced the crossing immediately;—rafts were constructed by each company, and towed over by swimmers, for the river was

too high to allow of fording, as had been done by the army of General Taylor.—On these rafts were placed the baggage and arms;—the horses were swum across; the wagons were pulled over from the other bank by a long rope, kept on purpose for such occasions;—the water being about eight feet deep, took them about half way up the cover bows, and everything in them, or nearly so, was wet, save the ammunition, which was kept dry.—This crossing was a busy scene, and not ended until midnight.

Wednesday, November 4th. All the train being across the Sal Colorado, we left at an early hour. The march, this day, was by an old trail or path, wide enough for our wagons, through the dense chapparal, now more thick than before. Our course was slow, for our horses were quite weak;—many gave out this day, and were left by the roadside to die; a dozen from the train alone were left yesterday and to-day. Occasionally, through the day, we passed over small prairies;—in these were growing great quantities of wild red pepper, which was very strong.—We observed the retreats of an animal new to us:—a rat, in everything but ears, which resembled those of a rabbit;—like the squirrel, in its habits of climbing, &c. Their large retreats were built in great numbers under the bunches of prickly pear.—We also saw, rearing its head in the dense thicket, many trunks of the sword palmetto, or Spanish bayonet, from fifteen to twenty-five feet high; (*see sword palmetto, page* 356);—this, like the prickly pear and the musquit tree, was to be in our constant view for many months hereafter.

We encamped near a lake of good water, at three, P. M.—The grass was poor, but our half famished horses ate it greedily.—This night, the remainder of the provisions were issued, and the wagons, save those for ammunition, were empty;—but we hoped to be able to get within reach of the Rio Grande on the next day.—We had left the range of all the wild animals, having seen none during this day, and our accustomed venison at night was failing.—Several horses died during the night, unable to endure the fatigue and want of forage.

Thursday, November 5th. We were on the march at an early hour. After going about ten miles we came to a beaten road, the only one we had seen for many days.—Our horses seemed to travel better at once.—We took this road, leading down towards the coast, and nine miles further brought us to the water ponds near the battle field of "Palo Alto."—Here all were rejoiced to see many wagons, that had been sent out from Matamoras to meet us; notice of our coming having been sent by the colonel, from the Sal Colorado. Most welcome supplies of corn, oats, meat, bread, flour, sugar, coffee, rice, beans, pickles, candles, soap, &c. The tents were pitched, and immediately all these were served out.—(But the author was not in this feast of good things; for he, with part of the wagon train, pretty well in the rear, instead of going to the left to Palo Alto, took, by mistake, a right hand path, and was led by it into the main road at the ravine of Resaca de la Palma, the second battle ground.—Passing over this, a distance of four miles, brought them suddenly in view of the Rio Grande, the city of Matamoras, and the long lines of tents of the troops there;—also of Fort Brown, and the American flag flying high above it. The transition was most sudden from the thick chapparal to the view of the city. Those that had come in by themselves crossed the river, leaving their horses with the wagons, amply furnished with forage;—went up to the busy city, and, amid the crowded streets, soon found many of the men who had came round sick;—most were now well; Captain Porter, of company G, however, being worse.)

Saturday, November 7th. On Friday the 6th, the regiment remained at Palo Alto to rest the horses, having plenty of supplies; and this morning they marched in, arriving on the bank of the Rio Grande at two o'clock in the afternoon. They passed down by Fort Brown, and encamped, in regular order, in the bend of the river below that fortification.

Thus ended the long march of near fourteen hundred miles, by the route we had come;—commencing on the 27th of July, and ending on this date.

The Kentucky cavalry had arrived at Camargo two or three

days previous to this time. They had also suffered severely, from the want of water and forage, in crossing the desert prairie.

Our hardships now were over, for a few weeks at least; and there being any quantity of forage here, we hoped to have our horses soon in good order again.

On the 9th we crossed the river to the city, and marched through, and encamped on the San Fernando road; but the water not being good, we shifted our camp, the following day, to a position on a lake called "*Agua dulce*," (pron. ar-wah doolsy,) or sweet water,—a pretty crescent-shaped lake, four miles north-west from the city (*see map of Matamoras*);—this encampment was called "Camp Ringgold."—Here we remained until December 21st, when again we were on the move.

CHAPTER V.

Sunday, November 29th. We had now been at Matamoras between three and four weeks, and had taken every opportunity for acquiring information respecting the city and its inhabitants. Our curiosity in this respect was quite active; for, after a long march across the desert wilderness, we had suddenly, as it were, come into the midst of a busy population, in a city crowded with its inhabitants and our soldiers; a city where those stirring events had happened, the result of which had been to draw us from our peaceful occupations at home, and to place us in the position of soldiers;—and, upon our arrival, the inhabitants of which we found so very different in appearance, dress, manners and customs of living, language, religion, and almost every other particular, from those of our own country, or any that the most of us had ever seen before; therefore, the time that had elapsed since our arrival, had been, as much as possible, devoted to obtaining information with regard to them, their city, and their country.

Matamoras contains between nine and ten thousand inhabitants; is situated on the southern bank of the Rio Grande or Rio Del Norte, on a rise of land partly surrounded by three lakes, (*see plan*). It is twenty-five miles from the mouth of the river by land, but about seventy-five by the course of the river. The city is laid out on a regular plan; the streets crossing each other at right angles. There are four public squares; (though, on the plan, but two of them are laid down; the other two being of inconsiderable importance). The buildings, around the principal square or Plaza,

are of two stories; of brick, well and handsomely built, with a fair proportion of windows to each; with long balconies above the lower story.—Occupying the larger part of the eastern side of this Plaza, is the large unfinished cathedral—the walls of which are erected, as well as the towers; but the roof never has been placed over them—probably on account of want of means. Part of the enclosed space has been so fitted, however, as to answer temporarily for public worship; and the adjoining residences of the priests are finished.—The capilla, on the western square, answered, for the present, the purpose of saying *mass*.

On the western side of the Plaza are the public buildings, now occupied by Colonel Clark, the governor of the place;—some for storehouses for the supplies of the quartermaster's, and other departments;—one house being used as the guard-room for the stationed guard of the city, and another as the common prison.—The other two sides are occupied as stores below, and dwellings above.

Each side of the Plaza is a solid block of buildings. On the streets leading in each direction from this, for some distance throughout the heart of the city, the buildings continue mostly of two stories, of brick; the sidewalks of the same. This part includes all the public buildings of the city, and the principal houses of business, market-house, &c. This last, though some distance north-west of the main Plaza, is surrounded by business houses as extensive, or more so, than those around that;—on coming nearer to the exterior, the buildings are of one story, still brick, but no longer flat roofs of that material, but thatched with straw; there being no timber here of which shingles can be made. When nearer still to the outskirts of the town, the brick buildings give way to cottages;—or, rather, huts;—made of cane, lashed, by strips of raw hide, to musquit poles; with roof of straw, supported by the same: not a nail about them;—strips of hide for all, even to support the braces and crooked poles upon which rests the roof. Here, too, the sidewalks all disappear.—These cane huts occupy the larger portion of the area of the city.

—There are many fine gardens, surrounded by brick walls,

in the heart of the city;—these are cultivated with taste and care,—have many flowers and shrubs, that grow not in the colder climate of our own country;—have many trees of orange, lemon, and lime, though china trees seem to be a favorite shade here.—(These gardens, however, did not compare in beauty with those afterward seen in the more southern cities of Mexico.)—But on the suburbs, the gardens are like the houses, rough; and enclosed by fences of the same light cane, fastened in the same way. None of the streets of Matamoras are paved, there being no rock in the vicinity. A rampart and ditch runs three-fourths of the distance around the place (*see plan*), commencing at fort Paredes, on the bank of the river, and continuing along the western side, to the edge of the Laguna, running round a part of this and the southern side of the town, comes up on the eastern to the lake;—the remainder of the circuit is protected by that lake and another, together with the Rio Grande. A small part of the city lies on the eastern side of these lakes; but it is mostly of cane huts.

(This city, as we afterwards learned, is not a fair sample of the Mexican style of building, being so far from the older part of Mexico, and in itself a new town; scarcely having an existence previous to the year 1820.)—There were no old buildings here; nothing reminded one of former years; like many of the towns of the western parts of the United States, every thing looked unfinished.—We noticed some few houses built in the American style.—The author was informed by an American who came to the place in 1823, and who since has resided here, that the town owed its prosperity to the contraband trade that had been here carried on.* Under the old Spanish government, Tampico, three hundred miles

* This gentleman was a person of education and intelligence, a native of New London, in Connecticut;—had made in this place a handsome fortune, and settled himself here. He was one of those who, with Mr. Schattzell, the United States' consul here, previous to the commencement of hostilities, were, on the 12th of April, by General Arista, ordered to leave the city and go to Tampico; which they did, leaving their families behind them. On their arrival at Tampico, on the 23d of May, they heard of the capture of the city by General Taylor, and immediately took passage on a vessel and returned.

to the south, was the most northern port of entry. The people of the northern provinces, of Nueva Leon, Tamaulipas, (*pron. Tau-mau-lee-pas*), and Cohahuila, (*pron. Ko-ah wee-lah*), had money enough; but, on account of the distance, it was with great difficulty that articles of convenience or luxury could be procured by them, and even then at great prices, on account of the high duties imposed.

Seeing this, many Americans became engaged in bringing goods to this river, and selling to the people of the country; —this trade was for a long time very profitable. They established depots at this place, and were afterward joined by many French, Italians, and a few Englishmen;—the contraband trade so commenced was carried on with impunity, on account of the many facilities offered.

The town of Matamoras soon sprung up, and traffic was opened with all the northern provinces; and for many years it has been the principal point of export and import for these. After it had risen to such a degree of importance as to attract the attention of the general government, it was made a port of entry, and a custom house established, to prevent the illicit introduction of foreign goods;—but the custom house officers receiving, from the merchants engaged in this, more profit than they could otherwise realize, winked at the smuggling carried on before their eyes; and the interior was still furnished with goods at a cheaper rate than they could be purchased for in Tampico.—Where the trade was, there of course collected the population. At the commencement of this war, Matamoras rivaled, in trade and population, many cities of Mexico which had been founded for hundreds of years.

It will be seen, by reference to the map of Matamoras, that the Rio Grande is remarkably crooked near the city;—it is much more so below, between the city and coast. The land around the city being level, the tall chimneys of an approaching steamboat may be seen for two or three hours before she arrives; and as she follows the winding course of the river, the chimney tops seem going far to the south and then returning to the north, only, apparently, to take another course to the south; and thus she appears to go for a long time,

back and forth upon the same line, until she turns the last bend, and comes to view at the lower ferry.—One short and one longer bend brings her to the landing on the north of the city, near fort Paredes.

This river, although so crooked, runs with a current of four miles an hour;—it waters are turbid and thick with mud, and resemble, in color, those of the Mississippi. The river has the same appearance, of under current rising from the bottom and boiling up, as it were, and spreading out on the surface. The water is good, and, when settled, equal in clearness and purity to that of any stream;—although, in this section, it runs through a country impregnated with salt, yet it possesses none of that quality; being used by the inhabitants of the city for all washing and cooking purposes;—the wells here furnish but brackish water. The river banks are of clay, bluff, and apt to wash away and fall in.—The lakes marked on the plate, in very high water, communicate with the river. La Laguna is several miles in circumference, and has an outlet to the river twelve miles above the city.

The land around Matamoras, on both sides of the river, is perfectly level, covered in many places by large tracts of impenetrable chapparal; the soil, wherever cultivated, is fertile,—though of that shortly.—The inhabitants of this city are all of dark complexion, that is, the Mexican portion; but, as said before, they are mixed up with French, Italians, some English and old settled Americans, and some Dutch.

Of the Mexican population, this American gentleman spoken of, said, that there was but one family resident in the city, of the Spanish or Castilian race; that all the rest were of the mingled breeds between that race and the Indians;—this class are the most numerous throughout the whole of Mexico, but here the population is altogether of it. They are of various shades, but all dark.—He stated that the nearest families of pure blood were at San Fernando, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, ninety miles in the interior; but in proceeding to the southward, in that direction, into the more thickly and older settled parts of Mex-

PLAN OF MATAMORAS, AND VICINITY, FROM SURVEY BY CAPTAIN M. A. HAYNES, OF THE TENNESSEE REGIMENT OF CAVALRY, NOVEMBER 30, 1847.

ico, they became more numerous; (which we found to be the fact, in our subsequent marches).

The dress of the men in this city varied much. Some of the more influential and wealthy, with such an example as now they had before them, of well dressed officers and American citizens, copied it as set; and dressed in neatly made and fitting coats, pantaloons and vests, cravats, shoes and boots, with American hats, &c. But those dressed "*A la Mexicana*," wore short waisted pantaloons, (called *calzones*,) without suspenders; open on the outside seam of each leg nearly to the waistband, with a row of large gilt or silvered bell buttons down this outside seam, to close it as far as the taste of the wearer required.—These pantaloons were of cotton, or more generally of dressed buck-skin, with a profusion of ornamental needle work in bows, flowers, &c., &c., conspicuous on the sides and front; beneath this pair, another of white or blue was worn, showing all along on the outside of the leg, where the outer ones were open;—this inner pair were called *calzoncillas*. A cotton or linen shirt, always clean and nice, with a wide brimmed sugar loafed hat of palm, (called a *sombrero*), with a cord-like ornamental band around it, (called *toquilla*), with two silver screws with large flat heads to them, showing on the outsides, passing through the body of the hat;—these are used to fasten, by each end, a strong ribbon, which passes under the chin, to keep the hat on when riding in the wind;—slippers made of thin, half tanned leather, of goat skin, useless when wet, or sometimes sandals,—no socks, gloves, or cravat;—in shirt, hat, pantaloons, and slippers, they considered themselves dressed. (*See plate, page* 378.)

—If more was necessary, on account of cold, an *horongo*, or ornamental blanket, worked in figures, diamonds, circles, squares, &c., in red, white, blue, and green colors, was added. —This had a slit in the centre, through which the Mexican put his head when on horseback, and the whole blanket hung around him in its gaudy colors. At other times, laying it on his neck, he threw the right hand side across his breast and over his left shoulder.—In this array, imagine the

Mexican on foot before you,—with sombrero, blanket, double pantaloons, and slippers, and commonly an enormous pair of spurs on his heels, and a little paper cigar in his mouth. —Instead of the *borongo*, however, the better class wore a finer article of the blanket kind, called a "*serape*."

The women wore white chemises, with only shoulder straps; the bosom and back were cut much lower than in our country would be thought correct; bare arms, a short petticoat, and slippers without stockings; almost every one wore a pair of gold ear-rings, and their hair was neatly braided.— To this dress, they added a "*reboso*," or shawl, often ornamented, which came down upon the person, leaving the face exposed. The part that hung on the right side was thrown over the left shoulder: and with such tact did they wear it, that that corner never slipped off.—Their dress was not only neat, but pretty.

As an ornament, or for religious devotion, almost every woman wore a little gold crucifix, with a string of beads or plain cord. Most of them had the little cigar between their lips; and, when in the streets, had an "open and shut" fan. These women of Matamoras cannot be said to be pretty. They are all dark in complexion; but they have fine forms, black, glossy hair, large black eyes, and beautiful teeth; and, (however, many exceptions) are neat and trim.

This is the appearance of the Mexican male and female on foot; but nearly all the men were continually on horseback, and presented quite a different appearance to the eye, than horsemen of our country.—A Mexican is not "at home" until he is on horseback. The horses are smaller than those of our country, but active and hardy. —The bridle is commonly covered, on the sides and front band, with small diamond pieces of silver; the bit is powerful,—for a curb is an iron ring going round the horse's lower jaw; the lower part of the bit projects below the horse's lip—has a cross-bar here, covered with small jingling pieces of steel.—There are no martingales. The saddle has a smaller seat than those we use; instead of skirts, it has to the stirrup leathers a wide piece going back to protect the

leg from the sweat of the horse; has wooden stirrups, with a large piece of leather covering them, and coming down in two long points a foot below. The housing of the saddle is made of horse hair, manufactured after the fashion of a wig; —the girth is of a dozen cords of horse hair, made fast at each end to a large iron ring with a long tongue, by strapping up which the saddle is fastened. A long lasso, of raw hide, or hair rope, with a running noose on the end, hangs on the horn of the saddle, to which the other end is fastened; —to this horn also hangs a water gourd, called *guah-he*, (which has been described on page 127). The saddle is ornamented with many pieces of silver; and in some instances bits of looking-glass are set in, &c., &c. Now, reader, imagine one of these inhabitants, dressed as described, with his sombrero, gaudy blanket, and open outside pantaloons, with spurs, the rowels two inches in diameter, with jingling tags to them, mounted in this style, and you have the Mexican on horseback;—the Mexican in Matamoras, and the Mexican in all other parts; for in this respect there was no difference in them, save when mounted as lancers: then they wore green uniforms, faced with red and trimmed with yellow. They do not ride like us: the stirrups being more back, throw their bodies more forward, and their knees are not bent; in fact, they stand in their stirrups. (*See plate, page* 368.)

This population of men, mounted and on foot, women, boys and girls, dressed after the same fashion, filled the streets of Matamoras, together with laborers, United States' soldiers and officers, both regulars and volunteers; many of the wagons of the army were employed in transporting stores, &c., and so much work was required for the army, that everything was busy, and the city, with its mixed population, presented an active scene.

In walking through the crowded streets of the city at this time, the stranger was surprised at the number of Americans; who, following the course of the army, settled down, keeping shops and stores of various sorts, eating houses, and taverns; and not a few kept gambling rooms, where rolette

tables, chuck-a-luck, faro and "*monte*" banks, (this last a Mexican game), were constantly going.

The city, in its internal police, was under the government of its four alcaldes, or magistrates, and its *Ayuntamiento*, or common council.—These alcaldes have their courts open every day for the punishment of criminals; all of whom, after conviction, were passed over to the city jail, on the Plaza, which was continually guarded by Mexican soldiers;—though the whole was, in fact, under the control of Colonel Clark, of the third Ohio regiment, the military commander of the city.

(The garrison, at this time, consisted of that regiment, encamped on the north of the city, and the third Indiana regiment, Colonel Lane, on the east (*see plate*). Fort Paredes, on the bank of the river, at the north-west corner of the city, was occupied by part of the Ohio regiment, while part of the Indiana, in conjunction with a force of regulars, occupied Fort Brown.)

Guards were stationed here and there, at the corners and public places, throughout the city, and the first object that struck the eye, on entering the Plaza, were two cannon in front of the guard house, and a line of soldiers on duty; all under the shade of the china trees.

On the top of the flag staff, over these soldiers, floated in the strong breeze, the flag of the United States, always glanced up to by the Americans with feelings of pride and satisfaction, and frowned upon and scowled at by the Mexicans;—answering to this flag, above the captured city, is the one on the flag staff of Fort Brown, on the opposite side of the river.

This fort, strong in the days of its bombardment, last May, is more so now.—Its defences are finished, and more cannon mounted;—supplies of every kind were abundant in it.—The city of Matamoras could not be held by a hostile force, while this fort is garrisoned; (for position of Fort Brown, see plate, showing, also, the batteries that were erected against it by the Mexicans).—In this fort, in addition to its own heavy armament, are several of the lighter cannon taken

from the Mexicans at the battle of Resaca de la Palma.—these pieces are of brass, all of old Spanish manufacture, having their dates upon them, as well as the places of casting;—on one was "Barcelona, 1774;" another "1769;" another "Cadiz, 1767," &c., &c. Each one has its name cut upon it near the mouth,—"El Tigre, El Furor," &c. &c.; and some were carved with the arms and cross of Spain.

To serve these guns, in case of any attempt of the enemy to regain possession of the city, or attack the fort, are large quantities of copper shot, round, grape, and canister, provided by their former masters, and captured in large quantities in the city of Matamoras, where more ammunition and shot were taken than the United States had sent for the use of the army of occupation. (At Monterey, more than three times the amount here, was taken.)—Several mortars captured from the city, of different sizes, were now placed in the fort, and a great number of brass, or composition bombs, that had been prepared for them, were piled up.

Much has been said and written about these copper balls and shells,—of their being used by the Mexicans because they are more deadly, &c., &c. This is not the reason that they are used; it is simply because, where they are manufactured, in the silver mining districts, there are many mines of this metal, and it is cheaper than iron;—and, besides the mines, much copper is worked out with the silver, and this is of but little value, while iron is difficult to be procured, and is of high price; copper being worth one *rial* and a *quartilla* (or fifteen cents) per pound, and iron two *rials* and a *medio* (or thirty-one and one-fourth cents.) This refuse metal, then, is worked up into balls, and cast into shells. Throughout the whole of Mexico, wherever these are brought from the interior, they are found to be of copper entirely; but when procured on the coast, of iron. (The immense amount of balls and shells thrown by the Mexicans afterwards, from the forts of Vera Cruz, and from the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, were all of iron; while the vast number brought to Cerro Gordo, from the interior, were all of copper.)

Neither is there so much difference in the effects of wounds

produced by copper balls and those of iron and lead, as the letter writers, endeavoring to make capital out of every circumstance, have induced the public to believe. If a copper ball is oxydized or rusted with green, that oxyde, of course, is poisonous; that is, if any is left on the wound made by it; but on a common cannon ball, after the process of loading and firing, but little, if any, is left;—if the ball strikes a person any where about the body or head, death is the result of nineteen cases out of twenty, from its very weight and force. A limb struck by it, of course is taken off, and the shattered extremity is amputated;—the quantity of oxyde there, if any at all, never, in its effect, could be perceived.

Again, if poisonous balls were the object of the Mexicans, they would take pains to expose these copper balls to the weather, or throw acid upon them, to rust them; but so far is this from the case, that when they were first captured, they were always in good order and bright.—As for this nonsensical charge of poisoned balls, if these writers (if belonging to the army) had examined their own musket, rifle, or carbine cartridges, from the United States, they would have found all of the balls, upon taking off the paper covering from them, covered with a thick coat of white oxyde of lead; —and oxyde of lead is as poisonous as that of copper;—so that the charge of using poisoned balls, on those grounds, can be made equally well against the United States as against Mexico; and in both cases, the charge would be equally groundless. It is no more the object of one than it is of the other;—both make their balls of the cheapest material.

—The heavy guns of the fort bear directly upon the city;— two of these guns were hit in the bombardment, but not injured.—At the foot of the flag staff, within the fort, is the grave of Major Brown, who was killed at that time;—in one of the angles of the fort were about twenty Mexican prisoners, who, when we visited it, were seated around, smoking and chatting, appearing well satisfied with their condition. These were captured with an ammunition wagon in the rear

of Arista's army, when in retreat towards the interior from Matamoras, by Colonel Garland, with a detachment of dragoons; who, by General Taylor, had been sent in pursuit, and who went sixty-six miles.—These prisoners had here much space allowed them, and had built slight houses of cane for shelter;—they were all clothed in their common dress, already described, and were cleanly in appearance.

From this fort, the battle ground of Resaca de la Palma is distant about four miles, and that of Palo Alto about twelve miles, both a north-east course. It being now nearly six months since these battles had been fought, nothing was to be seen on the ground, save the graves, many of which had been disturbed by the wolves, and the scattered skeletons of very many who found not a burial; these lay as they fell: here in rows, from the sweeping effects of artillery; there singly, from musketry or bayonet;—here was a skeleton with the back of the head torn off, lying as it fell, on the face, with the dried, sun cracked boots still on the fleshless feet; there lay another, round the frame of which, still hanging together, was the belt and cartridge box;—a torn uniform was on another; while the cap, as it fell from the head of another, still lay by the side of the skull;—loose skulls, leg and arm bones, lay round in any quantity, as they had been dragged from their shallow resting places by the ravenous wolves;—many, that had been slightly buried, were partly out of the ground.—The whole extended area presented but a picture of past destruction and death.

—These four weeks, our regiment had been encamped on the ground enclosed by the "*Agua Dulce*" lake.—This contained an area of about a thousand acres, of which about two hundred were cleared; the remainder was covered with a heavy growth of cane and grass, which, together with the full amounts of grain received from the quartermaster's department in the city, improved the horses of the regiment finely. These horses had been so jaded and starved by the long march through the wilderness, that for the first two weeks they did not seem to improve any; but after that time of rest, they began rapidly to regain their flesh and activity.

and at this time were becoming in good condition, improving every day.

A finer situation for a cavalry camp, in an enemy's country, could not be procured; for the deep lake coming round like a crescent, both its points were near the river;—here, at these openings, the guards were stationed.—The horses, therefore, had plenty of room in which to range; plenty of grass and cane there;—they could not get out; neither could they be stolen;—and even on the north side, if they did go out, as, after a few days, hundreds were allowed to do, they were on a large peninsula of the river, and could not stray off.—The water of this lake was excellent for our use, and very convenient to our tents.

We had been under a strict discipline, and a continual system of parades and drills, mostly by companies and battalions, together with the regimental dress parade, each evening, had been kept up. The first battalion was drilled by Lieutenant-colonel Allison; the second by Major Waterhouse;—sometimes on foot for hours at the sword, and then again on carbine or rifle drill; marching, wheeling, and performing all kinds of evolutions, until they became easy and natural to all the men.—The camp was laid off in a parallelogram, on the inner bank of the lake, being about a quarter of a mile long, and two hundred feet deep; in front was a splendid open parade ground, free from bushes or trees, upon which to exercise in drill and parade.

There had been very little sickness in camp, compared to the number of men; and the most of those that were sick, were, at first, taken into town, to the hospital, where there was every convenience for them, and more attention than they could have in camp.—Some of the men were discharged for sickness, though of these there were but few.—Captain Porter, of company G, resigned on account of his long continued bad health;—he died on his return to New Orleans.—The vacancy was filled by the election of John L. T. Sneed, sergeant major of the regiment.

There being regular hours for drill, and plenty of time for amusement besides, the men of the regiment found enough

of that, in various ways; though the favorite method seemed to be to play ball on the parade ground.—Nearly all of the regiment were in the camp each day; a regulation having been made, that but four men of each company, should go into the city in a day; and these could only pass the guard at the point of the lake, by a written permit from the officer of the company, countersigned by the officer of the day.—This arrangement was ordered, on account of some who were in every day, absent from drill; and not only so, but they came to camp at night "high up" and noisy;—for, although but few of them had any money, yet, as it was known that the regiment would soon be paid, there were many in town who would trust them for liquor, clothing, or anything else they wanted, and lend them money also.

Many Mexicans, with bread, cakes, fruit, loaves of brown sugar, called *peloncillas*, and other things, to sell, were in and out of camp continually; it being an established rule, in the army regulations, not to obstruct the passage of any person into camp, with provisions to sell.—Several of the officers employed some of these young Mexicans as servants.—In company G, the first lieutenant got one; the second lieutenant already had one in his service, who had left the body of Mexican traders met in the prairie, to go with him; (his name was *Jose*, and all thought him an honest fellow);—the second assistant lieutenant also employed a dandy looking chap, named *Cesario*, and the mess in which was the author, had another, by name *Bartolo*, to cook for us.—So, in the company, we had four spruce looking Mexicans, all recommended to be honest and faithful;—and four greater rascals never went unhung.

They went on for some days first rate, until confidence was reposed in them, and opportunities given them to secure plunder; when one night three of them put out.—Having got regular permits to go through the guard and go into town on Saturday night, to attend mass, as they said;—they waited until nearly dark, and then cleared out, and never returned.—Jose, who had been entrusted, by Lieutenant Anderson, with the care of all his clothing, had helped himself

with a liberal hand, to many articles, taking them off with him.—Bartolo took, from our mess, a frock coat, a fine Mackinaw blanket, a splendid dueling pistol, and a handsome double barreled pistol, beside other little things.—We found, upon inquiry of the Americans residing here, that there was no confidence to be placed in any of this class, and, in fact, but very little in any class of the Mexicans; being all deceitful and treacherous.—Honor might, indeed, be found among some, but these were few and far between. Our mess tried no more of them as servants; taking, as before, each man, his regular days in succession, in cooking.

Now, having spoken of the city, and the camp, after we had become somewhat accustomed to the new situation in which we were placed, the author will resume the original form of the diary; giving in detail, for the remainder of the time the regiment was encamped at Matamoras, the description of the scenes that continued to meet his eye in camp and city, from day to day, as they occurred, and relating all information connected with the manners, customs, &c., of these people, in the same order that they came to his observation; being convinced that, in this way, they will be more interesting to the reader.

November 29th. Around the lake at which we were encamped, were three *Ranchos*, (*see plan of Matamoras*), which term is here used to denote a farm, whether for the purpose of raising stock or cultivating the ground.—Each of these three Ranchos was populous, having many houses, constructed of cane, and daubed with clay, for the habitation of the laborers in the employ of the owner of the same;—these laborers are known by the name of "*peones*," or "*rancheros*;" and as their appearance had excited attention, as they moved about at their labor, and as their situation, as a class of people, had become known, the author, with one of his comrades, obtaining leave of absence for the day, determined to spend it among them. The morning roll call and drill were over; when, saddling our horses, and taking our carbines, as security against the Mexican scouts and spies that we knew were in numbers around, we rode out

by the northern extremity of the lake, to the rancho on the west of it; which many of the boys had already frequently visited, for the purpose of getting clothing washed.

—The fields that we passed were in a state of cultivation; were enclosed by ditches and embankments, on the top of which was a slight fence, made of crooked posts of musquit, set at short intervals in the ground, worked in between with the small branches of the same tree; which, being covered with innumerable thorns, prevented the passage of men or animals;—these brush fences last many years, by reason of the durability of the musquit timber, even in the small twigs. (But it should be remembered that these fences are by no means universal in Mexico; for large tracts of land are, in many places, cultivated without any fence; the herds of horses and cattle being prevented from trespassing upon them by the herdsmen, or *vaqueros*, as they call them.)

In these fields, which were very large, and perfectly level, were growing corn, cotton, and sugar cane;—all looked well, but more especially the cotton attracted our attention, being large, thrifty, and bolled to the top. The staple of this was very long and fine, and in every respect equal to the "Sea Island" of our country, as said by those acquainted with the latter.—This cotton, although producing well, would yield double or treble the quantity that it does, if it were cultivated in the manner of that of the United States.—The same is true of the corn; which, though rather too far south to flourish luxuriantly, yet, even with the little labor bestowed here upon it, produces well;--sugar cane, throughout all this part of Mexico, grows finely, and is filled with the richest juice; excelling, far, the cane of Louisiana.—The fields that we passed were crowded with rank weeds among the cotton, corn, and cane.

A half hour's slow ride brought us to the first musquit fence, surrounding the rancho, or collection of houses; we passed through the bars, and were then in a large area, nearly square, of eight or ten acres, used for the herding of cattle;—from this, we passed through another set of bars,

into an enclosure of about the same size, with cane houses in rows, up and down the length of it. These houses were all thatched with straw, had dirt floors and no chimneys.—Around these was a group of rancheros, or country Mexicans; the men with their blankets drawn closely around their shoulders, and their arms folded beneath them, holding one part of them up over their chins and necks,—for the morning was cool;—they looked at us, from under their broad brimmed sombreros, with a surly, scowling appearance on their dark countenances, which certainly indicated no great love to us, and which love, by the same kind of looks, we instantly returned.—Not so the women, however; for they had been visited by our boys before, who, as before said, had got them to do washing for them; and when done, had paid them promptly;—and these women were very anxious to get more to do, to get more "*dos riales*" (twenty-five cents). These came out to us, several together, before we dismounted:—"*Buenos dias, señores,*" (good day, gentlemen), said all, with a smile, that made the men look more black at us.—Five of these kept near us, looking at our horses, and passing to and fro,—we thought exchanging significant looks between themselves;—and, as instances of robbery and murder were happening every day, around, our suspicions were instantly aroused.—We asked the women who these men were, and they shook their heads, as though they knew not, and made signs, unperceived by them, that they lived a long ways off, pointing to their horses tied outside the next fence, which we had not noticed.

This was enough;—putting, instantly, caps on our guns, we stepped out of the house, and my companion confronted the one who appeared the most surly and most forward, and addressed him:—"You G–d d-m-d yellow looking, surly son of a b-t-h! what are you doing here?—take yourselves off, or I'll send daylight through your d-m-d liver, and that quick." "*No entiende Ingles,*" (don't understand English), said the Mexican, shaking his fore finger before his face in their significant manner, accompanied with two or three wags of the head, keeping time with the syllables of *no-en-ti-*

en-de; but still a little confused at the bold front of my companion, as towards him, he immediately advanced;—"G-d-d-m you; *vamos aqui,*" (begone from here), shouted he. They took him at his word, and, with surly looks, cleared out, mounted their horses, and were off.—No sooner were they gone, than an old man who belonged to the rancho seemed relieved, and said to us, "*Muchas gracias señores, esos hombres son de Canales,*" (thank you gentlemen, those are Canales' men). "D-m it," said my companion, "we ought to have killed two or three of them; what a pity we did not know it before."

Canales is a robber captain and a general; the pest of this part of the country; a foe to Americans, and about as much so to the Mexicans, plundering them, where there is no other opportunity.—His men are scattered and concealed, and all efforts by our army to take him, or destroy his force, have, so far, been unavailing;—his scouts and spies, of which these five were part, are continually watching around every post and garrison of the American army, and at this time were numerous around us, at camp and in the city. Many of our troops found singly, were lassoed or shot, and several had, within a few days, escaped narrowly from their hands; the scamps seizing their opportunities, when two or three could pounce upon one.

We remained at this rancho for an hour or two, talking the little Spanish we had picked up, and learning more, from the *Señoritas*, or girls—(*Señor*, in Spanish, is Mr.; *Señora*, Mrs.; *Senorita*, Miss.)—We easily learned the names of objects, having well the phrase, "*Coma se llama este*"—"What do you call this?" The answers, when given, were always accompanied with the same question, to know the English name of the article mentioned.—It was amusing to hear their endeavors to pronounce our words; and their failures to do so were accompanied by bursts of laughter, and merriment from themselves, though, probably, our pronunciation of their words was equally amusing to them; yet they never laughed at us. They seemed in good humor and happy, though their state, as will be mentioned, was no better than

slavery.—We left this rancho, and proceeded to the next one, on the southern part of the lake; keeping, in the meantime, a good look-out to find some more of Canales' men,—but they were gone.—At this rancho we remained a short time, and then proceeded on round to the south-east corner of the lake, opposite to the one by which we had left. At this corner, on the road into the camp, was another rancho, the master of which owned the land enclosed by the lake, on which was the camp;—all the passage to and from which, was through his enclosures.—This man had much land in cotton and corn, and many "*peones*," or rancheros, in his service.—We had become pretty well acquainted with the old fellow, who was on good terms with us—the occupation of his land and pasturage being paid for. We found him very communicative in answer to our questions, and in showing us all his tools and instruments of husbandry. We remained with him for two or three hours, then rode to all the other ranchos in the neighborhood—spending the day in our observations, and returning to camp after sundown; finding them all about alike. (We afterward found the system of servitude, or "peonage," and the customs and manner of living of these peones, to be the same throughout all the parts of Mexico that we visited; and were informed that it was the same in every State of the republic. Their agriculture, too, was about alike throughout the whole country.)

A large plantation is called a *hacienda*.—These are often, as the reader will learn in the course of this work, of such size as to include in their limits extensive tracts of country, covering from five hundred to three or four thousand square miles; and the collections of laborers on these form large towns. A small farm is called a *rancho*, whether it is for agriculture, or the raising of stock, of horses, mules, and cattle, &c.—The owners of these ranchos sometimes own the land they occupy; at others, it is a leased portion of a vast hacienda.—Sometimes the owner of the hacienda leases no particular part, but grants the right to the proprietor of the rancho to graze a large number of horses,—or *caballada*, as a drove is called,—or herds of cattle, over the whole extent of the

hacienda at pleasure; receiving for this a compensation of, commonly, from thirty to forty dollars a year, for each hundred head so grazed. The laborers on these haciendas and ranchos are the peones, and, although nominally free, as said before, are in a worse condition than the negro slaves of our southern States.—The manner of the bondage is this:—An individual, on his arriving at age, must work for himself, and his only chance, without he has a trade, to which very few are brought up, is to obtain employment at a *hacienda* or *rancho;* he applies, and is received into employ. The wages are fixed by a general rule, and in these there is no difference: the amount is three *riales* (thirty-seven and a half cents) per day, and an *almud* (a quart less than a peck) of corn per week, if he is single; but, if married, two almudes. —He is only paid for the days he works.—He is furnished with a house or cabin, and a patch of ground to cultivate for himself, in which to raise a little corn, cabbage, "*chili*," or red pepper—a necessary article with the Mexican.—The law gives him the right to demand and receive one rial (twelve and a half cents) per day, in money, as part of his wages; the other two-thirds are to be taken in goods for himself or family;—this twelve and a half cents per day to be paid him, however, allowing that he owes his master nothing; but if he does, that is retained to pay the debt. During the rainy season, there is but little work, neither is there upon any of the numerous festivals of the church,—for all attend most strictly to their religious duties; and so a common average of labor is four days out of seven, or two hundred and eight days in the year;—allowing one to be free from sickness, he earns seventy-eight dollars for the support of himself and family.

His meat he buys of his master; his clothing for himself and family comes from the same. He pays for these things double what they cost the master (that is the usual percentage); but these are not all his expenses.—When his birthday comes around, or the birth-day of his wife, an offering worth some two or three dollars is, by custom, made to their patron saints;—this, in whatever shape it is, must also be procured from his master. If any little enterprise is pro-

jected, his saint is prayed to and promised gifts of wax candles, &c., for his protection and assistance; and these must be paid, at any rate, if he has to rob to procure the means. If a child is born, the christening, without which no one would be satisfied, costs him several dollars. A marriage in his family costs him twenty at least, and a burial fifteen. If none of these happen, his seventy-eight dollars will hardly feed and clothe himself and family for a year; or at the very outside, will not more than do it, at the high prices he must pay; and he is compelled to get these articles of his master alone. If one of them does occur, he falls more or less in debt to his master, who is always perfectly willing to allow him to go into this twenty-five or thirty dollars, which is soon done; and then he is no more or less than a slave for life; —for the law gives to the master the right to his services, on the same terms, until he shall pay the debt he owes; that is, until the one-third of his wages, the twelve and a half cents per day, will amount to that sum,—for the remaining two-thirds he is obliged to take in goods, as before, at the same high prices;—the whole of his wages will barely clothe and feed him, allowing him meat once a week; and how is he to get out? He never will; he never expects to, he does not endeavor to do it; for even suppose, by the most extraordinary care and frugality for a long time, he should get out of debt; what then? No course is left for him but the same way and the same end.

As a general rule, whenever a peon marries he goes into servitude; for the curate's or priest's fees, and cost of license, and publishing, is seventeen dollars. By the custom of marriage, too, no young man can obtain a wife without making her a bridal present of clothing, &c., or *don*, as it is called; which costs him at the least thirty dollars. This is to him an important item, and is, as well as the priest's fees, obtained from the master;—he must also pay at least ten dollars for a feast and *fandango* or dance on the occasion; and these expenses render him a slave, as said before. Instances are common of young mechanics, who, wishing to marry, and not being able to raise the means, have obtained them

by binding themselves for a year or more, to work for the person who furnished them.

While thus in debt, even of but one dollar, he is as much a slave as the negro of the south, and is in a far worse condition.—His master can throw him into prison, and keep him three days there, without assigning any reason whatever! —and, on the slightest reason assigned to the alcalde, can keep him in for an indefinite period. Neither is there but one way in which he can ever leave his master, and that is this: if he is displeased, he can go to another hacienda or rancho, and ask the owner thereof to buy him; that is, to pay the debt he owes the first, and to take him into his service; if he is willing to do so, the latter sends a note to the former, binding himself to pay the peon's debt; and then the peon is passed over to him, for he has bought him to all intents and purposes, as fairly as though he had been, like the southern slave, put up on the block, and struck off to the highest bidder;—the same wages are allowed him as before. But even this is rare, for it is not to the interest of the master to allow their peones to change, and therefore the applications for such change, by mutual agreement of the masters, are usually refused.

When the owner of an hacienda or rancho sells the same, he transfers the debts and services of the peones upon it to the purchaser, and to him, then, their labors belong, as to the first. As before said, the state of a peon, though nominally free, is worse than that of a slave in the United States; this is true for several reasons:

1st. They are in every respect equal in duration of servitude, both being for life.

2d. Many slaves can earn as much money for themselves severally, in the course of a year, as the wages of a peon amount to; some more, some less.

3d. Every slave has a far better habitation than a peon, and has a full supply of bread and meat, which last the peon cannot often get; and has besides as good an opportunity to raise vegetables for himself as the other.

4th. The slave is well clothed, together with his family,

with no expense to himself; and the money that he earns can go entirely to procure articles of gratification and comfort; while the peon has to provide these things himself, and all his scanty allowance is consumed in it.

5th. The slave can trade where he pleases, and buy at the cheapest rate, thus making his money purchase the more; while the peon is compelled to buy of his master at an exorbitant price.

6th. The slave, or any of his family, when sick, has the attendance of the same physician employed by his master; and every care is taken for his recovery: for if he should die, the master loses irrecoverably his value; while if the peon is sick, his wife or children, they get no medical attendance, for they cannot pay for it; neither is his recovery an object of much interest to his master, who, if he dies, only loses a small amount, very seldom over thirty dollars, and that in goods that cost him not over fifteen.—If his wife or children die, the master loses nothing.

7th. The slave, when old, is taken care of, fed and clothed by his master; who, by law, in the slave states, is forced to it; and the old slave suffers not, neither does the young one look forward with apprehension of suffering to the time when he shall get old; while the master of the peon is not under the slightest obligation to retain him in his service a single day;—by giving that peon his debt, he discharges him; neither can he be compelled even to contribute to his support. —So much for the free service of the peones or rancheros of Mexico.

One thing more: that is, the women get no wages, and in fact earn nothing, and are not called into the account of labor. The father may sell the services of his son or daughter until they are free; and such sale is legal and binding upon the minor, and is often transacted.—As said before, throughout Mexico, this system is the same.

CHAPTER VI.

NOVEMBER 30TH.—Pay day for our regiment had come at last. Two companies were paid off each day, receiving five month's pay, or $100 per man: taking near $100,000 for the regiment, or $10,000 to each company, including the monthly pay of officers;—money now became as plenty in the camp as before it had been scarce.—It being the turn of company G and H, this day to be paid, early in the morning we were ordered to saddle up and go into town. Every one was in line; though for several days back, many, when their names were called for drill or fatigue duty, had reported themselves as sick; too much so to turn out; but this morning, every man was enjoying excellent health.

The morning was pleasant, but the gulf breeze was very strong, and blew the dust, as we went into town, directly in our faces;—with such force were the little particles of earth and sand driven against our faces and eyes, that a continual stinging sensation was experienced;—no one could keep his eyes open a moment together. (And here, reader, allow us to state, that this city, Matamoras, has the strongest and the steadiest wind, and the most of it, of any place from Maine to Yucatan; and moreover, that common dust is regarded as nothing here, though it should be so thick that one could not see his companion ten feet through it, provided that the wind is gentle; but when the blustering ten knot breeze, as sailors would term it, rushes along in irregular gusts, and lifts the sand, dust, and chips, and drives them all round together, then every one turns his back to it, to save his face and eyes: all are obliged to keep out of

it as much as possible. Neither imagine, reader, that this is occasionally so; as, once in a long interval, a cold spring wind at our own homes, comes rushing and whistling down the roads, and through the yards, whirling dust and sand, little chips and leaves about, and throws them into the windows and doors of the cleanly swept apartments, to the annoyance of the tidy housekeepers,—for these gusts play their pranks, and are done; –but here, in this blessed city of Matamoras, it is so all the time. In any moment, from ten o'clock each day, until sunset, the wind stops not; the dust flies along the streets in clouds, obscuring everything, and that from one end of the day to the other; and every day in the dry season it is the same everlasting dust. The people have a wonderful facility in turning quickly round, to save their eyes.)—We were soon in town; and, to the blast of the bugles, trotted through the streets, to the plaza, making the crowds of Mexicans clear out of the way. Here, forming a line across the plaza, we paid our respects to the military commander, by saluting with our swords;—galloped round, in files and sections, and columns—turning, forming, scattering, re-forming, &c., &c., very much to his gratification, as he stood on a high balcony above, and as much to the annoyance of the guard of infantry, who stood with arms presented below, and to the crowds of Mexicans and Americans on the sidewalks, who, on account of the clouds of sand and dust kicked up by our horses, wished us at the d-v-l, as we heard some express themselves.—After this show was over, a rapid movement took us away from the plaza, and round the corners of several squares, to the paymaster's office; in front of which we wheeled into line and halted.—"*Attention! squadron!*" shouted the commander.—"*Prepare to dismount!*" Each man, disengaging his right foot from the stirrup, leaned to the left.—"*Dismount!*" Every one was on his feet, amid the rattle of swords and carbines, and advanced to his horse's head, and stood still.—"*Tell off in fives, commencing at the right—tell off!*" "*One, two, three, four, five; one, two, three, four, five;*" and so on the sound went through the line.—"*Number five, hold 'rses!*"—The bridles of the four were handed to him of that

number. "*Other numbers, forward—march!—Halt!*" "*Right—dress!*" "*Right—face!*" "*Forward—march!*" "*Left—turn!*" The head of the column entered, by the turn, the lofty brick archway of the building; and tramp! tramp! tramp! echoed the sound from the arches above, to the measured tread on the brick floor. The command of "*halt!*" sounded loud within: — the column was steady and still. "*Front!*"—In an instant each turned. "*Right—dress!—Every man be here when his name is called!—Dismissed!*"

Immediately, the names of four sergeants were called, and they proceeded up stairs, and soon came down with their pockets crammed full of silver. Corporals followed, and came back in the same way;—then three men went;—three more, &c., &c. Upon each one's name being called by the sergeant, he entered the room and advanced to the table, behind which sat the paymaster, attended by his clerks; before him was the "pay roll" of the company, or the list of names, and amounts due to each, made out in regular form, on large blanks furnished for each company. On the table was a large quantity of silver, gold, and treasury notes, piled up. —The name being called, the paymaster glanced at the pay roll, saw the amount, and handed out on the table. The soldier quickly transferred it to his pocket and retired; and the next name was called.

The scene below was amusing. As each descended, he inquired for all to whom he was indebted; and each one was paying and receiving, and squaring accounts, with an absolute pleasure. So long had they been without money, save the little they had borrowed in Matamoras, that now the possession of it was highly gratifying. Every debt was paid on the spot; no one tried to avoid them.

When all were paid, the horse holders were changed, and those who had served called in, and received their pay. After this, liberty of absence for an hour was given to all, to go through town and settle the debts that they had contracted during their stay. All went, and although most of them took hold of a little "John Barleycorn," as might be expected, on their payment, yet very few became intoxicated; some

did, however, as will be mentioned at the close of the day. —While out, one of our messmates came across "Bartolo," the Mexican servant spoken of before, and immediately apprehended and brought him to the pay office.—As there was no doubt of his guilt, we determined to hand him over to the alcalde; to have him punished, as well as to see the course of Mexican justice. As the alcalde's court did not open until three P. M., we obtained permission to remain in town for the remainder of the day.—The squadron, after having reassembled, remounted and moved toward the camp.—When the time of opening the court arrived, we proceeded thither, taking with us the culprit, Bartolo, who was most excessive ly alarmed at the idea of going before the Mexican magis trate, and an old French merchant accompanying us, who spoke English and Spanish, to interpret our charge.—We entered the room of the alcalde, and being courteously invited by him, seated ourselves on the settees ranged around —This room was about forty by twenty feet, with two large perpendicularly iron barred windows; and two doors,—one opening on the street, the other, opposite, into an interior court or garden, thickly set with orange trees and flower beds. At one end of this room was a large table, covered with red baize; behind which, in an arm-chair, sat the alcalde. He was a dark complexioned Mexican of about fifty years of age; neatly dressed in American style; and with an appearance of courteous dignity about him, which made a favorable impression upon us.—At his left hand sat his *escribiente*, or secretary; at his right stood the *alguacil*, (answering to our constable).—On the table before him were several volumes of Spanish law, and by them lay his staff of office; that is, a gold-headed cane, with a tassel hanging to it. This is called "*Baston de Justicia*," and without it an alcalde is never seen. —The *alguacil*, too, had a cane, but it was without the tassel He also had a "*machete*," or sword, as an insignia of his office.

Bartolo was placed before the table, and we were called upon for our accusation; which we made, of course, in English. This was interpreted to the alcalde by the old French-

man. After this, Bartolo was called upon for his defence, which he made in rapid Spanish. This was interpreted to us.—He denied the theft, and stated that he was going out to camp to resume his duty, when he was apprehended by us.—Our answer, that he was in a bye place, near the market, with some trinkets to sell, and that he had endeavored to avoid us; and, moreover, that he had kept away, after his robbery, for two weeks; was interpreted to the alcalde, in his hearing, and he had then no more to say.—The magistrate, when the accusation and defence were through, after a short pause, sentenced him to be confined in the prison for one week, and to labor on the public streets for a month; and he was immediately led off by the *alguacil*.

It appeared singular, in one view, to see a Mexican brought up for taking fire arms, &c., from the open invaders and enemies of his country,—who now held his native city by force, and who were still taking other towns, and killing in battle the citizens of the country,—to see him brought before a Mexican magistrate, upon the accusation of those enemies, and punished by that magistrate, acting under Mexican laws, for the same;—but "might is right." Undoubtedly, had Bartolo never been found by us,—if, in after time, he had related the account of his stealing these arms to this same alcalde, that magistrate would have praised him for it, and told him that it was right and patriotic to deprive the common enemy of all such things possible;—but as it was, he punished him.

Through the interpreter, the alcalde entered into conversation with us, until new business took his attention. We left him as he made a low bow, saying, "*adios, senores*," which we returned. Mounting our horses, we took the road for camp.

As said before, some of the men, after getting their money, drank too freely. When we were passing out of the city by fort Paredes, we learned that, a few moments before, one of our men had been drowned.—The strong wind had blown the hat off his head, and carried it over the bank of the river into the stream. He, being under the influence of

liquor, went down the bank, and plunged in to get it, having his heavy sword on, and his pockets full of silver. He swam a few strokes and sank;—his body had not then been found. Captain Caswell, to whose company he belonged, and part of the company, were making every endeavor to recover it, but were unsuccessful.

December 2d. The bugles called us up in the morning early, as usual, though there was some delay in forming the lines for morning roll call; for, the last night, we had received the visit of another "norther," and the air was cold and chilly; so much so, that some of the men preferred to have their names crossed as absentees, than to come out of their tents; by this they would be compelled to serve on wagon guard for a day, attending the wagons into town, and assisting to load them with forage and provisions, and upon their return, to unload them; but these men, in thus pretending to be so chilled with the cold, were "possuming," as the word is, in camp, for deception.—They grumbled in the hearing of the sergeants and lieutenants, about being placed on wagon guard; but it was what they secretly wished;—for the duty was light, and done in a few moments, and by it, they were enabled to get into the city and spend two or three hours agreeably there; and avoid, on the other hand, the long battalion drill after breakfast. Only four men, as said before, from each company, beside this guard, are allowed to go in one day.

There were but two passways out of the area enclosed by the lake, and at these were the picket guards;—the sergeants of which were very particular in examining each man's written permit; but the wagons, each with its guard, went in and out without being stopped.

After breakfast the bugles sounded the saddle call, as usual, and our horses were saddled, our arms buckled on, and we soon were in ranks. The lieutenant-colonel was never tired of drilling the battalion.—He wanted it, if possible, to excel, in precision of movement, the regular dragoons; and before we left this camp, the dragoons could not equal us as a body, in evolutions; though sometimes it would happen

that the men from some cause or other, would get careless; and finally, when in this way, some difficult manœuvre would tie them all up in a snarl; and it would be several moments before some of them could find their places again; having forgotten their number in platoon and in section.—This was the case to-day; the rear of the column got into confusion.—The lieutenant-colonel drew up his tall, commanding person upon his horse; (he was, in size, a small Goliah); and, with his sword above his head, he swore, by all that was holy, to the effect that, if the battalion did not drill better, he would continue to exercise it constantly, until the fires in the "lower regions" should burn down and be re-kindled! The men concluded, from what they had heard of those regions, that this, probably, would take a long time; and that the cheaper way would be to pay more attention to his immediate instructions; and this they did for the rest of the drill, and acquitted themselves admirably.

After the drill was over, one of my mess-mates and myself having the day to go to town, let our horses remain saddled.—Our permits from the captain, and the signature of the officer of the day, at the guard tents, were quickly obtained;—we then passed the guard, and being in no hurry, stopped at the first rancho. The old man, the owner of this, was fixing a plow; aud as all these, together with other farming tools, were alike in rudeness throughout Mexico, and already had much attracted our attention, they are worth a description, to show how far behind the present age of improvement these people are in agriculture.

The plows are similar to those represented of the ancients, having a long beam, one end of which is fastened to the yoke on the foreheads of the oxen, by thongs of raw hide; across the other end is placed a transverse piece, the upper part of which is made small and bent for a handle; the lower part is flattened and pointed, to dig into the ground.—That is the whole of the implement, a Mexican plow;—the furrow that it makes is but a scratch in the ground.—They use but few carts; these are extremely rude:—One long piece of round timber is the tongue and part of the frame;

two other pieces, the length of the body are parallel to it, and these are strongly pinned in their places, by cross pieces large and rude :—crooked musquit branches make the sides ; these are lashed firmly together by strips of raw hide ;—all this forms the body.—The axletree is large, and the wheels are more rude still ;—a piece of live oak, or other large timber, (which is difficult to procure), is hewed out, four feet long, two feet wide, and a foot and a half thick ; this piece, so shaped, is cut down on either end to the thickness of four inches ; leaving, however, a protuberance in the centre, on both sides, resembling, in shape, the common wagon hub ;—through this is the hole made for the axletree ;—two felloes, made very large, placed upon either side of this middle, wide piece, completes the circumference of the wheel ;—these felloes are confined to their places by two cross pieces, tenoned through the wide middle piece, and into the felloes themselves, and secured by wooden pins ;—linchpins of wood are put in, and the cumbrous concern is finished. But little use is made of these, for almost everything is transported on the backs of mules and jacks, as we will notice in the future pages of this work.—The oxen pull these carts, as the plows, by a yoke, or a straight piece of timber, lashed by strings of raw hide to their horns, and in front of these.—Their hoes are rough pieces of iron, one part turned back, shaped like a spike, and driven into the end of a stick for a handle ; every other implement is of the same style.

At this rancho we fell in company with a *Sacerdote*, priest, who had come out from town, and with whom we rode in company back. He was dressed in a long black robe, and wore a singular shaped three-cornered cap. He had learned a little English, during the time our forces had been in possession of the city ; and with our little Spanish, we managed to keep up a conversation. He was a man, apparently, of education, and of liberal principles ; or so he assumed, to us. Every *ranchero* that we met, saluted him with the utmost deference and respect. On arriving at the city, at his invitation we went with him to the cathedral, a large unfinished church on the plaza, mentioned before, where we be

came acquainted with two more of his companions. They took apparent pleasure in showing us the silver censers, and other paraphernalia of their worship, inlaid with gold. They said that these were manufactured in New York. While we were there, two soldiers of the regulars—Irishmen, and Catholics—came to confess to them. This ceremony was attended to apparently in the same manner as though the soldiers had been Mexicans. After this, one of the priests got up, and pointing upwards, said, "one God;" and at the same time throwing one arm around the Catholic soldier's neck, and the other on my companion's, he said, "*Catolico, Protestante, el mismo*"--(Catholic and Protestant are all alike). Whether he believed this or not, however, is uncertain.—These priests are not allowed to marry, by the tenets of their faith; but we were informed that many of them were surrounded by groups of boys and girls, bearing often a strong resemblance to them, who called them *tio* (uncle).—We rose, and left them with the usual parting salutation, "*adios, senores.*"

On coming out to the plaza, we saw two funeral processions entering it, by chance at the same moment, from the opposite sides; and they made with each other a strong contrast.—One was of a deceased Indiana soldier.—The coffin was in one of the government carts, slowly proceeding to the grave-yard; behind this, were a drummer and two fifers; they were playing the melancholy notes of the "Dead March," while with slow and measured step came the escort, of the company to which the deceased had belonged. Every passer-by stopped, as the procession in order moved on.

The other was of a Mexican soldier who had been wounded at Resaca de la Palma, and who had lingered until this time.—This procession was headed by three Mexicans, with clarionettes, who played quick and lively music; while the whole moved on helter-skelter, having no order, as fast as the bearers could hurry on the bier. These set it down when tired, and others took their place. Near the bier followed a Mexican, in a white shirt and pantaloons, with a red sash around his waist. He had a large bunch of rockets under his arm—called by them *cuetas*,—a brand of fire in one

hand, and a cigar in his mouth. Every moment or two he touched a rocket to the brand, and threw it from him;—these exploded loudly, and seemed to us an odd accompaniment to a funeral. Their rapid, irregular movements, soon brought them to the entrance of the church, where they halted a moment, and the rocket bearer discharged two or three more of the noisy articles in the same way, and then all entered.—We followed.—The bier was set down, and the priest went through a service in a rapid way, as fast as he could speak, ending it by shaking from a chalice a quantity of holy water on the coffin; which was then again taken up; and with the same irregularity, and explosion of crackers, hurried off to the grave-yard. Shortly afterward, the funeral of a child came in the same way, save that the coffin was covered with artificial flowers, and borne on the shoulders of one of the attendants.—As many crackers were fired, the same service was chattered through, and in the same manner, they hurried off to the place of interment.

We left the church and visited the prison, opposite, over the plaza. A Mexican soldier, with his musket, stood at the entrance, as sentinel. Stepping aside, he allowed us to pass through the dark entrance to a heavy door, where stood another. This one opened the door, and we passed into the prison yard.—The prisoners were not confined in separate rooms, neither were they engaged at any labor, but were turned into this yard, (with a few rooms opening into it,) like wolves in a den; and a precious looking set of scoundrels they were. Of all the malignant passions of the human heart ever showed in countenances, here were representations.—Most of these scamps were engaged in playing *monte* with an old pack of Mexican cards, on the brick floor.—In one room was a heavy pair of stocks, in which the culprits were confined, by their hands, feet, or heads—though none were thus confined at this time.—We soon saw enough of these, and rapping at the heavy door, the sentinel from within the passage opened it, and we passed out. As we did so, the chain-gang of those criminals, who had been at work on the streets, went in. Proceeding by the other

sentinel, we were in the open air again; which, if it was windy and dusty, was far preferable to the stiller atmosphere of that "den of thieves."

We passed to the stores, of which there were more, having larger assortments of English, French, and American goods, than we had been aware of. The prices of goods, at this time, were not more than ten or fifteen per cent. over those of New Orleans. Every article of comfort, and most of luxury, could here be found.—We purchased a few things of the Mexican clerks, and remounting, leisurely passed out towards camp, with the wind and clouds of dust at our backs.

(Taking the climate, health, and situation, Matamoras would be a pleasant place in which to reside, but for this ceaseless wind, and ever driving clouds of sand and dust by day; and at night one's slumbers being disturbed by the barking, howling, and fighting of numberless dogs, of all sizes and tones of yelling, without, and the attacks of myriads of fleas within.)

Upon returning to camp, this evening, we saw, as we entered the pass by the picket guard, a large crowd of men gathered in front of the camp, on the parade ground; and the bursts of laughter that arose from them, showed that they were highly amused. On coming near, we saw two Mexican horsemen, who were going at a rapid rate over the area.—Riding up, we recognized our old friend, the Mexican of the rancho, and one of his peones, in an exciting race. The young Mexican was on a wild horse, that had been bought by one of our men: while the old man was on a trained horse of his own, and his lasso was on the other's neck, restraining him;—but the peon not being able to manage the steed, the old man took his place, giving to him the lasso.

After mounting the horse, which was a difficult feat, the old chap plunged his spurs, with their long rowels, deep into his side. He sprung like a deer into the air, then reared on his hind feet;—the old man, not in the least disconcerted, laid the butt of his heavy whip on the animal's head, with

blows so rapid and vigorous, that he was soon down; but as his head came down, his heels went up, with quick repeated kicks, and endeavors to throw his rider off; but these were with no success; for the whip was turned to the rear with such vigor and effect, that these efforts were stopped; and at the same time, the long spurs were pressed repeatedly into his side, till the blood flowed in streams.—The furious horse struck his fore feet upon the ground, and foamed at the mouth; with rapid motions he bit at the old man's legs on either side of him, quick as thought; but the rider was wide awake; for, equally quick, came the loaded whip against his jaws on that side, accompanied with another plunge of the spur; and as quick on the other side, as, in an instant he snapped around in that direction;—this was repeated until the animal was frantic with rage. He bled freely at the mouth, from the checks of the severe bit, and the bloody foam was thrown all around;—the sweat ran in streams.—He stopped; his eyes flashed; the spurs were again drove in;—he leaped high, and burst away for a few yards, but was thrown on his haunches by the bit;—recovering, he made three long plunges, and throwing himself on the ground, rolled over so quickly, that it was a wonder that the old man escaped being caught; but he was on his feet, and kicking the horse in the face, by the time he was over. The animal, while down, bit again at him, as he endeavored to get the lasso in his mouth, and succeeded in biting a piece from his thumb.

It was now the old man's turn to be furious; he jumped at the horse and stamped his head, and ground his eyes with his heels; kicked and whipped him, regardless of the endeavors of the exasperated animal to bite, and to kick him also;—beating him so severely that he was soon on his feet again; and then he began to tremble in every limb; and shortly eyed his antagonist with an expression of great fear:—he was conquered. The young Mexican then mounted him, and in company with the old man on the other, rode rapidly over the whole ground; finally taking him away to the rancho, to give him the second lesson when he was rest-

ed.—Their price for breaking this horse was but two dollars. (The lasso here mentioned is an indispensable accompaniment to the mounted Mexican;—it is a long hair or hide rope, with a slip noose at one extremity;—the other made fast to the saddle;—is often from sixty to eighty feet in length; and the noose they can throw over the horn of an ox, or head of a man or horse, either when stationary, or when running or dodging, with never failing skill; and not only so, but we often saw them throw it upon the feet of horses, when they were in rapid motion. How this was done, we could not understand; but still, we saw it done again and again. To satisfy our curiosity, these rancheros would catch a running horse by a fore foot or a hind one, as we wished, and never missed, although the animal might be going at full speed.)

As the Mexicans left the camp, the buglers took their usual station on the parade ground, and their notes struck up clearly for the daily "dress parade."—This parade never was neglected, while we remained at this encampment, for a single day; and is, by the army regulations, enforced in observance, upon all regiments in camp or garrison; and it came so frequently, a description of it may not be amiss.

The bugles sounded, and every one quickly left the ground and running to the lines of their companies, seized the carbines and rifles.—The voices of the orderly sergeants could be heard over the camp, calling their men to fall into line. The officers belted on their swords, but proceeded at more leisure; while the sergeants called the rolls of each company;—then, counting them off in twos, formed them into double file by the command, "*Form ranks—march!*" at which every No. 2 stepped behind his No. 1.—They were then faced to the right, and marched to the parade ground by the sergeants, where the bugles were still playing.—Here they fell into line, in order of battle, with ordered arms; the officers placed themselves four paces in front; the lieutenant-colonel and major took their places six paces in front, all with their swords drawn; the adjutant on the right, and the colonel in front of all about twenty-five or thirty paces.—The whole being so placed, the buglers from the right passed

down in front, playing, and came round in the rear to their places again and ceased; the line was still.—The adjutant then, from the right, stepped two paces to the front, turned and commanded, "*Attention! Shoulder—arms! Prepare to open ranks! To the rear—Open order! March!* (At this the rear rank stepped back six paces.) *Right dress!*" Every one cast his eyes quickly along the line to the right, to place himself precisely in it, which he did in an instant; and then, at the next command of the adjutant, "*Front!*" turned his eyes in that direction, not moving a limb, perfectly erect.—The officers in front stood like statues, in the meanwhile, with their backs to the line.—When in this position, the adjutant left the right, and advanced along the front to the centre; suddenly turned and advanced directly out towards the colonel, and stopped about six or eight paces in front of him; faced about to the line again, and commanded, "*Present—arms!*" The guns were brought to a present, and held in that position while the officers saluted with their swords.—The adjutant turned to the right about, saluted the colonel, and reported, "The parade is formed;"—then advanced, passed round him, and halted on his left, and in rear.—The colonel drew his sword; touched his cap to the line, and ordered, "*Shoulder—arms!*" and other commands, for a few moments, ending by "*Order—arms!*" and sheathed his sword.

The adjutant then coming round the colonel, in front of him, half way between him and the line of officers, commanded, "*First sergeants to the front and centre*" (at this, each orderly sergeant stepped out from the ranks two paces, and faced to the centre)—"*march!*" They moved inward, where in a short space, the two inner ones met, facing each other, and halted in that position; the others came up behind them from each flank, and halted in the same manner:—"*Front—face! Report!*" Each one, beginning on the right, reported number present of each company, and number absent, cause, &c. The command was then given, "*First sergeants—Outward face! To your posts—march!*" They returned and quickly took their places in line.

The adjutant, facing about, advanced towards the colo-

nel, halted, saluted, and made his report of numbers of each company, as reported by sergeants.—If any orders were to be read, he again faced the line, and commanded, "*Attention to orders!*" then read them; and after finishing, announced, "*The parade is dismissed;*" but the line did not move.—The adjutant stepped forward and placed himself in the line of officers; they returned their swords, faced inwards, and closed upon him; he commanded, "*Front—face! Forward—march!*" (all of them moved towards the colonel, to within six paces); "*Halt!*" All halted, and saluted the colonel by touching the cap; the line, in the meantime, perfectly steady in the two ranks, six paces apart.—As soon as the caps were touched, each orderly sergeant stepped in front of his company, and commanded, "*Attention—company! Carry—arms! Close order—march!*" (the rear line, by six steps, closed upon the front, and halted); "*Right—face! Forward—march! Right—turn!*" and each moved off for its own line of tents, under the sergeants, leaving the officers to their conversation with the colonel. Arriving there, the sergeants commanded, "*Halt! Front—face! Right—dress! Dismissed!*" and every man broke for his tent, put up his gun, and looked out for his supper.—And thus, word for word, and movement for movement, every day, at the same hour, was the dress parade;—when well done, it presented a fine appearance.

December 10th. An interval of a week, in the course of the journal, here takes place.—That week, like those which had gone before it, while here at camp Ringgold, had been entirely occupied by the field officers in drilling the men, and exercising the horses, to cavalry manœuvres; and in accustoming them to the noise of the charge.

The health of the regiment had continued, in general, good; but some few had been discharged and sent home on account of continued sickness; while some others had been mustered in service in each company;—some of these were old soldiers, who had, from time to time, been discharged from the regular army, by reason of the expiration of their term of service; others had came with us as teamsters, &c., or had been living in Matamoras. One young man, by the

name of Hill, gave no account of himself. He joined Goodnow's company, and of him, hereafter, there will be occasion to speak.

One man of the regiment, a Dutchman named Wiley, had deserted, and gone over to the enemy; seduced, no doubt, by some of his countrymen who had been settled here for a long time. We thought for several days that he had been murdered by those small parties of the enemy, who were hanging round us; but circumstances convinced us that he had deserted. Many murders and assassinations, in and around the city, had, in the meantime, been committed; but none of our regiment fell by the knife of the assassin, though several had been attacked, and some wounded.

Nothing had taken place in town of note, in this interval, save the arrival of Major General Patterson, from Camargo, and the parade and salutes of cannon consequent on such an event. The men of the regiment were much elated at his arrival, knowing it to be in preparation for a march, which all were anxious to make; having become tired of camp.

The days passed off well enough, for there was so much drilling and parade, that there remained no opportunity for idleness, to cause time to hang heavy. The evenings, however, went not so rapidly; and to occupy them, the men soon fell, almost universally, to gambling, having now plenty of the means. After night, it was, throughout the camp, one large gambling establishment; where every game of chance or skill that was known by any, was carried on.—The genius of gambling infected very many who had never done any of it before. It was surprising to see the number of chuck-a-luck games.—Here, behind the rows of tents, were three chuck-a-luck tables, near together;—each one was the gate of a wagon body, supported by a flour barrel. The figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 were chalked out on this, or six cards were laid down of those numbers of spots. The dealer stood by it, a candle in his left hand and the dice box in his right, shaking and turning; while the crowd before him were pressing up:—"I'll bet half a dollar on the 5," said one, as he put down the half on the figure;—rattle—

rattle—down came the box;—was lifted;—of the three dice, two of them lay with their "5" side up.—"Good," he exclaimed, "Give me a dollar now, old hoss!—I'm the boy to bet;—three dollars on the six," as he threw down that sum on the figure;—rattle—rattle—down, with a pounce, the box came again; all were silent and looked with interest. As it was lifted, one six was up:—"Didn't I tell you so," he shouted; "shell me out three dollars, old partner; I only came to break your bank; whoop!" "Break away," said the dealer; "what figure will you bet on now?" "I don't know; shake the box." The dealer shook it, and striking it down, remained with his hand upon it, looking earnestly at the better in whose favor *luck* now ran; while he, in the meantime, was leaning over the board, looking from the ace to the six, and back again, shaking the dollars in his hand, as he remained uncertain upon which to bet.—"I'll go—what's your limit?" "ten dollars," said the dealer;—"six—dollars—on—the—ace," and carefully put the twelve half dollars on the "1," and drew his breath slow and still; while every one around leaned over, pressing one another, to see the dice, as the box was lifted.—"Two aces," shouted the whole with one voice, that brought many more around; (for all were fond of excitement, and took part in their feelings with the better.) "Two aces," shouted he, as he jumped up in the air, and came down with a yell; "I knew it. Now, old hoss, you will particularly oblige me by shelling out those twelve dollars." "Here they are," said the dealer, as, with a sober look, he counted out twenty-four halves, and passed them over to him. "Yes-sir-ee," said he, with a bend over, and a circular motion of the right fist toward them; "now, old partner, shake that box again;—there;—shake it up lively;—now down." The box was standing, the dice under; the crowd eagerly leaning over, many predicting that he would win again, and many that he would lose.—He was uncertain, and moved his hand with ten dollars in it over the board, over which he stooped with an anxious expression.—Slowly he put his hand on the "5," and let the money fall on it in a pile; and placing his arms akimbo, raised himself slowly up, with his eyes still on it. "You

bet there?" said the dealer. "Yes." Every lip was drawn close, and every eye strained with excitement, as the dealer slowly lifted the box; and "three fives," with a simultaneous yell, shouted every one.—"Three fives, by G–d," said the dealer; "d-m-n the luck!"—"Three fives! yaw! yaw! yaw!" yelled the better; "I'm the boy for betting."—"Three fives!" shouted the crowd.—"Three fives," muttered the dealer; while the winner swore again that he was the boy.—"Now, old hoss, I'll thank you to hand me over sixty of them shining half dollars there;—they look so allfernal pretty, that I'm a itching to get hold on 'em."—"Sixty," said the dealer, "that's not right."—"Yes it is," said every one, in one voice;—"three fives;—ten dollars bet:—give him thirty." "Well now, I reckon I'll just quit," said he, as he raked up the half dollars, and, with a curious look at the dealer, shoveled them into his pocket and departed.

But while some gained, others lost; and the "banks" continued, in the long run, to win. There were many of these. At the left of camp were about a dozen;—on the parade ground could be seen twenty lights, each with its group around it; and towards the hospital tents were as many more; while the rattling of boxes and confused sounds could be heard from each.—In the tents were groups seated crosslegged, at faro, "*vingt-et-un*," (*pron. vantoon*), seven up, whist, poker, euchre, &c.—Every game was played here. By listening, you might hear a whirring sound, at intervals, from a tent with a green cloth at the mouth;—on raising this, you saw a collection of officers and soldiers round a rolette table, betting freely.—Here, in the edge of a tent, sat a lieutenant, dealing vingt-et-un, on a blanket, to a number around him;—money, in piles, was changing hands rapidly.—Some lost, this night, all that they had remaining of their wages.

—Reports of contemplated attacks upon the city by Santa Anna and the other Mexican generals, were now rife in city and camp. The few traders who came in from the interior, reported large forces assembled at Tula, under General Valencia; at San Luis under General Santa Anna; and a force,

as some of them said, of from eight to ten thousand men under Gen. Urrea, at Victoria, the capital of the state of Tamaulipas, two hundred and sixty miles south-west from Matamoras, to make a descent upon this place. These reports, so often repeated, gained general belief, and so much were the better part of the Mexican population impressed with a belief of their truth, that all who could, left for the interior, taking their effects, to avoid the scene of conflict; having seen enough of the effects of that, in the May preceding, at the commencement of the war.—The effect upon the troops here was, to keep them continually prepared for any emergency that might happen. The guards in town had been increased;—the artillery was ready, at a moment's warning to act;—the garrisons of forts Brown and Paredes were kept on the alert;—the third Ohio infantry, the commander of which, Colonel Clark, as said before, was the military governor of the place, which were encamped on the north, and the third Indiana infantry, under Colonel Lane, who were on the east, were under arms, and in a state of continual readiness; though at any moment, with or without alarm, it was hard to find these regiments in any other way.

(They were well drilled, and were fine in appearance.—One of them only afterward had the opportunity of meeting the enemy in the open field;—that was the third Indiana; which, by subsequent changes on the Rio Grande, was sent up to Monterey, and then to Buena Vista; where, in that long contested action, they held their ground against fearful odds, doing all that veteran soldiers could do.—The third Ohio infantry longed for the opportunity to distinguish themselves, as the first regiment from the same state had at Monterey; but by the arrangements, with the exception of a spirited but unsuccessful chase after General Urrea and his force, their lot always fell to the garrisoning of important places. All could not march out, for a sufficient force must be left to guard the places held. This duty of a regiment as garrisons for captured cities, is always more irksome and fatigueing than field service, though the exposure and hardship is not as great. There was not a regiment of volunteers in the field, but that most heartily preferred the latter

to the former, and heard their orders to remain at a town, while the other regiment marched on, with reluctance and regret.—The lot of the first Indiana regiment, under Colonel Drake, and the second Ohio, under Colonel Morgan, was the same, as well as those of other regiments.)

At this date, these two regiments at Matamoras were all the time on the move. Our regiment of cavalry being the farthest out from the town, was, by the orders of Colonel Clark to Colonel Thomas, ready for a movement at a moment's warning, in case the town should be attacked;—had its guards, especially the pickets strengthened, and kept vigilant; and sent out scouting parties continually. These now became heavy service upon ourselves and our horses.—The colonel, impressed with the importance of a vigilant picket, addressed in person, one day, the guard drawn up before him; told them of the responsibility of their station; of the importance that they should perform their duty strictly:—that during the day, no one, save an officer that they knew to belong to the encampment, should they allow to pass in or out without the countersign; but after night they were to know no one, not even himself, as an officer; not even, he remarked, if by moonlight they could see their faces, or if, by the sound, they knew their voices.—Without the countersign, they must not go in or out.

The picket guard of any force is separate and independent of the camp guard, which surrounds the camp with its chain of sentinels;—is composed of different numbers, according to the service required;—is commonly stationed on roads or passways, from a half mile to one, two, three, or more miles from camp;—is composed, often, both of cavalry and infantry;—moves to the place appointed under its officers, and remains there for the day, or night, or both; the men taking turns during the night, in sleeping. They must not leave their posts, unless driven in by an advance of the enemy; and in such a case, the firing from them immediately is heard by the camp guard of sentinels, who also fire, and rush into camp. This distant firing gives the sleeping infantry forces time to rise, seize their arms and fall into line; to receive the enemy before they can reach the camp; and to the cav-

alry to saddle and mount their horses, to repel the charge.—The picket guard of our regiment, now, was stationed at the pass between the south-eastern corner of the lake and the river, at the rancho about half a mile from camp ; (*see plate of Matamoras, page* 194).—A part of the camp guard was stationed at the other pass, opposite.—The picket was strict; but after a while, the officers, going in and out continually, to town and back, were always permitted to go through at the pass, without the countersign, day or night; though, as said before, this had been forbidden. Last night, however, three of them got caught upon this ;—it happened in this way :

On yesterday, Colonel Thomas being very much engaged, Lieutenant-colonel Allison gave the countersign to the officer of the day, at guard mounting.—This was, for the day, the word " Tennessee."—The colonel went into town about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.—After the drills of the day, and the dress parade at evening, Lieutenant E. S. Smith, acting adjutant of the regiment, in company with another of the lieutenants, went also, to attend a Mexican "*fandango*," or dance.—Clearing out in a hurry, they never thought, or cared about the countersign ; but full of the idea of anticipated pleasure, they dashed away, and being known by the guards, who stood on one side, with presented arms, they did not even check their horses, but continued on at a moderate canter, which, in a little while, brought them to town. Putting up their horses by the market house, at Wheeler's, (an American who kept a public house, and who will be remembered by every soldier who has been at Matamoras), with instructions to have them ready about midnight, the two went to the house of the fandango ; and paying two dollars each for their admission tickets, were ushered into a large room, brilliantly lighted, and crowded with company; mostly volunteer and regular officers, some Mexican gentlemen, and many *señoritas ;* whose conversation, in broken English, was very interesting to our officers, to whom they appeared most charming.

The music was good; the dancing rather slow and lifeless ;—but their buoyancy of spirit made it all right; and, in a flow of hilarity and mirth, the evening passed away,

and midnight approached.—Belting on their swords again, with many polite bows and flourishes, and expressions of farewell, of "*adios, señorita,*" to one, and "*adios, señorita,*" to another, and so on to all, who lisped out in their finest tones, "*adios, señor capitan,*" to each, (for, with them, every officer is a captain), they left the house, much pleased with the evening's entertainments, and with themselves.

When they stepped into the street, all was still. A bright moonlight was shed down upon the city. Nothing could be heard, save the dogs, of every tone of howl, bark and yell, which were keeping up their nightly concert. They passed on through the market place, and by the numerous sentinels at the corners, without interruption, to Wheeler's;—and being joined by Colonel Thomas, mounted their horses, and set out for the camp. They interested the colonel with their relation of the fandango, and all being in high spirits, many jokes were passed as they rode along.

On the picket guard, at the pass, that night, was, among others, one of company G, whose name was Betts. Now, Betts was a small man, with an intelligent countenance, keen eye, and pleasant appearance; fond of a joke, and prided himself, at all times, in performing strictly the duties of a soldier, in every particular.—He had heard the colonel's commands to the guard, mentioned before; and, as this party was approaching, he was walking the narrow pass, to and fro, with his loaded carbine at a support.—His comrades were at a little distance, soundly asleep around the guard fire; for the night was cold. The officer of the guard had, against the line of his duty, left the picket, and gone into the tents of the camp guard, as said before, about half a mile. The white rows of tents shone in the moon-light beyond; but there were no lights there, for all were asleep.—Betts heard the sound of the horses' hoofs of the coming party, before he saw them. He stood erect. They came nearer, the two lieutenants in front. "Who comes there?" he challenged, in a quick, loud, and distinct voice, that brought them to a halt in an instant. "Friends," was the reply. 'Halt! Advance, friends, and give the countersign!" "We have not got it. You know us: I am Lieutenant Smith, act-

ing adjutant, and——." "Halt, and remain where you are," quickly replied the sentinel, with a very significant motion towards the lock of his carbine. The two were astonished; while the colonel, behind, hearing this, was much amused, and drew his horse up, to see it out.—The adjutant commenced to speak again, but the sentinel would hear nothing but the countersign; and what that was, they knew not.—Colonel Thomas knew Betts by his voice, and, beside, could, in the moonlight, see him plainly; and was really pleased to see his faithful performance of orders.—After a pause of some moments, in which he thought the lieutenants had been sufficiently troubled for not having the countersign, he advanced up to their side. "Mr. Betts," said he, "I am pleased to see you so prompt and decided in your discharge of duty; and, I trust, the lesson will not be lost on these officers; for officers should set an example of military discipline to the soldiers. Let these gentlemen in; and depend upon it, we think much more of you for your firmness."—"Have you the countersign?" said the sentinel to him, in reply to this. "The countersign—no!—it is not necessary for me to have it. You know me; I'm your colonel." "You can't go in," said the sentinel, as he drew himself up erect before them.—"Look at me," said the colonel, as he advanced out of the shade of some musquit bushes, on the side of the road, into the bright moonlight, that played and glistened on his large epaulettes, his broad gold lace, and the gilt head and scabbard of his sword. "Don't you know me now, Mr. Betts?"—The sentinel coolly surveyed him and his horse. "I might know you in the day time, but now I do not know you: you cannot go in: remain where you are." "But we must go in," said all, as they advanced their horses up—"there will be no harm ——." Quickly the sentinel threw up his carbine, with his thumb upon the lock, and his finger on the trigger, and called out—"Stop! you are near enough!"—and stop they did;—there was danger in proceeding. "Here is a pretty end to a frolic," said the adjutant, while the colonel looked stern with vexation.—They turned their horses' heads together, and held a consultation. "Where is the officer of the guard?" said the colonel to the sentinel

who now had turned to walking back and forth, across the pass before them, and who showed no disposition for conversation. "Gone into the camp," was the reply. "Well, send after him, then."—"Should like to accommodate you, gentlemen, but can't leave my post."

Here, then, was a predicament.—They dismounted and sat on the ground holding their horses, waiting for the officer of the guard.—The night was cool; the wind was, and had been the whole day, from the north.—They tried to laugh, but they were too cold.—They plead earnestly with the sentinel, but it was of no avail; for he, pacing his interval, would talk no more.—In about two hours, (which seemed ten to them,) the officer of the guard, who had been down at the camp guard fire, enjoying himself finely, thinking that it was time to relieve Betts, came up; and was astonished to find the colonel, adjutant, and a lieutenant, sitting on the ground, in the cold, without even a blanket, shivering as though they had the ague.—He let them in at once; and they were glad to get to their tents, and cover themselves with blankets.—In the morning, when meeting Betts in camp, they complimented him highly; and he brought to the colonel's recollection his previous order, that "no one, not even himself, should pass at night without the countersign."

These reports of attack were still kept up, and several armed scouts and spies from the enemy were seen, and some of them captured.—Murders were common, Americans usually the victims, when caught exposed.—False alarms several times were given; and as these were always attended with much excitement, one will be mentioned, as a sample —for all others were pretty much the same.

A few nights since, after an unusually pleasant evening, in which the soldiers of the whole camp had remained up in the tents, or around the camp fires, much later than usual. they retired to rest; and it being very warm, almost all divested themselves of their outside clothing.—In the tents they lay thickly, one so close to another that there was no
n to step between them—their heads on their saddles, as
l, for pillows.—The lights had been all extinguished, and
res burned down to dull beds of coals, save the fire at

the guard tents, and the one in the distance, at the picket. The wind, coming round to the north, blew cool, but not enough so to be felt, save by the sentinels that walked their rounds near the camp; the picket beyond, and the mounted patrol, which was between the picket and the town. It was quite cool for these; but the men so thickly stowed in their tents, were sleeping sweetly. Suddenly, from over the lake, behind the tall cane, was fired a full volley of musketry, followed by a few irregular guns. The report was distinct and clear, on the cool night air.—Hundreds, roused by it, lifted their heads from their saddle pillows, and held their breath and listened.—In a moment the bugles at the guard house sounded loudly the alarm!—Now came a stirring scene: the mounted guard came dashing in;—the picket formed itself into double line across the pass;—the sentinels were ordered to their companies;—half dressed officers ran up and down the lines of tents, calling loudly to their men to turn out, for the enemy was at hand. Scores of half-clothed men rushed out of the tents to the coals of the fires, and lighted their candles, and in less than two minutes there were hundreds of lights gleaming throughout the camp, while men were hurrying on their clothes and arms. The second battalion was forming on foot; while the first were throwing the saddles on their horses. Cartridges were rapidly distributed, and the voices of the officers were loudly heard, even above the strains of the bugles; with the confused noise of many hunting for various articles of arms and horse equipage, that in the busy moment could not quickly be seen.—While so busy, every one for himself, expecting the enemy every instant to charge into the camp, no one seemed at a loss; and in a few moments all noise was over, and the camp was still as before.—The long lines of horsemen, fully armed and ready, were drawn up on the parade ground; the riflemen, at the left, rested on their rifles, and all listened for the approach of the enemy.

It was surprising to see with what quickness the whole had been done.—A few moments before, all had been sound ly asleep in the silent camp; then came the volley; then im mediately the alarm; then the sudden, noisy commotion of

the camp, which was lit almost instantaneously; then the rattling of arms, shouting of officers, calling of hundreds of voices, and running of men in every direction, with lights back and forth, and hurrying on of arms and saddles, mounting, forming lines, &c., &c. To one unpractised, it would have appeared like complete confusion; but here, in less than five minutes, the whole of the regiment were out in the darkness, in front of the camp, in order of battle—in lines of foot and horse, in perfect readiness and regularity,—not leaving in the tents even a "corporal's guard,"—and here in these ranks all were silent as before the alarm; but how different their state!—Then, their silence was that of sweet sleep; now, every man drew his breath stilly, and listened with compressed lips for the approach of the enemy, who had been so bold as to announce his coming by a volley, which had induced the belief, in the forming ranks, that the attacking force was large.—In a few moments, the silence was broken by an order for forty men, from the right, to proceed around the lake, as a reconnoitering party.—These galloped off, and were gone about an hour, when they returned—having been in the quarter whence the reports of firing came, and seen no enemy.

During this time, we had all remained in the lines.—After they returned, we were dismissed; and, stripping our horses, divested ourselves of our arms, and again lay down to sleep; while the guards were stationed at their posts.

The volley that caused the alarm, we knew must have been fired by some of the scouting parties of the enemy, who, having found our position, came up behind the lake and did this to give us the trouble of forming to receive them, and then cleared rapidly away.—If such was their plan, they certainly succeeded in giving us considerable annoyance.

December 13*th*. The force in the city of Matamoras, and vicinity, had been increased by the arrival, from Camargo, of the third regiment Illinois infantry, under the command of Colonel Foreman, and the fourth regiment, of the same State, Colonel Baker; (though he, at the time, was not present, being in Washington city. The regiment was under the command of its lieutenant-colonel.) The whole force of

the troops here, were drawn out on the 11th, on the plain west of the city, and reviewed by General Patterson. The inhabitants crowded outside the ramparts, to gaze upon the martial scene, and to hear the music from the bands.—The day was fine, the review good, and the subsequent manœuvres,—save that the first battalion of our regiment, on the extreme right of the column, which was about a mile in length, overdone the matter, in endeavoring to show out before the general; and tied itself up, on a rise of land, in such a confused knot or mass, as that, no doubt, the general was fully convinced that the officers thereof possessed great military skill, in being able to get them right again. At any rate he was, from the distance, perfectly satisfied with the display, and sent his aid to command the battalion to its position in line again;—accompanying the order, it is said, by many complimentary expressions, such as " D-mn 'em, what in h-ll are they trying to do!" &c.; while the regiments of infantry, then formed over the plain in hollow squares, were exceedingly improved by their view of our extraordinary movements.—We felt very much relieved when we got back into line again, though all the original numbers were changed and lost.—The lieutenant-colonel was exceedingly mortified, for he had much military pride, and beside that, knew that his battalion could, and did, every day, perform its evolutions and manœuvres with an accuracy and precision of movement, that could not be excelled by any cavalry in the service; and now, on this, its first appearance before the general, to show to such a disadvantage, by a confusion for which he was unable to account, was too much for his philosophy.—The second battalion did well throughout the whole review and parade. This ended about three P. M., when each of the regiments marched off to their separate encampments.

On this day, the 13th, General Patterson issued orders to the colonels of the third and fourth regiments of Illinois infantry, and of our regiment of cavalry, to prepare for the march; directing the third Ohio regiment to remain as the garrison of Matamoras; the third Indiana, Colonel Lane, were ordered to Camargo.—Our three regiments, of the divi-

sion to march, amounted in number to nearly two thousand men, of which our own regiment composed nearly one-half.

The march upon which we were ordered now, was against Victoria, which was, as has been said before, two hundred and sixty miles towards the south-west.—It was part of a grand movement which had been planned by General Taylor, before our arrival; and which was referred to in the dispatch received by Colonel Thomas from him, back at Victoria, in Texas, and mentioned in the diary of October 15th, as ordering the Kentucky cavalry to Camargo, and ourselves to Matamoras.—The true object of this expedition was to extend the army in a strong line of occupation, from Parras, on the north-west, through Saltillo, Monterey and Victoria, to Tampico, on the southeast,—having General Wool, with his division of volunteer forces, on the extreme right, or north-west, at Parras; General Worth, with twelve hundred regulars, and eight pieces of artillery, at Saltillo; General Butler at Monterey, with two companies of artillery and a battalion of regular infantry,—having also the forces in the valley of the Rio Grande under his command. These to be left, were nine regiments: the first, second, and third Indiana; the first, second, and third Ohio; the first and second Kentucky, and the first Kentucky cavalry.—General Patterson, with his division of first and second Tennessee, third and fourth Illinois, the Mississippi, the Alabama and Georgia regiments, were to occupy the country from Victoria to Tampico; while the head-quarters of the army were to be removed to the latter place.*

After leaving the nine regiments mentioned, under General Butler, in the valley of the Rio Grande, at Matamoras, Camargo and Monterey, the three divisions were to move to the southward, taking possession of the country as they passed. One, commanded in person by General Taylor, departing from Monterey, joining the other, under General Quitman, from Camargo, at Monte Morelos; and the third, our own, under General Patterson, from Matamoras.—These divisions were to meet and concentrate at Victoria.—The course for Tay-

* See General Taylor's dispatch, December 8th, 1846.

lor's division was to the south-east; for Quitman's, nearly due south, as far as Monte Morales, then south-east; and for ours, as said before, nearly south-west.

Now, reader, let us leave these three divisions preparing for this march upon Victoria, and take a retrospective view of the operations of the war elsewhere carried on, from the time of the occupation of Matamoras, after the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, up to this time—near the close of the year 1846,—which time had been productive of so many stirring events; leaving out, however, the mention of the battles and capture of the city of Monterey, which have already been fully described.

The next chapter, VII, will contain the accounts of these operations elsewhere transacted. At the commencement of Chapter VIII, we will resume the narrative, at the point here left, and take up the march of the division under General Patterson for Victoria,—giving its details from day to day, as heretofore we have done, for the regiment alone, in its march from Tennessee to this city of Matamoras; at which place now, for the time, we leave it.

CHAPTER VII.

It was now near the close of the year 1846.—The war between the United States and Mexico had been carried on nearly seven months. Let us review the actions of that short space of time.—In June previous, as said before, three separate armies or divisions had, by the government of the United States, been ordered to operate against Mexico. The southern, under General Taylor, against the states situated to the south of the Rio Grande; the central division, under General Wool, to move from San Antonio, in western Texas, west, against the states of Chihuahua and Durango; and the northern division, under General Kearny, from the western part of Missouri, against the states of New Mexico, and then against California, on the Pacific.

Beside these, a strong force of ships of war, under Commodore Conner, blockaded all the ports of Mexico and the gulf, and from time to time, attacked her seaports on her eastern coast;—while on the Pacific, another strong fleet, under Commodore Sloat, blockaded her western ports, along her extensive coast, and took possession of the towns in Upper California.

The army of General Taylor had not performed any action of moment since the capture of Monterey, on the 25th of September. The armistice of eight weeks there agreed upon by the generals, Taylor and Ampudia, having been abrogated by the government of the United States, General Taylor had, on the 5th of November, dispatched a flag of truce to Santa Anna, then commanding the Mexican army, informing him of the renewal of hostilities; and on the 12th of

the same month, General Worth's division, followed by General Taylor, marched for Saltillo, the capital of the state of Coahuila.—This is a beautiful city, situated west from Monterey, and sixty-five miles distant;—contains about twelve thousand inhabitants.—The rear guard of the Mexican army under Ampudia had just retired from the place, as the American forces were marching upon it. No resistance was offered;—the governor retired, after protesting against the occupation of the country, and the city was taken possession of by the division.

Being now in possession of the capitals of Nueva Leon and Coahuila, as well as of the whole valley of the Rio Grande, General Taylor's next movement was to be against Victoria, as before mentioned;—beyond that, farther to the southward, was the strong and important city of San Luis Potosi, at which place was collected the largest army that Mexico had, so far in the contest, brought into the field.

Let us turn to the central division under General Wool.—This army was composed of the following troops:

1st regiment Arkansas cavalry,.....Colonel Yell.
1st " Illinois infantry,....."....Hardin.
2d " " ".....".....Bissell.
Battalion infantry; three companies of U. S. 6th regiment, and one of Ky. volunteers, Captain Williams,.....Major Bonneville.
One company, (B), 4th artillery, with a battery of eight brass pieces,.....Capt. Washington.
One company pioneers,....."....Lee.
One company Texas volunteers,....."....Leefield.
Battalion, four companies of 1st and 2d regular dragoons,.....Colonel Harney.

—in all numbering about 3,000 men.

The stores for this number, preparatory to a long march, had all been landed at Port Lavacca, (mentioned on page 138), and transported by teams to San Antonio, one hundred and fifty miles. The long delay thus caused, prevented the commencement of the march until September 26th, when the advance moved on. This advance under Colonel

Harney consisted of one thousand two hundred and forty men, viz:

Six companies	Arkansas cavalry,	421 men
Two "	1st Illinois infantry,	156 "
Two "	2d " "	135 "
Three companies U. S. infantry, and one, Capt. Williams',	Kentucky,	266 "
One company	pioneers,	30 "
Two "	U. S. dragoons,	124 "
One "	Artillery, Captain Washington, with eight pieces,	99 "

Three days after, on September 29th, General Wool left the same place with the second detachment;—this was under the command of Colonel Hardin, of 1st Illinois, and numbered five hundred and eighty men, viz: eight companies 1st Illinois, and two companies U. S. dragoons.—The third detachment proceeded, under Colonel Bissell, of 2d Illinois, in a few days after the second;—it consisted of seven companies of the 2d Illinois regiment, infantry; two companies Arkansas regiment, cavalry, and one company Texas volunteers, infantry: whole force seven hundred and twenty men.

In a short time after, the fourth detachment, with a heavy train of wagons, brought up the rear. This was under the command of Major Solon Borland, and consisted of about two hundred and fifty men, viz: two companies Arkansas cavalry; one company 2d Illinois infantry, beside many men who had been sick, belonging to other detachments.

The distance to Presidio, on the Rio Grande, was one hundred and fifty-seven miles. Here, all the army crossed the river in sectional boats; (these had been constructed at San Antonio, and hauled on wagons, each in three sections or pieces, that fitted to one another, making a large boat).—This whole central division under General Wool was composed of as fine troops as any in the army; were well equipped, and provided with full supplies of provision and ammunition for the long route before them.

As was the case with all the divisions of the army, no sooner had they commenced their march, than rumors, in numbers, came back to them of the enemy in large force be-

fore them.—The most important of these rumors, and apparently the best founded, was that a Mexican force of seven thousand men were stationed for the defence of the city of Monclavo. This was universally believed, and was a matter of congratulation to the army, that they should so soon have a chance at the enemy; and in buoyant spirits, they moved on from the Rio Grande towards that city, the passage through which was necessary; for on the left, the direct course to Chihuahua, the rugged mountains of Sierra Gordo rose, forbidding a passage across them,* and the army kept along its base, pursuing a course still more to the southward than before, until after a march of one month, they arrived at the city of Monclova on the 29th of October. Here, to the disappointment of the army, they met no opposing force. The prefect, or military commander of the city, contented himself with issuing a formal protest against the occupation of the country by the United States' forces.

At this city, the army of General Wool remained about a month; in which time he sent a dispatch to General Taylor, informing him of the impracticability of the route on which he had been ordered toward Chihuahua, and asking new orders from him. General Taylor responded by ordering the column to the south-west, about one hundred and fifty miles, to the city of Parras, situated one hundred miles west of Saltillo, and near two hundred from Monterey; thus placing the army of General Wool on the extreme right of the extended line of occupation, across the country, from the coast to the interior, which he was about to take up. —This order of General Taylor was afterwards in the highest degree serviceable to him, in repelling the attacks of Santa Anna's powerful army; and also was afterwards hailed by the troops of the central army, as the means of diverting them from a campaign over the barren mountains of Chihuahua, and leading them to the glorious field of Buena Vista.

In obedience to these orders, General Wool marched his army to the city of Parras, and encamped near it, the pre-

* See the report of Captain Hughes, Topographical Engineers, Feb. 14, 1847.

fect of the city meeting him at the hacienda of Don Manuel Ibarra, five miles from the city, and surrendering it to him.—Here the general and his staff were entertained by the hospitable owner of the hacienda, (who spoke English fluently, having been educated at Bardstown, Kentucky), and several of his friends, and among these, Dr. Woodworth, an American, who had resided at the city of Parras a number of years.*

The army remained encamped near Parras about a fortnight, when other orders were received by General Wool from General Taylor, apprising him of the reported advance of General Santa Anna with a powerful army, and directing him to march to Saltillo as soon as possible, and form a junction with the forces then there under General Worth.—Upon the receipt of this order, General Wool immediately broke up his camp at Parras, and proceeded directly to Saltillo, where he arrived about the 20th of December. Here he remained; and his gallant little army, in two months afterwards, had the opportunity of meeting the enemy, without further marching, at the battle of Buena Vista, of which we will speak in its order of time.

Leaving him and his command encamped at the city of Saltillo, at this period—the close of the year 1846,—we will turn our attention to the northern division of the army, under General Kearney; which was to proceed against New Mexico, from Fort Leavenworth, in Missouri, at the same time that General Taylor was collecting his force on the Rio Grande, and General Wool mustering his battalions, at San Antonio;—each army having its separate movement before

* This last named gentleman, now resident in Cincinnati, was obliged by the Mexican authorities to leave Parras, at twenty-four hours' notice, after the departure of General Wool, on account of his friendly feelings and personal services to that officer.—The author here takes the opportunity to acknowledge himself much indebted to Dr. Woodworth, for many items of explanation with regard to Mexican manners and customs, religious ceremonies, character, &c.—he thus being able to present the reader an account of these and all other subjects relating to the Mexicans, which are introduced into this work, as seen by himself in the year's campaign, and corroborated by the revisal of a gentleman of ability and education, to whom every detail of Mexican character, customs and language is perfectly familiar, from a continual residence of several years among them; entirely separated, for that time, from other people, customs or speech.

it.—This northern army commenced the movement of its advance with but little delay—being, but between five and six weeks from the time that hostilities had been commenced, by the bombardment of Fort Brown and the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, on the Rio Grande; a memorable instance, this, of the facility and quickness with which armies may be raised and equipped, and be placed upon the march, in our country —the United States. The division of the army under Colonel (afterwards General) Kearney, comprised in all its force, three thousand three hundred men—consisting of the first regiment Missouri cavalry, under Colonel Doniphan; second regiment do., Col. Price, a battalion of artillery, Major Clark, and a battalion of Mormon infantry, under Lieutenant-colonel Cook; two companies Missouri infantry, and four companies of regular dragoons,—accompanied by a large train of supply wagons, and a still larger body of wagons of traders, going out under the protection of the division.

The forces proceeded in separate detachments over the vast prairie, on account of the great number of animals to be supplied with grass, from Fort Leavenworth, the place of rendezvous, in the western part of the State of Missouri, towards Santa Fe, the capital of the State of New Mexico, situate near the head of the Rio Grande, and which had been, for many years, the centre point of an extensive trade to Independence and St. Louis, in the United States; to Pueblo de los Angelos, and all the other towns on the Pacific coast to the west; to all the large Indian tribes, situated in every direction from it; and also with the States of Sonora, Chihuahua, (pron. *Chewaw-waw*,) and Durango, to the south and south-west.

The course from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fe is about west-south-west, the distance near a thousand miles, nearly the whole of which is over boundless prairies, upon which are numerous herds of deer, antelope, and buffalo.—The road between the two points was an old wagon way, and much traveled on, and good;—the watering places definitely known.—Two roads, leading to the same point, were traveled for the sake of grass;—one the old caravan route, the other, more to the north, by Bent's fort, on the Arkansas.—General Kearney having sent forward several trains with provi

sions, to be overtaken, set forward with a force of one thousand six hundred and forty-seven men, including Colonel Doniphan's regiment, a battalion of artillery, with sixteen pieces of cannon, and a party of dragoons, on the 22d of June, taking the northern road, across the prairies, which led by Bent's fort; leaving the other detachments to follow on as soon as practicable.—The march to Santa Fe was performed in fifty days, with no circumstance of note occurring on the route. The detachment not coming up with the wagon train of provisions, which had been sent ahead, until the latter part of the march, the troops were reduced for many days to half-rations of provisions; on overtaking that, they had plenty again.

The force neared San Miguel on Sunday, August 16th, and took possession of the place in the name of the United States, obliging the alcalde to take an oath of allegiance and fidelity to his new government.—The army then moved onward the following day, and encamped at Pecos, twenty-nine miles from the capital. Near here, in a mountain gorge, through which the road passes, an engagement was expected with the Mexican army of four thousand strong, under the command of Don Manuel Armijo, the governor of the province; but on entering the pass the next morning, Tuesday, August 18th, they found it deserted, but with the marks of recent encampment at the head of it.—The tracks of the artillery wheels being plainly seen, were followed; and one piece, that the retreating enemy had not been able to carry off, was found near the place spiked.—It was one of the pieces belonging to the unfortunate Texas Santa Fe expedition.—From this "*cañon*" or gorge, the road to the city was over steep and rocky hills, the passage of which delayed the artillery; while the general, with the dragoons and cavalry, moved on until near the city, and halted two hours, on a hill overlooking it, until the artillery came up and took post upon it.—Finding that the governor and forces had retreated from the city, and that no resistance would be

ered, the general, with the cavalry and dragoons, entered city, with drawn sabres, and drew up in the plaza, while American flag was immediately hoisted on the palace of

the governor, and a salute was fired by the artillery on the hill.—The general and escort were received by the civil authorities, and conducted into the palace.—The cavalry and dragoons paraded through many of the streets and squares.—Their appearance in each was greeted by the surly looks of the men, who, in their wide breeches and large sombreros, turned out to view them; and by the shrieks and screams of the frightened women.

Their fears, however, were allayed on the following day, when General Kearney, turning orator, made them a speech—many assembling to hear him.—In this speech they were distinctly informed, that the country of New Mexico was held as part of the United States.—He promised to all peaceable citizens protection against their enemies,—especially against the tribes of Indians, who had often visited their settlements, situated up and down the Rio Grande, and stolen horses and cattle, and killed the inhabitants.—(The greatest injuries had been committed by the "Navajos," whose district of country lay directly west from the province.)—He promised the people that their depredations would be stopped, &c. He informed them that they were free from the command of their late governor, Don Manuel Armijo; and that, hereafter, they would only bear allegiance to the United States, &c.—To all this the people responded enthusiastically.—He appointed a governor, Juan Baptiste Vigil, and administered to him the oath of allegiance to the United States, then the same oath to the alcaldes, and to each member of the *ayuntamiento*. He then finished his speech, and proceedings in the matter, by calling on all who had friends or relatives who had left the city, on the approach of the American forces, to avoid the reception of insults and injuries, to induce all such to come back; assuring them, as from him, of protection and kindness.—This had a good effect, and the most returned.—The Mexican army continued its retreat down the Rio Grande, towards Chihuahua, Armijo being with it.

After these events, General Kearney's first endeavor was to perform his promise with regard to the Indians. Accordingly, runners were sent out to the powerful and warlike tribe of Navajos, inviting the chiefs of that tribe, and those

of the smaller tribe of Pueblos, near, to hold a grand council, and conclude a treaty of peace.—The place of meeting was set by these chiefs at the Bear Spring, near Red lake, in the mountainous country of the Indians, two hundred and fifty miles south-west of Santa Fe.

Upon the arrival of Colonel Price's regiment, the second Missouri, and the battalion of Mormon infantry, under Lieutenant Smith, at Santa Fe, General Kearney, having appointed Mr. Charles Bent governor of the province, and everything being quiet, set out, with one hundred dragoons and two mountain howitzers, together with some men of the topographical engineers, for California, by the route across the mountains, down the Gila river to the Gulf of California; thence across the peninsula, to the waters of the Pacific ocean; thence up the coast to Monterey, the capital: (then, as well as the other principal towns on the coast, in the hands of the Americans, having been captured by thePacific fleet, under Com. Sloat, directly after the reception of the news of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma).—Before General Kearney set out on this long route of twelve hundred miles, he made every arrangement for the tranquillity of the province of New Mexico, and for the protection of the people from the attacks of the Indians.—He directed the Mormon battalion, under Colonel Cook, to follow him to California.—He left the second Missouri regiment, under Colonel Price, with two hundred regular dragoons, under Captain Burgwin, and Fischer's and Weightman's companies of St. Louis light artillery, as the garrison for New Mexico. (Weightman's company was afterward detached and sent to the aid of Colonel Doniphan, of the first regiment; and Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell, of the second, with near a hundred men, accompanied it, reducing the force under Colonel Price considerably; but they nobly held their ground, and fought two battles, which will be noticed in their proper order.)—He ordered Col. Doniphan, with his regiment, to attend to the council and treaty to take place with the Navajos; and after arranging that, to march the regiment to the southward, and report himself to General Wool, at the city of Chihuahua.—(General Wool, as has been related, at this time was collecting, at San Antonio, in west-

ern Texas, an army of over three thousand men, to proceed against the States of Coahuila, Chihuahua, and Durango; and, it was calculated by General Kearney, that he would be in possession of those States, by the time that Colonel Doniphan, after the arduous service allotted him, would be able to reach there.)

In the intervening time between the capture of the city and his departure, the general, aided by Colonel Doniphan and Willard P. Hall, a private, (since, member of Congress from Missouri,) had framed and put into force a code of laws, more according to the spirit of the system of government under which the territory was in future to remain.—Having thus settled the affairs of the government, he set out on his route.—Leaving him on this long march, let us follow the first regiment, under Doniphan, on their eventful and arduous service.*

Soon after the general's departure, Colonel Doniphan set about the fulfillment of his order.—He dispatched the second battalion of his regiment, under Major Gilpin, of little over two hundred men, with some Pueblo Indians and friendly Mexicans, to the Indian country, on the first of October.

A powerful tribe of Indians, the Utahs, live to the north and north-west of the country occupied by the Navajos—These roam over a vast tract of country extending from the thirty-sixth to the forty-second degree of north latitude, and from the one hundred and eighth to the one hundred and thirteenth degree of west longitude;—an immense section, bounded on the east by the mountains of New Mexico; on the south and east by the Colorado, and the country of the Navajos; on the west by the Wawsatch mountains, and the Great Salt Lake, (an immense inland sea), and its large fresh water tributary, the Utah lake. These Utah Indians are, in general, well mounted, and well armed with rifles, in the use of which they are expert; are powerful, and feared by the adjoining tribes;—many parts of their extensive domain being highly fertile, and watered by the Colorado, Grand, Green, Utah, and Sevier rivers, and their numerous

* For the particulars of the march, throughout, of Doniphan's regiment, the author is indebted to Mr. James M. Johnson, of company F, of that regiment.

branches, with many lakes, they have no difficulty in raising immense droves of horses, mules, sheep, and cattle—in which their wealth consists. Although never having much molested the American traders, who have from time to time visited them, they have made extensive depredations on the Mexican population of New Mexico, and a regular business, yearly, of intercepting the great caravan which passes from the coast of California to Santa Fe, exacting a heavy tribute from them.*

As it was deemed advisable to conclude a treaty with these Utahs, Major Gilpin was ordered there. He induced the head men, of the first tribe met, to return to Santa Fe; here they made a treaty with Doniphan. To obtain the agreement of the other Utahs to this, Gilpin was ordered into their country—west, then to march south-east, to Bear Spring, to the council of the Navajos.

The battalion, after having taken a supply of the coarse flour of the country, on pack mules, together with other indispensable articles, leaving behind them all tents and camp equipage, commenced their march by the old Spanish trail, or caravan road, to California. Some time after these had started, Lieutenant-colonel Jackson, with another detachment of one hundred and twenty men, commenced the march, by another route, to the same place; Captain Ried, with another of thirty men; and, finally, as the time of council drew near, Colonel Doniphan, with an escort of ten men, took a direct course, across the mountains, for the same place.—All these, in their routes, suffered much from want of water, and by exposure, from the length of their march; the second battalion enduring the more.—These pursued their march along the old Spanish trail about five days, on a course to the north of west, until they arrived at the St. Juan river, which runs nearly a west course;—along the bank of this they passed, until they arrived at its junction with the Colorado, about three hundred miles from Santa Fe.—The course of the latter river was about south-west.

They were now fairly into the country of the Utahs, and

* See Fremont's narrative of exploration.

made great endeavors to procure a council with them, but unavailingly; only few being seen at a time, and these were reserved and suspicious; though they would trade horses, mules, cattle, sheep, dressed skins for clothing, &c., with the men, in return for beads, ribbons, tobacco, sheet iron arrow heads, (of which many of the men, having long been among the Indians as traders, had brought numbers), blankets, butcher knives, &c. The clothing of the men having now nearly worn out, and there being no opportunity of obtaining more, they bought many of these skins, and dressed themselves with them, true Indian fashion.

The battalion proceeded down the Colorado about one hundred miles, finding, along, good pasture, fine buffalo grass, every night. (That grass appears to be the same that, in Texas, is called the musquit, and which has been described in the course of this work).

Despairing of being able to come upon any understanding with the Utahs, the battalion left the Colorado, and proceeded in a south-eastwardly direction, across the mountains, for five days; traveling about one hundred and fifty miles, when they reached the Gila river.—This march was extremely laborious, being up and down the descents of the mountains, through narrow defiles, and along dangerous precipices, often over large tracts of loose and broken rock, without a road or trail; and, in several places, having long routes from water to water, besides, often, no grass for the animals.—It was accomplished, however, without murmuring.

Arrived at the Gila, the battalion found good water and fine grass.—The next ten days' march was up this river, a course, at first, about east, then nearly north-east.—This country was fine, well watered; mountainous, but with beautiful valleys, and with abundance of game.—This ten days brought them to the Bear spring, about seven miles from Red lake, in a fine section of country, furnishing abundance of water.

Here they found many of the Navajos assembling.—The battalion was soon joined by the detachments of Lieutenant-colonel Jackson, Colonel Doniphan, and Captain Ried.—The Indians arrived in separate bands, each one accompanied

by a large herd of horses, mules, cattle and sheep, which were driven along by the squaws, to the encampment.—These were partly for their own subsistence during the time of the council, and partly to sell to the regiment.—All of the bands being perfectly frank with the new comers, a free intercourse was at once commenced.—The lodges of the Indians were pitched around, in no regular order, and the women immediately began their labors, in cooking, &c., while the men sauntered around, or endeavored to trade with the troops of the regiment their cattle or horses, for trinkets, arrow heads, ribbons, &c., of which the men yet had a pretty good supply.

Money was of no use among them;—many trades were made,—a horse or two, or three cows, or else a half a dozen fine sheep, could be procured for a com non blanket; a dozen or two arrow heads brought the same.—Deer skins, dressed for clothing, they exchanged in numbers, for a little ribbon, of red, or green, or yellow; while anything they had, they would trade for tobacco. Knives, too, were in great demand by the men, and beads by the women.—A few of these articles soon procured from the Indians plenty of horses to sup ply the places of those that had given out, and any number of cattle or sheep for provision; and, as they still had plenty of the coarse flour which, on pack mules, had been brought the long route from Santa Fe, they immediately began to live well again.—The Indians had brought much more stock than was wanted.

Stock is the great item of their wealth.—Unlike many other tribes, who live upon the precarious supply of game, sometimes in abundance, and then again in suffering, these take much pains to have their flocks and herds continually around them. The fine spacious valleys of their country afford most excellent pasturage, and in these they roam.—The horses are good; better than those farther south;—their cattle are large, fat and sleek; and their sheep are extremely large, and bear very heavy fleeces.—From these the Navajo women make their blankets; which are superior, for a covering against the rain, to all others,—being very thick and heavy; closely knit by hand.—These women

are all industrious;—neither are the men so indolent as those of many other tribes; and both are, in general, quite neat in their persons, dress, and lodges.

Their common dress is composed of articles of wool woven by the women, or skins prepared by them.—The chiefs and warriors wear a dressed deer skin hunting shirt, with fringes along the seams of the arm;—this shirt had one or more capes of the same material, which were handsomely worked in figures of various colors, in beads and porcupine quills, by the women of their households.—They also wear breeches of the same material, fitting tight below the knees, so as not to impede their motion. The outside seams of these, like those of the arms, were ornamented with a fringe, worked with beads;—this fringe was from four to six inches in length, while that on the arm was but about three. —Their heads were shaved, save the long scalp locks on the crown, which were braided, and fell down on the shoulders.— Moccasins, worked like the capes, in beads and quills, completed the dress.

They were generally armed with stout bows, wrapped with sinews of animals; and each one, on his right side, bore a quiver of skin, with the fur on, filled with iron pointed, barbed and feathered arrows.—These bows were from four to six feet in length; the arrows about two feet and a half.—These were powerful weapons, and used by them with great skill and dexterity;—they shot them entirely through the body of oxen.—Some few had rifles, with the use of which they were well acquainted.

In addition to the dress mentioned, all wore bracelets of brass upon their wrists, to protect this part from the string of the bow, when shooting an arrow.—The chiefs were distinguished by a crown or wreath of feathers, of various bright colors, on their heads; and they also wore large crescent shaped silver ear-rings.—The breeches of these, together with those of many of the warriors, were further ornamented, by many little bows of red ribbon, tied thickly up and down the fringe of the outside seam.—The whole dress and arms, at a little distance, appeared well to the eye.

The women were of fine forms, good looking, and, indeed,

many of them might be called pretty;—all neat, and cleanly in their appearance.—Their long black hair was braided in two parts, and trimmed with red ribbons; the two braids tied with the same, in a bow on the back. They shaved the upper part of their foreheads, but all the remainder was allowed to remain of full length.—They wore upon their persons a low-breasted, fine white chemise of wool, of their own manufacture;—from the waist, a petticoat or half-dress, also of wool, but stouter than the first: this was always wove in stripes of white and blue—these stripes running around the person.—This dress was short, and but few wore anything else, save bracelets and ear-rings of silver.—Some, however, of the families of the chiefs, wore moccasins, with high leggins, somewhat like a boot, but fitting close, and tied on the outside of the leg and ankles with red ribbons, or those of other bright colors.—These moccasins, when so worn by them, were ornamented on the foot, and leg, with needlework of beads and quills.—Their arms were bare, and their shoulders, save the strap of the chemise; and, in this respect, precisely like the ranchero class of Mexican women.

Their lodges, or tents, were made of skins, or dry hides, laid upon poles, which were supported by forks; the interior was floored with the same. The skins were carried from place to place, on pack mules. The whole labor of putting up and taking these lodges down, fell on the women.—Their cooking utensils were like those of the ranchero class of the Mexicans: earthen pots for boiling, of their own manufacture; the same kind of stones for grinding corn, &c.—Many of their dishes are cooked in the same way; for the Mexican population have adopted the style of these aborigines.

When all of the negotiating chiefs, with their bands, had arrived, the council was, in the open air, entered into in due form.—In a large circle around, were seated the Indian chiefs, in their gaudy dress and plumes, on one side; and Colonel Doniphan, his field officers, captains and lieutenants, on the other; while the pipe of peace, being lighted, was in silence passed around, from one to another—each taking a few whiffs at it.—This pipe was of great size, of stone; and the bowl

would hold, of liquid, near a quart.—When this preliminary was through, Colonel Doniphan addressed them, in English, which was, by the interpreter, rendered to them in Spanish, which most of them understood.—He informed them, definitely, of the war between the United States and Mexico of the conquest of the province of New Mexico, and of the determination of the United States to hold that province hereafter, as part of her own;—that the government of the United States was powerful, and that they wished peace with their Indian neighbors;—that now, as they had taken the country from the Mexicans, they wished this tribe, as well as all others, to be at terms of friendship with them there; to visit them to trade, but not to plunder, or to make war upon the province, as they had done, when it was in the hands of their enemies, the Mexicans, &c., &c.—This speech was received in silence, and with attention, by the chiefs; and, after a short pause, the head sachem arose, and expressed his satisfaction that the Americans had conquered New Mexico;—that he knew they were great warriors;—that their traders had been often among them;—that his tribe were glad that they were now near them; and that they would preserve a sacred peace with them, &c., &c.—The other chiefs also made speeches, and, finally, a treaty was concluded; and the whole, in ratification, was closed by exchanges of presents.

Colonel Doniphan opened before them a stock of blankets, beads, knives, ribbons, cloth, trinkets,—all valued by them; and more than all, tobacco.—In return, they presented him with many horses, mules, sheep and cattle; also, blankets, of their own manufacture, dressed skins, ornamented moccasins, &c., &c.; and after assurances of eternal amity and peace the council dispersed.—The detachment resumed its march to the north-east, and the bands of Indians separated to their various sections, in the valleys among the mountains, with good feeling and harmony between the parties.

Four days' march, or about one hundred and twenty miles, through a very mountainous and barren country,—along, for part of the way, the upper waters of the Gila, and then down into the valley of the Rio Grande,—brought the troops to

that river, at the town of Soccorro, a pretty, flourishing place. Another day's march down the river, brought them to the town of Valverde, one hundred and ninety miles south of Santa Fe. Here they found a large collection of the traders' wagons, and four companies of the regiment who had come down here to protect these wagons, as well as to await the coming of the detachment, preparatory to the whole marching to the southward, to join General Wool at Chihuahua; and, on the arrival of a small train of wagons, containing provisions, &c., which were much needed, the regiment proceeded on to the southward, down the Rio Grande, on its eastern bank, by easy marches; leaving Valverde on the 17th of December.

At the little town of Fra Christoval, they were overtaken and joined by Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell, of the second Missouri regiment, with ninety-three men. A little to the southward of Fra Christoval, the river becomes hemmed in between high and precipitous ledges of mountains, which render a passage along its bank impossible. The road leaves the bank, and makes a bend to the eastward, passing through a long *Jornada*, (pron. *Hornatha*;—commonly, by the soldiers, called *Hornalla*). The name means, literally, "a day's journey," and is especially applied to those long tracts without water, which must be passed over at one time. This one is called the "*Jornada del Muerto*," or day's journey of death.*

After passing this jornada, the detachment halted at a little village, when within thirty miles of El Paso, to wait for the artillery and some men of the regiment, still behind, on the road from Santa Fe, now about three hundred

* This Jornada derives its name from this circumstance:—About half way through its extent of seventy miles, is a small spring, seven miles from the road, to the west; so small that but few animals can drink at a time.—It is solitary, among the mountains; and, as the Mexicans and traders have almost invariably been obliged, for the want of water, to come to it; (for their pack mules are not able to go more than twenty miles a day, while subsisting on this grass; consequently it takes several days to pass through it), the plundering bands of the Apache Indians have made it a place of lying in wait for unsuspecting travelers, like the Arabs at an oasis on the desert.—Many fights havetaken place over this little spring; and the human bones of those who have here fallen from time to time, are scattered thickly around it.—Hence the name of the route, of which this dangerous place is the only one affording water.

and twenty miles to the north.—Here five Mexicans endeavored, in the night, to go to El Paso, to give information to the Mexican forces there of the strength of the command.—Two of these were shot by the picket guard, Captain Ried's company, three miles in advance; the others made good their escape.

The artillery not arriving on the morning of December 25th, Christmas day, the march was resumed; but only ten miles was made, and the troops encamped on the river, to the right of the road, as it came down; it here turned off from the river bank, to avoid a succession of little sandy rises of land, one end of which came near the river lower down, and the other coming round nearly in a semi-circle, ended above, on the lower land.—These little hills were but of gentle elevation; but the road turned off, as said before, to the left, passed around the upper extremity of them, and then wound round in the rear, coming to the river again; then continuing its way along the bank to El Paso, about twenty miles distant.—Between these semi-circular hills and the bend of the river was a large area of level land. Into this area the head of the column, leaving the road as it wound to the left, round the hills, turned, and all passed on towards its centre, some hundred or two yards from the river, and halting, encamped.—This was soon done; for they had no tents, having left them when they went into the Indian country. The horses were soon unsaddled, and the piles of arms, saddles, &c., placed down in regular rows of companies, where the tents would have been placed, had they possessed them. The horses were then all turned out in the area to graze, for other forage than grass they seldom saw.

The day being very pleasant, many of the men stretched themselves out to sleep, according to usual custom, when arriving in camp; while some from each mess scattered about in every direction, for some distance from the camp, to get wood to make their fires. There being little else but brush wood, they went off some distance.—The little hills completely hid the road towards El Paso from the view of those in camp. In the meantime, the wagons, which had been behind, were rolling along leisurely to the camp.

In this position were affairs, when some who had been up the hills after wood, and who could see down the road from there, came running into camp with the intelligence that a large force of the enemy were advancing up the road at full speed, and were then within half a mile. Every man jumped to his feet; and above the hill, at a short distance, the thick volumes of dust, rolling in the air, announced the enemy's rapid approach.—The bugles sounded clearly;—every one seized his arms.—The order was given to "saddle up;" but in a moment the uniforms of the Mexican cavalry were seen, in a cloud of dust, to come whirling round the upper part of the hill, only a few hundred yards distant.—The order was countermanded in an instant, and the troops directed to fall into line on foot.—Those that were out on the other sides dropped their wood, that they had collected with so much trouble, and ran into camp.—Here was a busy scene:—scampering in every direction after their guns, which, from habit, they had laid so as to get hold of quickly;—belting on swords and cartridge boxes, and running into line, all puffing and nearly out of breath.—The wagon master, with his teamsters and guard, was throwing his wagons into a close circle, to defend them.—Colonel Doniphan, Lieutenant-colonel Mitchell, and one or two other officers, succeeded in getting their horses, which had been tied up.

The Mexican cavalry halted a few moments, while the infantry came into line.—That halt was fatal to them; for, in those few moments, the line of the Missourians was formed shoulder to shoulder, while the few remaining absentees ran up and got into it. Colonel Doniphan and Lieut. Col. Mitchell rode up and down the line, to see it correct, and every one gathered full confidence, from the very quickness with which they had extricated themselves from their perilous unprepared situation; and that confidence was reflected from commander to soldiers, and from the line of soldiers back to their commander. In five minutes, never were there a set of men more prepared, in resolution and confidence, to go into a desperate encounter.

By this time, the Mexican infantry, which had rode on horses

and mules to the scene of action, (by which they had been enabled to come up so quickly), had thrown themselves from their animals, tied them to the bushes back of the hills, and appeared in order and force at the extremity nearest the river, and on the body of the hills, and formed in such large numbers, with the cavalry on the centre of the hills, and on the other extremity, deploying into such an extended column, that there seemed no chance for the small collection of men, drawn up in one single line on the plain below, to oppose them.—Added to this, a field piece was also, by the Mexicans, drawn up in the valley, near the river.

A Mexican officer now rode out from that line for a parley. —The interpreter, Mr. Caldwell, a man who had lived as a trader in New Mexico, and who knew their language and customs as well as they did themselves, advanced to meet him; and in front of both lines they came near, and the Mexican demanded the surrender of the force;—this, he was told, was impossible.

After a few more words, the Mexican, waving a black flag that he held in his hand, told him "to prepare for the charge; that they asked no quarter, and would give none!"—In another moment the interpreter returned, and the word of "no quarter," asked by the enemy, or given by them, was passed along the lines; and it served but to stimulate the men to more iron energy in their defence.—The odds looked fearful: on one side, a gallant army of fourteen hundred men, seven hundred of them cavalry, well armed, and ready for the charge upon a single line of footmen, who were without bayonets to repel them; while seven hundred infantry were forming on the other flank, to advance upon them, and a cannon in front was within canister distance, to pour its murderous fire upon them: and three more cannon, coming in the rear; and already the assurance was given by the black flag, and repeated by word of the enemy, that death alone would be awarded to all.—But the little band of less than five hundred* were cool and collected, as upon an evening

* Lieut. Col. Jackson, with a large detachment, being behind, at another encampment, engaged in retaking a great number of their horses and mules, which had escaped from them and returned a day's march.

drill. The colonel rode along the lines, ordering the men to squat, and drop down, one after another, when the Mexican fire commenced, in order that they might bring the enemy up close; and then to rise at the command, when given, and pour their volley into the enemy's ranks, with coolness and accuracy of aim.—Thinking them a little too far from the river, he ordered them to retire a little by the backward step; which they did with their places in line, and their fronts to the imposing numbers of the enemy.—While stepping back, the bugles of the Mexicans sounded the charge, and the heavy columns of infantry fired volley after volley, while the field piece sent a shower of metal over the heads of the Americans. The cavalry fired, drew their sabres, and putting their columns in motion, advanced at a rapid rate. The American line was apparently sinking under their fire; and the shouts of "*bueno*," "*bueno*," (good! good!) could be heard from their ranks, as they spurred their horses on to ride down the survivors. —When within a few yards, at the command, those that they had apparently mistaken for dead or wounded, rose to their feet, and pouring a deadly fire into them, swept the front ranks of all their riders: so steady their aim, that few shots were lost by being too high, and few went so low as to touch a horse; but the riders fell in numbers. General Poncé, the commander, was mortally wounded.—Astounded, they broke, in confusion; while the infantry, on the right, being received in the same way, fell back, and only were anxious to regain their mules and horses, while the cavalry rallied, and made another attack on the wagon train, on the extreme left—secure, they thought, in getting that. But the teamsters, each armed, and the guard, or assistant teamsters attending, from within their circle of wagons, poured out such a stream of fire and death, that they could not bear it, but retreated over the hill; and while the line remained expecting another attack, they, under cover of the hill, retreated. —In the meantime, some of the men, from companies G and F, had left the lines, and dashing on their cannon, took it.— In an hour from the time that they approached at such a rapid rate, eager almost to devour the Americans, and confident of victory, they were retreating at as rapid a rate, leaving

on and near the ground seventy-one dead, and carrying away one hundred and fifty-six of the wounded—leaving eight to fall into the hands of the Americans; by whom, however, they were kindly treated. Six of these died during the following night.—The loss to the Missourians was only eight wounded.—As there were none mounted, and some time was lost in waiting at their posts, expecting the next attack, the Americans did not succeed in overtaking the fugitives.—And thus ended the battle of Brazito, not longer in time than an ordinary dinner, but hard-fought, and with a vast difference in numbers and situation; and in which the Missouri troops, although taken by surprise, and unprepared, behaved with a coolness and bravery which excited the admiration of the other divisions of the army, and of the whole body of people at home, when the accounts of the battle reached there.

The troops remained encamped on the ground until eleven o'clock the next day, when they marched to within five miles of El Paso. The next morning (the 27th) they marched towards the town.—They were met, two miles from it, by the deputation, consisting of the alcalde and three of the principal citizens, who surrendered the place at discretion. —The division marched into the public square; and the first fruits of victory were soon realized, in having comfortable quarters, and plenty of provisions for themselves, and of forage for their horses.—The Mexican army retreated to Carrizal, one hundred and twenty miles from the scene of action. —After the troops had occupied El Paso about seven days, they were joined by the artillery, Captain Weightman, from Santa Fe—one hundred and seventeen men,—and, also, the remaining detachment of the regiment—about one hundred men. Thus the force of Colonel Doniphan was increased to upwards of nine hundred men, with six pieces of artillery.

El Paso is quite a beautiful town, on the bank of the Rio Grande, which here is fordable and of clear water. The town is like other Mexican places in manner of building:—streets at right angles; houses of one story, flat stone roofs, parapet walls, &c., &c.—The plaza of the town was the barracks of the troops. Requisitions were made on the authorities, for the necessary amount of meal, &c.

The people of the place were well treated by the troops; but they could not forget the awful thrashing they had received from them, for a part of the Mexican forces at the battle were from the town; consequently, though they professed friendship, yet they had the deepest enmity to them.

Now, leaving Colonel Doniphan and his regiment in the possession of El Paso del Norte, at this period, the close of the year 1846, we will again notice that regiment, as its future operations come before us, commencing the acconnt of them on page .

We will now make a hasty recapitulation of all that had been done by the three divisions of the army, up to this time, and the positions they were then in.

1st. Army of occupation, General Taylor.—This had fought the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, defence of fort Brown, and those of Monterey;—had taken possession of the states of Tamaulipas, Coahuila and New Leon; the cities of Matamoras, Camargo, Monterey, Saltillo, and a great number of other towns, and were now stationed from the mouth of the Rio Grande, on the east, to Saltillo, on the west, with divisions, as said before, under generals Taylor, Patterson, and Quitman, preparing to move to the southward, from Monterey, Matamoras and Camargo, against Victoria.

2d. The central army, under General Wool, had marched through the prairies of Texas from San Antonio to the Rio Grande, and across the state of Coahuila; taking the towns of Presido, Santa Rosa, Monclova, and Parras, beside many smaller ones; and they were now at Saltillo.

3d. The northern army, under General Kearney, had marched across the plains, and had conquered the whole of New Mexico; taking possession of all the towns in that state situated in the valley of the Rio Grande; had made a campaign against the Navajo Indians, and fought the battle of Brazito, and were now separated,—General Kearney in California with part of his forces;—part left at Santa Fe to hold the possession of that country, and Colonel Doniphan's regiment in possession of the town of El Paso del Norte.

Now, reader, having given a sketch of the movements of each division of the army, up to the close of the year 1846, let us leave them, in possession of their various situations at this time, and take a glance at the operations of the navy, from the commencement of the war up to the same time.

On the 18th of May, eleven days after the battle of Resaca de la Palma, the Gulf squadron of the U. S. navy, consisting of the ships of war Falmouth, John Adams, Raritan, Somers, St. Marys, and steamer Mississippi, commenced the blockade of Vera Cruz, Tampico, and the whole of the eastern coast of Mexico, save the province of Yucatan; which was in a state of revolt against the government of that country.—This exception in their behalf, it was soon found, they abused by importing into their towns large quantities of munitions of war, and transporting them by land into Mexico; to whom, their parent state, they were at heart in friendship, though nominally at variance. This traffic was carried on for some time, until their ports were at last laid under the same blockade, and that trade stopped.

The fleet on this station had a hard task to perform in blockading so large an extent of coast, though several more vessels of war were soon sent to join the squadron;—these were the Cumberland and Potomac frigates, the steamers Princeton, Vixen and Petrita, the brig Truxton, and others, all of which were under the command of Commodore Conner. There were no prizes to be taken, save a few coasting vessels (and some larger ones, taken when endeavoring to run the blockade).

The boats of the St. Marys exchanged a few shot with the forts at the mouth of the Panuco river, near Tampico, with, however, but little effect.—Afterward, part of the squadron made two attempts to take the town of Alvarado, situated twenty-eight miles to the south-east of Vera Cruz; but these failed, on account of there not being a sufficient depth of water on the bar at the mouth of the river to take the vessels over. In spite of all endeavors to prevent it, several vessels run the blockade into Vera Cruz during the "northers;" for, in these strong winds, the only anchorages at which the ves-

sels could lie were at Sacrificos and Anton Lizardo, one three and a half, and the other nine miles from the city, to the south-east, or to the leeward.

On the 15th of August, the United States' brig Truxton, of ten guns, was lost, by the carelessness of the pilot, in taking her into an anchorage near Tuspan. The commander, Captain Carpenter, and all the officers and crew, were taken prisoners of war, with the exception of two lieutenants, Berryman and Hunter, with nineteen men, who left the vessel;—the first in a boat, to go to the squadron at Vera Cruz, to obtain assistance; the second, in another boat, captured a Mexican sail that hove in sight, and took her to the squadron also.

On the 14th of November, Commodore Perry took possession of the important city of Tampico, at the mouth of the Panuco river. This was the second commercial city of Mexico. —It had been abandoned by the Mexican force, a little while before. Their object, in this movement, is hard to perceive.

On the 26th of November, Commodore Perry, with six vessels, attacked the city of Tobasco, and nearly destroyed it, by a severe cannonading; answered, on the part of the enemy, by the forts; with a loss to the Americans of a few men killed and wounded;—among them was Lieutenant Morris, who received a mortal wound. When the squadron retired from the place, it took with it, as prizes, one Mexican brig, two steamers, four schooners, one sloop, and seven smaller vessels;—one of the schooners at first taken, having run aground, was burned.

About the first of December, a gallant and successful attempt to burn a vessel, under the guns of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, was planned, and executed in the night, by a party from the United States' brig Somers, of ten guns.— Shorly after, midshipman Rogers and surgeon Wright, of the same vessel, with a boat's crew, landed in the night, near to the town of Vera Cruz, to examine the position of the magazine, to blow it up, if possible.—These, however, were discovered, and Rogers and one seaman taken prisoners.

A few days afterwards, on the evening of December 7th, the Somers was capsized in a squall, not far from the anchor-

age, and sunk in less than fifteen minutes; and more than thirty of her crew were drowned.

The services of the whole Gulf squadron were, during the summer and fall, extremely arduous.—The scurvy broke out among the crews; and that of the frigate Raritan was nearly disabled, from its effects.

Leaving this fleet, now, at the close of the year, blockading still the ports on the eastern coast of Mexico, let us turn to the operations of the Pacific squadron, on the western coast, under Commodore Sloat; from which, on account of distance, nothing was heard for some time after the war broke out; and against the commander of which, many charges of "inactivity," &c., &c., were, in the meantime, made by many portions of the public press of the United States. —With what justice these charges were made, we will take notice.

Before the actual commencement of hostilities, the United States had a large fleet in the Pacific ocean; most of which were on, or near, the western coast of Mexico. This fleet consisted of the

Frigate	Savannah	54	guns,	Commodore Sloat;
do.	Congress	56	do.	Captain Stockton;
do.	Constitution,	60	do.	
Corvette	Portsmouth	22	do.	
do.	Warren	22	do.	
do.	Cyane	24	do.	
do.	Levant	20	do.	
Schooner	Shark	12	do.	
Transp't	Erie	5	do.	

Commodore Sloat, in the Savannah, was at the port of Mazatlan, on the western part of Mexico, to the southward of the Californias, when, on the 7th of June, he heard rumors of actual hostilities between the two nations, and a vague report of the actions of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. —Nothing definite could he learn: all the information was through some extracts of letters from the interior of Mexico, sent to Mexicans in Mazatlan.—The gallant commodore was completely at a loss. for a few hours, to determine his course

—If this information was correct, it was of the first importance that the sea coast of the province of Upper California should be taken at once, by the naval force; and he had sufficient force to do this, and could immediately strike an important blow in that quarter.—But, on the other hand, these reports might not be true, and the United States and Mexico might still be at peace. If this should be the case, any possession that he might take of towns on the coast of California, would but widen the breach between the two countries; and, on the part of the United States, give cause to Mexico for a war; and, moreover, in such a case, he would himself be liable to public reprehension, and be certain of procuring for himself the *honor* of an investigation into his conduct by a naval court martial;—which prospect was not agreeable: for the commodore had a case directly in point, before him; which was that of Commodore Jones, who, in command of the squadron on this coast, in 1842, was deceived by precisely a similar rumor to this, and, acting upon it, sailed for Monterey, the capital of Upper California, and to the utter astonishment of the people, landed a force and took possession of the place;—disregarding their assurances of peace between the nations, &c., until, after a few days' possession, he found that he was wrong; and then immediately, in the most quiet manner he could, he surrendered it into the hands of the authorities again.

The effect of the whole transaction was, 1st, to make Commodore Jones and his officers feel extremely mortified; 2d, to bring down on them the censure of the public voice, in both countries; 3d, to subject the noble old commodore to a severe investigation of his conduct and motives, by a court martial,—always unpleasant, and grating to the feelings of any officer, but much more so to one in high command, and in whose judgment the government of the United States had shown their confidence, by confiding to him, in a distant sea, the interests of the nation. And, beside all this, it gave a cause of complaint to Mexico, and, in a considerable degree, assisted her, as a plausible pretext for covering her conduct towards the United States, by raising loud complaints against this occupation, and saddling the government of the United

States with the order to Commodore Jones to do this; while, at the same time, holding out to her—Mexico—pacific and friendly offers.—All over that republic a furious hue and cry was raised, on account of the transaction.

Now, on this evening of the 7th of June, after hearing these vague reports, all this rose before the mind of Commodore Sloat.—If he took the responsibility of capturing the coast of California without orders, without official notice of hostilities between the two nations, and especially with the example of the proceedings of Commodore Jones before him, and these reports should be incorrect, then, the consequences to him would be severe; and to both nations of much injury. But on the other hand, if they were true, his quick operations would be of most decided advantage to his country.—Far off, in that ocean, the actual position of the two governments was unknown to him;—his data, upon which to form his calculations upon actions so important, were unsatisfactory;—the moment was critical; there was but little time for reflection.—He considered the whole; determined to take the responsibility, run all risk, and perform it.—Once determined, there was no delay.

The sun, when rising the following morning, revealed to the inhabitants, the busy squadron, raising their anchors and loosing their sails; and, at eight o'clock, under a crowd of canvass spread to the breeze, they left the port, and were soon lost to view over the distant waters.

He arrived at Monterey, the capital of Upper California, before the news of hostilities reached there, and took undisputed possession of the town, and hoisted the flag of the United States over it on the 7th of July; and on the 9th, in the same manner, took possession of the town of San Francisco, (situated at the mouth, and commanding the bay, of San Francisco; one of the best harbors on the Pacific coast); also of the towns of Sonoma and Bodega.

On the 12th, the American flag was floating over the town Pueblo de San Jose; and also, Captain Sutter, the enterprising master of the settlement of Nueva Helvetia, on the waters of the Sacramento, raised the flag over his fort.—(Colonel Fremont describes this fort as being able to

admit a garrison of one thousand men, and as mounting twelve pieces of artillery; in that country, a formidable stronghold).

On the 16th, a fortified position, the mission of San Juan, forty miles from Monterey, was taken, and a garrison put into it.

On the 26th, the corvette Cyane, of twenty-four guns, sailed down the coast with Colonel Fremont's* riflemen, (who fortunately, were in the neighborhood on the arrival of the squadron), to attack San Diego.

All the ports on the coast of Upper California were taken by the forces of Commodore Sloat. (Still, as said before, without orders, or even official information that war had taken place; but, as he had commenced at the capital, he took the whole). He issued a proclamation to the people of California, in which he invited all of the prefects, alcaldes, and other civil officers, under the Mexican rule, to remain in the exercise of the powers of their various offices; assuring

* Captain, (afterward colonel), Fremont arrived in California with his party of exploration from the United States, before the commencement of the war; that is, about the 1st of January, 1846; and as he had been in the country before, he felt no hesitation in leaving his camp, and proceeding into the town of Monterey, alone; where, meeting the Mexican authorities, he explained to them the scientific object of his exploration, &c., with which they were satisfied; but in a day or two after, choosing to regard him as an invader, the governor, General Castro, sent to Captain Fremont an imperative and insulting order, to quit the province of California immediately.—This Fremont refused to be compelled to do; and, being encamped in a strong position, with his little party of about sixty all told, sent word to General Castro that he should not do it, but, on the contrary, if attacked, should defend himself to the last.—Castro immediately collected about one hundred and fifty men to expel the invaders, as he termed them; but not daring to make an attack, for several days, Fremont's party remained in their camp, and then left, for the renewal of their explorations in the province. In their camp was left some old baggage, worn out camp kettles, &c.;—these the valorous General Castro immediately seized upon, and made out a flowing dispatch to the government of Mexico, stating that the American army of invasion had been repulsed by him, and had retreated with such precipitancy, that they had left all their camp equipage, which had fallen into his hands! Fremont pursued his observations. Castro, with a larger force, determined to exterminate the Americans; and pressed him so closely, that, although ignorant of the war, Capt. Fremont was obliged to turn upon his adversary; which he did, promptly. Then capturing a detachment of Mexican troops; on the 15th taking Sonoma, by surprise; on the 25th cutting to pieces the advance guard of Castro's army; and finally, on the 4th of July, three days before Commodore Sloat's arrival, declaring the independence of California.

all quiet citizens of protection, and informing them that every thing demanded, for the use of the United States' ships and troops, should be paid for at fair prices, &c.

After taking possession of the whole coast, the gallant commodore left again for Mazatlan, which he reached about the middle of August; and found, just arrived for him, official communications from the Secretary of the Navy, at Washington, of the existing war with Mexico, accompanied with orders to do all that he had just accomplished!—The conduct of this officer, during the whole of these operations, in the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, certainly deserves the highest commendation.—Though little has been said about it;—for, from the distance, it took such a length of time for the reports of the capture of the province to reach the United States, and so many stirring events were happening in the army, nearer at home,—these operations passed without their merited degree of praise.—Commodore Sloat, afterwards, yielding the command of the Pacific fleet—which then was engaged in guarding the coast of California, and blockading that of southern Mexico,—to Commodore Stockton, returned to the United States; leaving California in a state of quiet, under its new government.—An insurrection afterward broke out against this, but was quelled by General Kearney, then arrived from Santa Fe, Colonel Fremont, and Commodore Stockton.

The United States, in the meantime, had sent into California, under General Kearney, a battalion of Mormon infantry, five hundred strong, under the immediate command of Colonel Cooke, through from Missouri by Santa Fe; and also sent a regiment of nearly one thousand strong, under Colonel Stephenson, from the city of New York, round by sea, to the same province. This regiment was mustered in for the war, and was composed of men whose desire it was, to remain in that country afterward, as citizens.—In addition to this, was a force of California residents, mustered into service by Colonel Fremont.—All these, together with part of the fleet, held California perfectly secure. The remainder of the fleet were engaged in the strict blockade of the Mexican Pacific coast below California.

Now, reader, we have given you a correct account of all the operations of the war up to the close of the year 1846 and are about to enter upon those of 1847.—But let us, in the meantime, devote a little space to the change that had been made in the administration of the government of Mexico, and her action with regard to the proposals of peace that had been made by the United States.

As said in the commencement of this work, revolution after revolution had followed in Mexico, for several years; but of late, all the heads of that government, though differing widely on other subjects, had been hostile to the United States, and all were more or less in favor of open hostilities with that power;—though the government of Herrera, which continued from June until December, 1845, was less so than the others. On this very account was that government deposed, and General Paredes, bitterly hostile to the United States, was elevated to the presidency; and active operations were immediately commenced, for the prosecution of the war.—After the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, every nerve was strained, in effecting its object.—The government of Paredes only existed until the 4th of August, when General Salas, and his associates, rose, seized the reins of power, and imprisoning Paredes, invited Santa Anna to return from Havana, where he had been in banishment from his country for little more than a year, and to take the direction of affairs.—Santa Anna being the enemy of the administration which had been in power, and which had directly brought on the war with the United States, the government of the latter offered no obstacle to his return; thinking that his policy would be to heal the breach between the two countries.—Commodore Connor was instructed to let him pass the fleet undisturbed, which he did, arriving at Vera Cruz on the 16th of August; and immediately afterward assumed the reins of government, amid the universal rejoicing of the fickle populace, whose confidence, now, was great in their strength; and it was universally predicted, throughout Mexico, that General Santa Anna would soon drive all the Americans from the borders of the republic.

His reception at Vera Cruz and Jalapa at first, and after-

ward at Puebla and other towns on his course to the city of Mexico, was most enthusiastic, aud the populace and leaders seemed to vie with each other in rendering him homage.—By delay at his hacienda of Encerro, he did not arrive at the city until the 15th of September, and he then assumed the supreme executive power.

At the very time that the republic received her great general on the south, she lost the large and valuable province of New Mexico on the north, Santa Fe being taken by General Kearney.

Information had, a short time before, been received at the capital, of the loss of California; and the first news that greeted the people, after their idolized general had taken his place in power, was of the fall of the strong city of Monterey, with its garrison of ten thousand men, before the quiet old man, Zachary Taylor, and his six thousand hated "Americanos."—The news of the loss of New Mexico followed;—but all these reverses were nothing to them;—General Santa Anna would soon bring every thing right.

The government of the United States were most grievously deceived in him; for no sooner was he ashore in Mexico, and away from the guns of the fleet, than he immediately treated the propositions which the United States then offered for peace with contempt, and set himself seriously to raising an army.—At this time, (the close of the year), he was at San Louis Potosi, with an army of about twenty-two or twenty-three thousand men, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, which, with great labor, he had drilled, and in about a month after this time, set out with his force, to accomplish his purpose of "driving every American beyond the Sabine river."—With what success he met in his undertaking, we will relate hereafter.

In the present month, December, the congress of Mexico met, and so fully convinced were they of the glorious conquest that should be achieved by this "Napoleon of the west," as Santa Anna called himself to General Houston years before, that they refused to hear of any terms of peace, until the forces of the United States should be recalled, and their vessels of war withdrawn from their coasts.—Of course the war

proceeded; the infatuated Mexican nation seemed determined to draw down upon itself a continuation of its evils.

Now we will end this chapter, with the recapitulation of the account of the disposition of the American, and, also, the Mexican troops, at this time.—As said before, General Taylor's army was on the Rio Grande, and through the states of Nueva Leon and Coahuila, at Brazos, Matamoras, Reynoso, Camargo, Marin, Ceralvo, Monterey, and Saltillo; in possession of all that section of country.—General Kearney with part of his in California; part near Santa Fe, in New Mexico, and Colonel Doniphan's regiment at El Paso.—Tampico was in the possession of a force of our troops, consisting of the Alabama regiment, under Colonel Coffee, and eight companies of artillery, all under Brig. Gen. Shields.—The fleets of vessels of war on both coasts were enforcing a vigilant blockade.

On the part of the Mexicans, Santa Anna was at San Luis Potosi, with his large army; General Urrea at Victoria, with a considerable force; General Valencia at Tula, farther to the south-west, with a formidable force; General Heredia at Chihuahua, with five thousand men; General Cos at Tuzpan, with two thousand; General Morales at Vera Cruz, with six thousand; and smaller garrisons and detachments, of from five hundred to a thousand men, were in all the towns along the coasts, or in those near the lines of the Ameriean army.

CHAPTER VIII.

We will now enter upon the minute details of the march of our regiment and division, under General Patterson.—On December 21st, our regiment left camp Ringgold, having our horses all recruited in appearance and action, and moved into town, preparatory to the march.—The deserted camp looked desolate, as we formed in line on our old parade ground; and almost every one cast back a look at the place as the column left.

Many rancheros were secreted about, on the outside of the lake, watching our departure; and no sooner had we gone, save the rear guard, than they rushed in numbers on the ground, which was covered with broken saddles, old bridles, clothing of every description, much of it good, bars of soap, little bags of beans, rice, flour, and any quantity of bread and pork; (all these things left in parcels, by each mess, they being unable to carry them away, for now one wagon was to carry everything for two companies, instead of one, as before); bent and broken camp kettles, still good for stationary use, torn canvass of tents, straps, any number of old stirrups, &c., &c.; such a variety as was seldom left in camp, and which had been caused by the almost entirely new fit out that every man had provided for himself.

Into this variety the rancheros rushed, and the "grab game" was played to admiration by them; much to the amusement of the guard, who remained on their horses to observe the scene.—The only difficulty that the rancheros had, was, that there was more than each could carry off; and while some ran off as fast as possible with a load, to be back

quickly, others were running about making heaps of the plunder, and a great time they had of it.

The regiment marched through the city, and encamped on the river bank.—Captain Caswell's company had, the day before, left the camp, to go on, as the advance, with the third and fourth regiments of Illinois infantry, under Brigadier-general Pillow. These had already left the city, and, together with the artillery, had moved out on the San Fernando road, eighteen miles, to a place called Moquite, and encamped until all were ready, and the supplies forwarded.

December 22d. Five companies more of our regiment left this forenoon, a little in advance of Major-general Patterson, for Moquite;—the troops of the division being now all gone, save four companies of us, who remained until the succeeding day.—In the meantime, the last wagon train was sent out, with the cavalry.

December 23d. The four companies of us who had remained until the last, this morning struck our tents on the Rio Grande, and marched into town; were halted on the plaza, and dismissed for an hour, while the few remaining wagons took the road.—We had orders to re-assemble quickly, at the sound of the bugles.—All of the American population of the city were, this morning, in a state of ferment. A steamboat had arrived from up the river, and her advices brought, were of a most exciting character.—They were, the news of the departure of generals Taylor, Twiggs, and Quitman, with a heavy body of troops from Monterey and Camargo, towards the southward, for Victoria; and, also, dispatches from Gen. Butler, left in command of the troops stationed at Monterey and Camargo; and others, from Gen. Taylor to Gen. Patterson. —(These were forwarded to Moquite post haste.)—She further brought reports of the advance of Santa Anna, with an army of twenty-two thousand men, upon Saltillo, Monterey, and the valley of the Rio Grande; and also others, that the Mexican scattered forces, in the upper section, emboldened by the departure of so many troops, were collecting in force of some two thousand, under Canales, for the attack of Matamoras; and, lly, that a general and vigorous effort was immediately it to be made, by all the Mexican forces, for the recap-

ture of their conquered territory on the Rio Grande.—(Part of all this we afterward found to be true, and part only rumor.)—This news received, together with the departure of so many troops, had created a great stir in Matamoras.—One regiment only, the 3d Ohio, had been left there, (though others, of the new levy, were expected from the United States); for the third Indiana, Colonel Lane, had, a few days before, gone up to Camargo.—This boat, also, brought news that this latter regiment, and five hundred regular infantry, from Camargo, had been ordered to march, in haste, to Monterey and Saltillo; leaving only the second Ohio regiment, Colonel Morgan, and a part of the Kentucky regiment of cavalry, at Camargo.—These movements up the river, confirmed all the reports, in the minds of the inhabitants of Matamoras; and, on this day, loud complaints came from every quarter, about so many troops leaving the city; exposed, as they said, to the mercy of the enemy.

Colonel Curtis had, a few days before, called on all American citizens, who had come to Matamoras, to enrol themselves for duty, in case the town should be attacked; and they had done so: while more artillery, arms and ammunition, were brought up from the Brazos;—(at this latter place, on the next day, the 24th, General Jesup, quartermaster general, who had, a few days before this, arrived from the United States, enrolled every resident, sutler, merchant, clerk, teamster, &c., &c.—leaving Matamoras on this day, on the reception of this news, post haste, to do it).

In the midst of all this excitement and bustle, the sound of the bugles rung through the plaza, and we rapidly fell into lines, and, followed by the anxious gaze of the citizens, —who disliked to see us leave,—marched out of the southern entrance of the city, on the road towards Victoria; our force completing the division of General Patterson, of near two thousand men.

The road lay over an uninteresting section, partly prairie and partly close chapparal.—It being late when we left Matamoras, we did not arrive at the camp, at Moquite, until after dark.—We found that General Patterson, with one regiment of infantry, and the six companies of our cavalry

which were ahead, and the artillery, with part of the wagon train, had commenced his march that morning; leaving the other regiment of infantry, our four companies of cavalry, and the remainder of the wagon train, to follow, under General Pillow, the next morning; separating the division on account of the scarcity of water ahead, for the next three or four days' march: after which, they were to be re-united.—There was nothing interesting in the appearance of this camp, revealed to us by the light of the next morning.—It was on the border of a wide, shallow lake, that spread out, overgrown with rushes.

December 24th. This morning we were roused by the fifes and drums, in addition to our long accustomed bugles;—ordered to get our breakfasts early, and prepare for the march.—Our rations, and amounts of forage for horses, were reduced one-half; our cooking utensils in the same proportion.—The reason of this was, the length of the march ahead, through a country incapable of furnishing supplies; and those transported, had to go as far as possible.

We were on the march by seven o'clock, three of our companies proceeding as an advance, followed by the train, and that by the infantry; then came the rear-guard.—The road lay over a dry, parched prairie, lone and desolate; making the march uninteresting and tiresome.—At two, P. M., after proceeding about twenty miles, we encamped on the bank of a dirty lake. The water was of a greenish black; thick with slime and mud.—Our horses, although having had none all day, refused to touch it.—We strained it through cloth, and boiled it, to make coffee; but it was bad, any way.—The infantry were soon in, and somewhat fatigued with the march; but a rest of an hour or two, brought them all right again.—Our horses' scanty feed we endeavored to partially remedy, by going round the lake and gathering, from under the thorny musquit bushes, the tall dry grass that grew up into them, which the herds of cattle and horses had not been able, on account of the thorns, to get out.—Many of the horses were found, this evening, with swelled and sore backs, from the extra weight of their four days' corn, which every man was obliged to take, in addition to his own four days'

rations.—The evening was bright moonlight, and spent by all in conversation, around in groups.

Friday, December 25th—Christmas Day. Well, reader, we hope that you spent your Christmas more pleasantly than we did; for ours was rough.—We left camp at an early hour, and continued to march over a wide, sun-burnt, bare prairie —uninteresting and fatiguing.—After marching about ten miles, we of the advance came to a dirty, black lake, upon the banks of which we halted for the infantry and wagon train, now far in the rear, to come up.—We had drank but little of the nauseous water of that lake where we had encamped the night before, hoping to arrive at some better during the day.—At this one we were disappointed; not even would our horses drink it.

We remained in line, drawn up, while General Pillow dismounted, seated himself near the bank, in front of us, and regaled himself with some viands that his servant brought to him. We knew not what they were, but he appeared to relish them exceedingly, being some time before us, partaking of them; and, therefore, we presumed that they were very fine: one thing was certain—it was the general's Christmas dinner.—After he had finished these, he raised a bottle to his lips.—(At this, many of our disrespectful men, not having the dignity of a general before their eyes, winked at one another along the lines, and insinuated, in whispers, that it contained good old brandy.)—The sight of the dinner and the bottle, on Christmas day, had a strong effect on many in the column, who, in default of anything better, pulled from their dingy haversacks their hard crackers, now soiled and black from being carried on their sides two days, through the dust; and some, who were lucky enough to have a dirty piece of fat pork left, added that, and ate the whole, their Christmas dinner, with a hearty, good relish;—finishing by a pull at their canteens, of the aforesaid dirty water, that they had brought along, to drink, in case they should get no better. This draught was taken with many wry faces, and heaving of the stomach; but, by strong efforts, they kept it down.—It was the best dinner they could raise.

After finishing his meal and draught, the general arose, in-

serted a cigar between his lips, and, the infantry being near mounted his splendid horse, and ordered the column forward · and forward we went.—We looked onward to the next Christmas, for our good dinner.—The day became excessively hot, but fortunately there was a strong breeze from the south-east, that blew directly across our route, taking off the dense clouds of dust from the dry prairie, that appeared as if no rain had moistened its parched surface in years.—It resembled, in barrenness, the desert; although the soil, in itself, seemed to be good; and, undoubtedly, the whole vast extent in sight would have been clothed in green, like the prairies that we passed in Texas, if it had been rained upon like those; but here are two seasons: a short rainy one, and a long dry one; and this time was in the latter.—We continued the march, finding no water until about three P. M., when we arrived at a miserable collection of ranchos, on small, dry, barren knolls. This collection was called *Santa Teresa*, a pretty name, but a poor place as possible to be found.—Here were tough times for men and horses.

The ranchos were on the knolls;—in the little valley were three large holes, each about twenty-five feet across and six or eight feet deep, dug out to contain water; and such water as it was!—It had a thick, green, slimy scum over it, and in it thousands of green frogs; for it had been in the holes since the last rainy season; it was very warm;—but that was not all: the water itself was green with slime, and would not settle, nor could the slime be separated from it by straining, the smell of it was nauseous, the taste ten times worse.—Many, although suffering, could not bear it near them; others, of stronger stomachs, got some down;—with the author, and many others, it acted as an instantaneous emetic.—The horses drank a little of it, and refused more.

The ranchos had raised corn during the rainy season, and now had it to sell, at two rials a *media almud*, about a gallon.—Every one of us, of the cavalry, were glad to get the opportunity to buy it for our horses,* who were on very small

* A question might here arise with the reader, why was not this corn taken for the use of the army, or bought by the quarter master and furnished to the cavalry, instead of obliging the men to pay their own hard earned wages for it?—This, the au-

allowance, and with no grass, not a particle of which could be seen on the parched hills.—Our fare in eatables, at night, was equally scant.—Such, reader, was our Christmas.

We have spoken of the cavalry;—the time of the infantry was still harder, in having to march twenty-six miles without water.—They were very tired when they arrived, and they threw themselves on the ground to sleep.—The wagon train came in; the guards were set, and in the bright moonlight we all lay down.

December 26th.—The drums beat, and the shrill fifes and clear bugles roused us before day, to prepare for the march. We got some of the green water, boiled it, and made it strong with coffee, and thus were enabled to swallow a little. —The upper hole was not quite so bad as the others, and our horses would drink some more of that, as well as ourselves. (Wells are not dug here because all the under strata in this prairie land are salt).

—The lines were formed, and we struck out on the road, just as the sun was rising over the level desert behind us; before and around was the same level scene. The train came after us; then came the regiment of Illinoisans, and then the rear guard composed of one of our companies.

The morning air was pleasant, and the sky cloudless.— Not an animal, wild or tame, was on the vast circumference; not the appearance of a bird enlivened it;—sunburnt and parched it lay.—Once in the distance of several miles, might be seen a sword palmetto raising its head; but these were few, far apart. After marching seventeen miles, we came to a small lake of black, muddy water, similar to that at

thor cannot answer, without it arose from the policy adopted by the government, in the whole course of this war, under the profession of "protection to the inhabitants;" a protection that was not thanked for by them, and the only effect of which was, to give to the people of any section great advantages by the army passing through their country; advantages which they repaid to the troops by murder and robbery of our men, wherever opportunity offered.—To the men, who had left their homes to serve their country, the effect was, to deprive them of many comforts they might have had, and in many cases to make them suffer much, to benefit those rascally Mexicans but a little.—All the march to Victoria, this was the case; after this day, there was plenty of corn along, and the author has seen men, often, spending their last picayune to buy it for their half-fed horses.

which we stopped two nights before;—the water of this not drinkable, save by straining it, which might have been done, for it was not of the green slimy kind of that of St. Teresa, but was of a thicker, blacker, earthy slime and mud, much of which might have been taken from it.—Here General Patterson encamped the night before; and we should have done so too, but when the infantry and train came up, the general ordered us on.

This order we gladly obeyed, thinking that he had heard of better water; but, as we afterward found, if he had, he could not find it;—there was no more on the road for eighteen miles further. When we left this lake, our suffering increased, with the heat of the sun, mile after mile; again and again did we look for water, and still we were disappointed. The general was evidently wrongly informed, and appeared to be uneasy;—after proceeding about ten miles from the last lake, or twenty-seven from the morning start, and still finding no water, he sent back Corporal Rhodes, of our company, with three men, bearing a message to the officer commanding the infantry, for them to continue their march until all came up to water, (which was about eight miles from the advance, according to the report of some Mexican traders that we met, with their drove of pack mules, going towards Matamoras); and also to have those who could not keep up, under the excessive fatigue, put into the wagons and hauled along. The corporal and men left, and the general remark was, along our lines, "How can the Illinoisans, on foot, stand it on such a day?" We found, the next day, that they surely had a tough time.—Each man was loaded with his knapsack, containing his blanket and clothing; beside this, his musket and cartridge-box, with forty rounds of ammunition, and then his haversack, with his provisions for that night, (for this was the third day since the four days' rations had been issued), and his canteen;—and, faint and exhausted, thus loaded in the hot sun and dust, had to make the march of thirty-five miles.

They stood it manfully, however, hardly able, for the last few miles, to set one foot before the other; every one, without exception, officers and men, having their feet severely

blistered and raw;—(but in these last miles, many, entirely overcome by their load, fatigue, and thirst, threw themselves down on the ground, being unable to come up with the wagons, and begged of the rear guard of our cavalry, under one of our lieutenants, to allow them to remain; some saying that they had rather die than go on; that they would come up in the cool of the evening; that if they only had a swallow of water, they could go on; that they were faint, &c.—The lieutenant and his men were compelled, by order, to bring them on; coaxed them, encouraged them, got off their horses and put them on, walking themselves; and by great exertion, and words of encouragement and kindness, they got the exhausted men along, and up to camp, after dark;—here was suffering).

We continued to ride over the parched prairie, though slowly, for our horses suffered from the want of water.—We now saw, in the west, the high, blue outline of the distant mountains.—Those mountains of Mexico, which, filled with the precious metals, had enriched the world.—They were now before us, and we gazed on their distant faint blue tops, but thought not of the riches there;—but they appeared to look down upon us, and offer us pure streams of water, which, at that time, seemed of more importance and value, than their riches.—Every eye in our ranks was fixed upon them;—for a long distance had we marched since seeing mountains.—A little before sunset we struck the hills, and ascended the long slope of the first.

It had on its surface many pebbles and round stones;—the first that we had seen for six hundred miles.—On rising the long, high hill, we looked back, on the desert prairie behind, which, there in the vast distance spread out, brown and parched, reminded us of the description of the Sahara;—a narrow and long serpentine column of dust, from near the horizon to the base of the hill, showed the weary troops and tired wagon train, slowly coming.

Here, on the hills, we struck again the chapparal;—on the second ridge we found a rancho.—The change was remarkable.—In a valley near, was growing a large field of corn; the trees were green, and every thing looked, up there

in the hills, like life.—Here, too, was a well;—but as its supply of water was scant, the general forbade a drop of it being used by the cavalry, and ordered us on to another well, which the rancheros informed him, was seven miles distant.—This was right; for the thirsting infantry needed this water more than we did.

(When these came up, a guard was set over the well, and every man received from the hands of the officer attending, one pint of water, measured out to him.—The well did not hold out at that, and the last companies received but a little over half a pint each, after their excessive fatigue;—as for supper, they needed none; for they threw themselves down on the ground, anywhere, and overpowered, were soon asleep.)

We, of the cavalry, arrived at the next well at dusk;—having made our march of forty-two miles.—We immediately rushed there for water.—From dark until late at night, there was a continual crowd and quarrel for water, by the men;—and the horses bit and kicked one another, in their efforts to get their heads into the narrow trough.—The well was about fifteen feet deep, plenty of water in it, though there was but one small bucket to raise it. The men pushed away one another in their eagerness to get their tin cups into it.

The water was pretty good, but there was no danger of any one hurting himself in drinking too much; for in the rush, it required an hour, or more, before one could get enough.—The wagons of the companies came up late at night, unexpectedly; and thus we were enabled to get our suppers, and procure a little corn for our horses. The grass in these hills, although green, compared to the desert prairie, had been eaten off short, so that there was none for them.—We found that we were within about three miles of General Patterson's camp, at San Fernando, and that we had made two day's march in one.—The town had been surrendered to him, during the day, by a deputation, consisting of the alcaldes and principal citizens, who met him near this place, where we were now encamped.—We found, also, that the last night, the Mexican leader, Canales, with three hundred

and odd horsemen, had encamped at this same place, and were now in the neighborhood.—On this news, every man of us was ordered to look to his arms, and sleep with them near him, which was done.—Being much fatigued, we did not pitch our tents, but lay down anywhere around, and were soon fast asleep.

December 27th. This was a fine morning: the rising sun shone over the hills and valleys, and illuminated the mountains in the west.—The view was so different from that of level scenery, which had so long surrounded us, that all were pleased, in gazing upon it.—We started late.—The infantry made their appearance, coming over the hill-tops;—they walked stiff and crippled: the feet of all were very sore.—Soon the white tops of the wagon train appeared in the same direction; and, to the cheering sound of the bugles, we then moved onward, over rocky hills and deep valleys.—We passed a large quarry of the white stone, described at Goliad; and shortly came to the brow of the hill overlooking the deeper valley in which was the town of San Fernando; and near it was the camp of General Patterson.—The river, of the same name as the town, ran along the opposite side of the valley, which, there, was shut in by high, precipitous hills.—Obtaining permission from the captain, the author here left the lines, and remained awhile on the brow of the hill, to observe the magnificence of the wild and rugged scenery, on either side, and in front; and the picturesque beauty of the embosomed valley below.—The distant glimpses of the river, on the left of the front view, were caught only as it emerged from between high bluff banks, to enter others again.—The vision, in following it, rested upon the lines of tents of General Patterson's camp, and the volumes of thin smoke rising from that.—Immediately in front, at the base of the high hill, down which the column of troops were winding, was the compact town, built entirely of this white stone, with many deep green trees of orange, and other kinds, showing a pleasing contrast against the massive walls of the stone buildings.—The church towers were elevated above the rest.—The style of building—its closeness, neatness, and similarity, throughout its extent—gave to it an appearance, from

e, rent from that of a city of our manner of con-
uction; and it was more beautiful.
At the foot of the hill, below, between that and the town,
the cemetery, walled in with stone.—This was the next
ct.—We found it a fine structure, square, and with a
arched gateway.—Many stone crosses, on heavy pedes-
were on the walls, at regular intervals. On the inte-
, under each of these crosses, was a niche, or space in
wall;—all of these were filled with human skulls, piled
on the other, the eye-sockets outwards. Wherever you
d around, these met your eye, and presented not a plea-
t a rance.—In the two extreme corners, were large
arm, and rib bones.—The space inside the walls
h graves and sculptured tombs; some of these
by light, lofty stone arches, and adorned with
lowers and figures of saints, &c. The whole struc-
was neat, ornamental, and costly.
proceeded on to camp, where the whole of General
w's command were already encamping, along by the
of General Patterson's. The area covered by the
oops, and heavy train of five hundred wagons, was
large; and a person became tired of walking over it.—
Many of us immediately repaired to the river beyond the
encampment, to get water for ourselves and horses, and to
bathe. The stream was about forty yards wide, in a deep
ravine, with banks, in most places, rising from one hundred
to a hundred and fifty feet, perpendicular height.—The town
is built on the highest part of the bluff, adjoining the plain
or valley.—The river, at this place, where accessible, was
filled with men and horses.—The current was remarkably
swift, and rushed over the rocks with a ceaseless noise.—
We afterward proceeded from the river, up along the bank, into
the town, thinking to observe a crowded population; but
a more lonesome looking place was not to be found.—The
streets were entirely deserted, and the houses shut up—every
door and window closed; not a store open; nor a man, wo-
man, or child, in the streets.—One would have thought them
all dead, but for the confused sound of voices, that came over
the high stone walls of the court-yards.—Throughout the city

it was the same, for the whole day.—The inhabitants were filled with the utmost terror of the "*Americanos*," and kept themselves within doors.—In a long walk through many streets, and crossing the squares, we saw not an open door, save one, on the corner of the plaza; and into that, immediately, a half dozen of us entered, and found ourselves in the court room of the second alcalde of the town.—He was within: was a man of light complexion, and quite genteel appearance; was seated at his large table, with his escribiente, alguacil, and other attendants, around;—all of whom were excessively delighted to see us—the hypocritical scoundrels!

One of us, Hill, who had lived in Mexico for some years, and understood their language well, interpreted his conversation to the rest of us. The alcalde said that the Americans were a free people; that they were noble and powerful, and that he loved every American like a brother; and he finished by throwing his arms around our necks, and embracing us; in which worthy demonstrations of friendship he was seconded by the escribiente, who, throwing down his pen, came forward, saying, "*Americanos, mucho bueno*," (Americans, very good); and he, too, fell to embracing us, and squeezing our hands; while the worthy *alguacil*, or constable, followed, as well as another Mexican citizen who was in there, the example of his superiors, with much jabbered Spanish about *Americanos*. One would have been reminded of the greeting of new converts at the altar of a camp-meeting, by their expressions of joy, &c.—But this was all assumed;—these very men would have cut our throats gladly, had they possessed the power.—However, the author, from them, through the interpreter, in answer to his inquiries, obtained much information with regard to the town, the country, health, manners, customs, &c., and regretted not the hours he spent there.

Towards sunset we left the town, only stopping to admire the splendid brick mansion of Don Garcia Flores, with its extensive court yards, fine interior, spacious, beautiful rooms, and large collections of the finest flowers and scented shrubs,

&c.; after admiring which, we passed on to camp, and having nothing else to do, lay down and slept well.

December 28th. This morning our regiment was divided; seven companies were sent across the river, and ordered to proceed to the next river, twenty-five miles, and work upon the banks of that, so that it could be passed by the train. —One other company, the "Giles Troopers," under Captain Haynes, was sent, by General Patterson, back to Matamoras, with orders to bring on another train of wagons to Victoria; a severe service, which they immediately set about.—They had some difficulty with the principal alcalde of the town, about furnishing a number of pack mules for the detachment, and had to force him to do it by confining him; when he soon had them brought up.—After these were procured, the company started back. (We saw no more of them until they came up to Victoria, twelve days after our arrival there; and the incidents of their march, in the meantime, will hereafter be related). The other two companies of us remained encamped.

One regiment of the Illinoisans crossed the river, the water taking each man about the middle;—they encamped on the high plain opposite. The long wagon train then followed;—the passage of this occupied the time until three, P. M.;—then followed the artillery, of which there were but two pieces; then the other regiment of infantry; and just at night our two companies saddled up, struck our tents, and brought up the rear.—As we did not have to move until so late, we had the day to ourselves, and three of us went into town; where the frightened inhabitants were beginning to creep out, finding they were not molested.

We again called on our acquaintance, the alcalde. We found that he had with him part of the authorities of the town.—We were not going to disturb them; but they insisted, with many smiles and bows, that we should come in, and after a little conversation in broken Spanish, helped out by many signs, we stopped and looked on. Hill, with another, came passing by, and seeing us, entered, and was received by the Mexicans, who were seated at the large table, with the same tokens of pleasure, (all hypocritical).—

They insisted on his taking a seat, and with many gestures informed him what they were about.

In the meantime, five more Mexicans came in, all finely dressed in their own style, with splendid serapes. These were most attentive to us, and carried on a long conversation with Hill, and told him the objects of their meeting, (no doubt thinking we had been sent up to watch them). There were the four alcaldes, or magistrates of the town;—these all sat together behind the table;—in front of this, around, were the members of the ayuntamiento, or common council, the president of which was the best looking Mexican we had seen.

There were not all of the members of the ayuntamiento present, four, as they told Hill, having left the town, with many of the other citizens, on the approach of the army.—They said that this was an informal meeting, to consider together upon some business arising from General Patterson's requisition upon them that morning, for pack mules, &c., (for the use of Haynes' detachment). We asked them, through Hill, to go on with their business, which they did in an orderly way; though sometimes they appeared to be excited, especially the first alcalde, who had, in the morning, been placed in "durance vile." The four alcaldes all had their gold headed canes, and each of them had a dignified appearance. —(As these officers of justice, found in every town in Mexico, will hereafter be mentioned in this work, we will give a short description of their office, powers, &c.)

There are in every town of any size, four of them; in every village one at least.—They are elected by the people, and serve for one year.—Their office resembles much that of our justice of the peace, but they have more power.—They have jurisdiction of all cases of misdemeanor, smaller crimes of every description, and all debts under one hundred dollars —in these their decision is final, and from it there is no appeal.—They are attended, each by an *alguacil*, an officer like a constable.—He arrests every one ordered by the alcalde, and brings him before him.—He carries a written process, commanding the person to appear before the alcalde, immediately, or at such an hour.—If the person refuses to

obey the alguacil, the alcalde sends his tasseled cane, or *baston de justicia*, by the alguacil; then the person must come, or be imprisoned, or fined, for contempt of his authority.—The alcaldes can keep a man for an indefinite time in prison, save upon command of the prefect, another officer, who is above them.—The alcalde, in common cases, commits nothing to writing, and justice is summarily dispensed (in most cases in his favor, who pays him a sum of money, or sends him a polite note, offering to *lend* him a sum).

Larger cases of debt than one hundred dollars, or cases of murder, robbery, &c., when committed by the rich, are very seldom troubled much; for the proceedings before the alcalde are costly, and besides that, *never end*.—But the way in which they are carried on, we will cite by an instance. Don A. owes Don B. on a certain transaction five hundred dollars, —will not pay it.—Don B. applies to the alcalde, who cites both parties, with their *hombre buenos* (just men), or arbitrators, to appear before him on such a day.—All appear. Don B. states his case; this is all written down in a blank-book; his witnesses are examined, and their testimony is all written down with the statement.—Don A. is then, with his witnesses, called upon: their adverse statement is all written down, word for word, as it is given.—The alcalde and *hombre buenos* then decide the case against Don A.; but he raises an objection to it, and is entitled to a hearing before a higher authority.—The whole is then sealed up, and sent to the *Asesor General*, an officer somewhat like a chief justice, at the seat of government of the state, and the plaintiff has to pay the cost.—The *asesor general* gets it, and after a while (sometimes a month, sometimes twelve, and sometimes never), writes back to the alcalde to give judgment for Don B. (that is, if he took care to send to that personage a larger fee than did the other, but if he did not, then for Don A.)—However, the alcalde may receive, in the course of twelve months, an order from the *asesor general* to decide the case in favor of one or the other.—That is, if there occur no revolution, or change in government;—but if there do, the *asesor general* is displaced, and another put in, and the complainant may rest assured that he will never touch the papers of

his predecessor, without another fee.—When this order is received, the alcalde cites the parties before him, and informs them of the decision.—The unsuccessful one immediately raises an objection, under color of law, whether having the slightest reason or not;—the objection is written down, and the whole is sent off by post again; the complainant again paying up, to the *asesor general*, who reconsiders it, and pocketing the fees from both parties, sends back another direction, either confirming the first or annulling it, according to the strong reasoning before mentioned;—each one of these documents now adds to the papers; these must all be sent back and forth each time, and they increase the postage (for by law, they must be sent by the post).—The same case if other objections are raised by the losing party; are written down, and again sent back;—and a case will not be decided, sometimes for twenty years; in fact, if the parties continued to fee the *asesor general*, never; and he who stops those fees first, loses his suit.

Under one hundred dollars, the case depends with the alcalde alone; and debts are rarely contracted above that amount.—The common way, with these small ones, is that each party selects his *hombre bueno*, and the alcalde acts as the third, and the case is thus decided; and payment, then, must be on the spot, or the losing party must go to prison.—This last is the fairest way of trial among them.

Now, having given this sketch of the alcaldes, let us see about their minor officers. The "*escribientes*," or secretaries, are hired, and paid out of the fines accruing to the office; and if these are a little behindhand, the alcalde does not hesitate to have men brought up, and fine them for an alleged offence; thinking, no doubt, that the payment of the escribiente is for the public good.—The *alguacil*, or constable, is one of the inhabitants; who all have to serve in this office one week each, in turn. They get nothing at all for it, "and find themselves."—If there are any Mexican soldiers in a town, they guard the prison; if not, the inhabitants have to take turns at this, too.

These four alcaldes, spoken of, who sat here, all possessed these powers, and, moreover, a general power of

police, over their actions; acting as coroners, &c.—The rest of the assembly were of the *ayuntamiento*. A few words about this. There are, commonly, twelve of this body; they are elected by the people, at the same time of the election of the alcaldes—commonly in December—and serve one year. They attend to the town property, the aqueducts, the squares, and streets; the revenues, taxes, appropriations, &c.; and have exclusive supervision over the prison. They are compelled, on requisition of the *prefecto*, to raise soldiers for the government (done by forcible impressment, from the poorer class).—It is considered quite an honor, in these towns, to belong to this body.—One more officer is commonly placed in each town or district, but, at this time, there was none in San Fernando. This is the *prefecto*.—A principal one resides in the capital of the state; other sub-prefects in every town and district.—It is this officer's duty to command the troops in that district or town; to make requisitions on the ayuntamiento for more, when he is required so to do by the governor; to receive prisoners passing through the country; to obtain for foreigners their "*cartas de seguiridad*," or letters of protection, and also furnish them passports for traveling; and, finally, to overlook the alcaldes in their administration of justice.—The principal prefect, at the seat of government, has the same to do, on a larger scale.—Beside these, we might as well mention the governor of the state; for he is the only remaining officer of note: they are the military commanders of the state; responsible to no one but the president of the republic.—They are all appointed by the different presidents, that rise and fall, and rise again, in this country;—their duration of office is, therefore, just as uncertain, but always short.

We intended to have run no farther in this description, than to include these of the kind that were assembled here at San Fernando, this evening; but as the others, like these, are universally the same throughout Mexico, the time of the reader will not be lost, in learning something else about them, save their names.

Now let us return to the group that we left.—They finished their consultations in an hour or two,—in which, no doubt,

they considered it best to obey any requisition of the general upon them,—when they scattered; and we returned to camp and saddling up, crossed the river, encamped with the rest of the army, collected a lot of musquit brush, and went to cooking our suppers; after taking which, we stretched ourselves out under the musquit bushes, and enjoyed the scene of the busy camp—the crowds pouring along the road, back and forth, &c.

We heard a loud laugh from scores up the road, and looking for the cause, saw several Mexicans coming through on horseback. On one mule was a light-complexioned, pretty, round faced Mexican girl, of perhaps sixteen years old, with an enormous sombrero on, like a man, sitting on her steed *straddle*, one foot in each stirrup, while her hands hung unemployed, and displayed several pretty rings.—Her dress did not seem to suit her manner of riding much; certainly did not come as low as pantaloons would have done.—Riding behind her, was a lank-jawed young man, of about twenty years old, holding himself on with one arm round her waist, with the bridle-reins in that hand, while the other was employed with the whip.—Making it appear more singular to our boys, he was seated behind the saddle, with both his feet on the left side, just as our ladies ride behind their husbands or brothers.—Here, from our manner, both the parties were reversed in position, as well as in manner of sitting.*—This was enough for the men, who broke out in peals of laughter, as they came along, much to the confusion of the girl and her partner, who did not know what to make of it; this way of riding being common enough with them.

The evening passed away agreeably, and all lay down to sleep, after paying good attention to our horses, which here got some grass.

December 29th. We were roused by the reveille; the racket of the drums and fifes of both regiments of infantry, and our bugles helping out the concert, so that it was impossible to think of a moment's sleep after they had commenced. Fires

* In Mexico, the general way of riding double, is, that the female rides in the saddle, but on one side; and the man behind her, with one foot on either side.—Often, however, the woman rides as we saw this one.

in numbers, were soon seen over all the encampment, and shortly afterwards, the tents were down, wagons loaded, and before sunrise we were on the march, our company being the advance guard.—Passing over a small plain, we commenced the ascent of long, high, rocky hills, covered with a growth of thinly-scattered musquit bushes, and some grass between the rocks; the scenery was of the boldest character, steep hills, very deep, rocky valleys, black, mountainous elevations on the horizon all around, highest in front.—Here and there, far down in the valleys, were fertile tracts of land, with ranchos on them, surrounded with many orange trees of deep green; and vegetation down there, from its lively color, contrasted strongly with the huge, rocky, barren hills, that were thrown, as it were, promiscuously around, having nothing on their broad sides, save the scattered musquit, with here and there tall sword palmettos, rearing their round heads, visible far.—On the opposite spur, or mountain, in the early part of the day, were a body of Mexican horsemen, partially concealed by the musquit.—They were a long distance off, and could not be caught; for they could see us, if we started after them, and before we could have reached the edge of the valley plain, far below us, they would have been gone, leaving, on the rocks and through the defiles, no trace behind.—They were gratified with a splendid view of our long, extended lines, and wagon train, slowly winding up the hill.—When we halted, to repair the road for the train behind, we could see, in the rear, over all the hills that we had passed.—They were below us now, and the desert section in the rear, again came in view beyond them.—The descent of all these hills had been extremely difficult.—The day's march throughout, was up and down these "young mountains," as some of the men called them, but was not near so fatiguing to us, nor did it appear so to the infantry, as the dead level of the parched prairie.—Those of that regiment that with us, two days before, had such a hard time, seemed entirely recovered from their lameness and fatigue, and jogged along, with their muskets and heavy knapsacks, joking and laughing.—We noticed that many of

them, yesterday spent much time in bathing their feet in the San Fernando river, and now they appeared all right again.—There was no water on the route to-day, but every man had brought his canteen full from the river, and no inconvenience was experienced on that account.—At five P. M., we arrived at a rapid creek, or small river, with high, steep banks.—Here we found our other seven companies, and now we were all together again, save Captain Haynes' company, which, as said before, had gone back to Matamoras.—We crossed the river, and encamped on the high bank opposite, upon the ascent of which the companies mentioned had done much work.—The wagon train drew up in the rocky, dry islands of the river below, while some of the infantry encamped on either side of the stream; —the bank on which we were, was a hundred and fifty feet, perhaps more, above the bed of the river.

Some of us spent an hour or two, seated on the bluff, looking down into the busy train, where the commissaries were engaged in giving out the rations to the crowds in attendance, and the forage masters, also, in handing out the sacks of corn to the cavalry companies.—Growing on this bank was much of the cactus gigantea, (*see plate, page* 357), and much of the wild maguey plant; (*see plate,* page* 378). This species of cactus grows in fluted columns, straight, with the ridges covered with bunches of thorns, which are large, strong and sharp. The columns are of a similar consistence and color to the prickly pear, but the old ones have a woody core. —They grow from twelve to eighteen feet high, each one from five to seven inches thick.—The men cut down many with their sabres, which, from their peculiar consistence, could be done with a single blow. One man, however, was severely hurt by a large and heavy one, that, as he cut it, fell over upon him, driving fifty or more of the strong thorns through his clothing into his shoulder and arm, where each remained fixed firmly, and were difficult to pull out.

We came now to several more species of this cactus, all with needle-like thorns;—one kind was three-cornered, and

* That plate represents the cultivated maguey.—This that grows wild upon the mountain side is of the same appearance, but only about half as large.

grew tall; another grew like large turnips out of the ground, and these were dangerous even for a horse to step on; another, smaller, grew like a potato, and was covered on the outside by a net work, if we may so express it, of slender, delicate thorns, and there were numbers of other varieties. But the kind most troublesome to us, was a species that grew like a bush, about three feet high; so little, at first sight, did it resemble anything of the cactus kind, that many of us got into it to our sorrow;—its small stems were numerous and crooked; these covered with millions of little thorns, each one about a quarter of an inch in length, and finer than a hair;—sharp, barbed, strong;—easily entering, and hard to get out.—These little thorns covered the stems, and, on the slightest touch with the person, remained in the flesh. Beside the little fellows, the same plant bore at intervals on its stalk, hundreds of larger ones, each about an inch in length, and growing in slight sheaths, to protect them.

We would not have believed that any thorns could grow quite so sharp as these did; for no point of the finest needle entered the flesh so easily, or continued to penetrate with so slight a touch.—It seemed as though they would insinuate themselves deeper and deeper, with no force to push them in;—but on endeavoring to draw one out, the strongest resistance was experienced; the flesh rose and hung around to them. Several of them, well in, made a serious job to extricate.

In connexion with the thorny musquit, and a species of flag covered with cat-claw briers, and the grass with keen burs, we had these different varieties of the cactus, of all sizes and shapes, from this time, through our whole future march in Mexico; sometimes only thinly scattered about, then again so close that it was found difficult to get a place clear enough on which to encamp.—So the reader will please bear in mind, as a constant accompaniment to the future marches, a full supply of crowded prickly pears, of tall, short, round, every shape, of needle-covered cactus; of trees and bushes, all thorny; of weeds and grass covered with the same; so that whenever any one left the road, into these

thickets, whether for scouting, hunting, or failure of the plain track, he had enough to do, each moment, to save his flesh. We now saw why these rancheros dressed in buckskin;—nothing else will stand these thorns.* The feeding and saddling of our horses, in the morning before day, was to us the time for getting thousands of them into us.—The wilderness of rocky hills, or small mountains, over which our road had led for the day, had been covered thickly with this growth.—Distance marched, twenty-five miles.

December 30th. The reveille roused us before day, and by light we were again on the road. After proceeding over the hills and rocky valleys about five miles, the whole division was obliged to halt for an hour, at a deep ravine, impassable for the train. The sappers and miners—a splendid company of regulars—were ordered up; and, with a detachment of infantry and dismounted cavalry, with pickaxes, crowbars, shovels, &c., the ravine was cut down and made passable in a little while, and we all went down into it.†—It was a rough, dark looking, narrow chasm, with the jutting rocks, in some places, coming near each other above. It appeared as if, sometimes, the whole chasm was filled with rushing water, from the cleanliness of the dark rocks, on sides and bottom, swept by its force.—No water was in there now, however, save a beautiful spring that bubbled up, clear and copious, from under the projecting front of a massive rock.—This spring, to which we hastened, was, to our disappointment, of

* It is customary, in the country, for Mexicans, when riding, to have a kind of false pantaloons, which buckle round the waist and go over each leg: these are made of goat skin, and have the hair on; they are sufficiently stout to withstand the penetration of the thorns;—they are called *armor de pelo*, (covering of hair), and when not used, hang to the saddle, in front of the leg, (see plate, page 368.)

† It was interesting, on this rough march, to see the ease and quickness with which the most formidable obstacles were removed, and the road made practicable for the artillery and wagons, by the united efforts of science, skill and labor.—The company of sappers and miners followed the advance of cavalry;—these last could wind their way along. The bugler of the sappers had a set of signals, which could be heard a mile, and by which, in those difficult roads, the movements of the army were directed.—The officer of the sappers came to an obstacle: a huge rock in the road, an impassable ravine, or other impediment.—At a signal from him, the bugler sounded the halt, by a peculiar set of half a dozen notes.—The cavalry ahead drew up their horses; the artillery behind stopped; the wagon train closed up, and did the same; the infantry

so strong a mineral taste as not to be drinkable, and we left still thirsty; while hundreds of the infantry came rushing down the ravine, to get to it,—but they as soon left.

We continued our course, all the day, over these rugged mountains, with the road, in many places, extremely bad.—The views and changes of scene were innumerable, but all of nature's wildest work. To our right, rose another higher range of mountains, which were at just such distance as to render their whole outlines, in their thousand forms, distinct to the eye. These, with the appearance of their precipices, high heads, and extended direction, were most imposing.—The range ran to the south-west—the course that we were traveling.

The sun to-day, although the 30th of December, was very hot.—All gladly sought the shade of the musquit bushes, every time the bugles of the sappers sounded a halt.—At four, P. M., to our great joy, we crossed the last summit of this collection, and saw, down before us, as pretty a valley,—or, rather, circular plain,—embosomed by the rugged mountains, as one could imagine;—it was green, in appearance; and a winding branch, that looked like a silver thread, passed through it.—We went down into it: the soil was good, and the road level. A half mile brought us to the brook, in which we found plenty of good water. It was soon filled, far up and down, by our cavalry, together with the infantry; the horses drinking, the men dipping in their tin cups, and filling their emptied canteens; while the artil-

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sat down on the road, just where they heard the sound;—and the body of men, under the direction of the sappers, removed the rock, filled up the ravine, or placed a bridge across it, (where material could be procured,) under the supervision of the officers. These knew their business so well, and gave their directions so plainly, and they were followed with such quickness and union of effort, that the obstacle was removed; the hill dug down, the ravine filled up, or the bridge strongly made, in less time than would, at home, be consumed in the preliminary consultation as to the manner of commencing the work.—It looked like magic; and it was the magical effect of knowledge, combined with connected labor.—The obstacles removed, the buglers of the sappers sounded the advance: the cavalry proceeded on; the artillery commenced the crossing; the infantry jumped to their feet, and places; the long train started, and the whole body were in motion, until again they were stopped by other obstacles.—These were many, as the road was only a mule track over the rugged mountains.

lerymen and teamsters were carrying buckets of it to their horses.—It was a beautiful spot: for all along its banks was tall green grass, with purple and yellow wild flowers.—We remained halted an hour, until all had watered.—The sun was then sinking behind the range of mountains on the west, throwing their distinct outlines in relief against the evening sky.—The air became pleasant, and all being rested and refreshed, the army moved on over the plain: on the surface of this, here and there, were springs that came up from the earth, and wandered off in rivulets; one of which was, for a mile or two, along the side of the road.—At sunset, the cavalry advance had crossed the plain, and were ordered to encamp on the slope of a gentle hill, where was a rancho of fifteen or twenty houses.—The infantry encamped on the plain below.—The artillery came up near the cavalry, while the extended wagon train closed its long line into four or five parallel ones, near to the regiments of infantry.—All these were convenient to water; for, from a large spring or basin, of twenty feet in diameter, it gushed out of the hill, near to the cavalry, and flowed down in a pretty brook by them.—The houses of the rancho were disposed around, leaving a large square, of several acres;—in the centre of this, was the basin.—This the people had partially walled up with flagstones.—Only one inconvenience arose to the cavalry—which was from the quantity, height, and size of the prickly pear, about their camp.

December 31st. The last day of the year, and it was hot enough for August.—As before, we were roused by the reveille, long before light; and we stumbled about in the darkness, among the prickly pear, to feed our horses, with the corn which each man had bought for himself, at the rancho last night.—Every step from the tent brought us in contact with the prickly pear, that rose above our heads, or with some other cactus;—and many bitter oaths in that thicket, were loudly given, that morning.—The fires were soon kindled, and, as we had fresh beef served out to us the night before, we had first-rate steaks, broiled on the coals, for our hasty breakfast; which, however, would have been much better, had we possessed a little salt to sprinkle over them.—From

the want of water during the day, every one had now got into the habit, which they continued after, of taking in the morning, large draughts of coffee.

That same delicate young man, who, with his hair nicely brushed, his face smoothly shaven, his broadcloth black coat, glossy, without a particle of lint upon it, and his boots highly polished, had often, at home, made his appearance at the breakfast-table, as late as eight o'clock; and who, during a slight meal, when asked by the landlady, "Will you take another cup of coffee, sir?" had replied, "No, madam, I never take but one cup; I think a free use of coffee injurious to health,"—now might be seen, by the glaring light of the camp-fire before the tent, before day, to come out, and straighten himself and rub his eyes;—dressed precisely as he had been the day before, for not an article of clothing, not even his boots, had been taken off—nothing, save his spurs, and they would not have been, if his next comrade had not cursed about his having them on when he lay down; and that dress bad enough, any way; with a bushy beard, that had not seen a razor in three months.—He yawns, and the first thing that strikes his attention is the coffee-pot, which his messmate, whose turn it is to cook for the day, is putting on the hot fire. "Bill, how much coffee have you got in there? d—n my soul, if I got half enough, when Jim cooked, yesterday!" A voice comes from the inside of the tent—it is Jim's: "You got your tin cup twice full, John, and it was strong as d—n——n, at that."—"Well, my cup is small," replied the first.—"Small! it holds over a pint," says Jim.—"Never mind," says Bill, over the fire, "I shall have enough for you, presently; for the pot is full of water, and I put my cup nearly full of pounded coffee into it."

Breakfast was over, the camp all deserted, and the army was on its march, still towards the everlasting south-west. Many of the men of our regiment, after a half-serious consultation on this course, a few days before, concluded, from their continuous march in this direction, that the world was much longer on this course than any other way!—The morn-

as very fine, and the road good.—Leaving the moun-

n our right and left, we came out on a high plain, over

the surface of which were scattered sword palmettos, cactus of various kinds, and wild maguey; which latter, continually struck our attention, the leaves being so large, thick, and strong.—The chain of mountains on the right, continued as before; offering to the view, illumined by the morning sun, any number of slowly changing aspects.—Ten miles distance brought us to the brow of a high, precipitous descent, falling off on a wider plain below, over which the vision extended for many miles to the north-west, west, south-west, and south; the whole, seeming, in the distance, to be locked in by high mountains of every form of swell. In the front, six miles distant, was the town of Santander, showing plainly, its white surfaces of beautiful buildings and towers.—Although so far off, still, from the magnitude, height, and distance of the mountains behind, it appeared almost in the fore-ground of the view. The whole plain appeared like a vast map spread out below.

A halt being here commanded, for the infantry and wagon train to come up—the advance having, on the good road, got much ahead of them—all of us had full leisure to survey the scene. After a while they came up, and the descent was commenced. The troops found no trouble in getting down to the lower plain, but the train descended with great difficulty; it was near night when all were down. The road then was excellent on to the town, which, leaving a little to the left, the troops in advance (not waiting for the train and rear), passed on to the Santander river, crossed it, and encamped upon the opposite bank, on a level area, in a good situation.—Near the camp was an old dam, of stone, thrown across the river, of great size and excellent workmanship; as perfect now, after the water had been beating upon and rushing over it, for over one hundred years (as the citizens of the town informed us), as when it was first built.

A pretty cascade of water was continually pouring over it, and dashing on the stone foundation, about twelve feet below;—it rushed off this broad platform of rock, into a deep, clear, and pretty basin, with pebbly bottom and grassy banks.—Into this basin, on account of the heat of the day and dust of the march, scores of the men immediately went

to bathe, for which purpose no place could be prettier.—It was the bathing place of all the *señoritas* of the town, who, every evening, had resorted there; (for the Mexican women have about the same partiality for water as is shown by a brood of young ducks when first they waddle towards a pond*), and not caring much for the presence of the "sterner sex;" thinking no harm, for custom makes all things right. Above the dam, the water lay in a still sheet, stretching back for a long distance. Its color, where deep, was of a light sky blue; and this, together with the orange and other trees of bright green, many of which trailed their branches in the water; and the running vines, with many yellow flowers above, climbing upon them and overhanging the basin, made the whole a pretty scene, and appearing better still when visited upon the conclusion of as hot a day as this had been. Many of us walked up to the town;—like all others, Mexican, it had its stone, close buildings, with interior courts.—Many gardens, however, ornamented the place, and in their flourishing state, added a freshness to it. There was no dust, and all was quiet and pleasant in the streets. (It was neglected to be mentioned that we had left the strong winds and dust of the coast, upon leaving the prairie on the "long day's march," the day previous to our arrival at San Fernando.)

Many of the inhabitants, like those of San Fernando, were distrustful of us, and kept themselves within doors.—Those of the better class were free in their intercourse, and treated all of us who went in there with attention and respect, but only through fear. A deputation, consisting of the alcaldes, president of the ayuntamiento, and several of the members of that body, had met General Patterson at the head of the army, a short distance from the descent of the hill mentioned,

* The higher classes of the Mexican women have private bathing places; but all the others bathe in the rivers. Although so fond of bathing, all have singular repugnance to washing their faces in the manner that we do;—in fact, never doing it;—they think it unhealthy. If the face is to be cleansed, they do it with a cloth slightly dampened.—When bathing, even, many will not immerse their faces in the water, or wet their faces or hair with the cool liquid, although some then do, but at no other
s.—This bathing is followed the whole year. The men, although fond of it, yet
not so often as the women;—yet, in spite of all this bathing, the lower classes dirty set in their clothing, persons and houses.

and with much ceremony, had surrendered their town to him, and asked protection for themselves. Their address was interpreted to the generals, who, in return, promised this, and made other remarks, to the effect that the armies of the United States came not to fight private citizens, but against their unjust rulers, &c., &c.

This was interpreted to the deputation, and the first alcalde replied, disavowing the acts of Paredes and Santa Anna, and professing friendship to the "United States of the north," as they termed our country, (all hypocritical); and then returned to their town, in advance of the army, to quiet the apprehensions of their citizens.

There were many things in this town to attract our attention.—The church was on the public plaza; was a fine building of stone, with its due proportion of heavy bells, &c.—Around the plaza, too, were several fine buildings of the same material; of which, in fact, the whole town was built, like San Fernando. The stone is the same;—called in Mexico, *tunastate*.

But the object of most interest in this town of Santander, was the old palace of the *Conde de Saragorde*, the former governor of this whole northern section of Mexico, in times long ago. The count, the alcalde of the town informed us, built this palace in the years 1734–35; and about the same time constructed the dam spoken of, to divert the water from the river, along a narrow canal, to the town and lands in the vicinity. He also built the church; and not only founded this town, but also that of San Fernando, through which we had previously passed.

The palace, now old, and the interior somewhat dilapidated, is a noble edifice, about two hundred and fifty feet square, with a court in the centre. It is of two stories;—ascending from the court yard within are three spacious flights of stone steps, leading to the lofty upper piazza, with its numerous massive doric pillars of stone; the floors above are of polished stone; the roof of the same durable material;—the quantity of sculpture is splendidly executed. At the head of the principal stairway, the coat of arms of the count, based upon the arms of Spain, stand out in bold

relief, undefaced and uninjured.—Bass reliefs of stone abound in all the numerous apartments.—No one now resides at the palace;—it stands almost imperishable, a memento of former times.—After finishing our observation of the town of Santander, we returned to camp.

This evening our regiment was reviewed by the colonel, in order to make out the pay-roll for the last two months.—In this review, the condition of our horses was minutely inquired into, and report made of the same.—Nearly all had American horses; but those who had lost theirs, had been obliged to furnish themselves with Mexican animals:—these stood not so high, in the opinion of our generals, as the others.

After the review, a Mexican arrived in camp from Victoria, ahead.—He bore a dispatch from General Quitman to Gen. Patterson, containing the information that the former had taken Victoria, the Mexican army falling back at his approach, in the mountains towards Tula. This news put an end to the anticipations by our men, of a brush with the enemy there, much to their disappointment.—March of the day, sixteen miles.

January 1*st*, 1847. The new year ushered itself in last night, in a manner not agreeable to us poor mortals, who had just witnessed the close of its predecessor, which had left us in so different a situation from that in which it found us at its commencement. We had been musing and conversing on this during the pleasant moonlight evening, and had set up late, so engaged. As usual in such pleasant weather, most preferred to sleep in the open air, rather than in the tents.

At midnight the new year came in, accompanied with a most violent and sudden norther; which blew the tents down, ripping and tearing them; whistling, rushing, and withal, "kicking up such a dust," that we knew not what to make of the sudden visit.—It became so cold that we were chilled through under its influence. The rest of the night was cold, windy, and uncomfortable.—We were not on the march until after sunrise, on account of some of the

t wagons of the train not having been able to cross the

river last night, so long a time being occupied in descending the steep hill six miles back.

The march of this day was over a barren country, exceedingly rocky in many places; large ledges of the *tunastate*, or white soft building stone, cropped out on the surface, ready split by nature, by parallel fissures, into blocks of convenient size for building. We passed no fertile valleys, or any habitation, during the day; the road was over rocky, broken hills, and through ravines, covered with a thin growth of musquit, some cactus of various kinds, with here and there a stunted tree of lignum vitæ.—This last has small, round leaves, of a deep green color;—the quality of its wood, every one knows.

At three, P. M., after a march of eighteen miles, the advance arrived at a rancho, and near it, came to one of the best wells we ever saw, fixed in the best manner for watering a large number of horses, or other animals, at once. It was about ten feet square, and eighteen feet deep; was walled up with stone and cement; had a large square platform, about twenty feet on each side, of the same material, raised four feet in height;—on this was a wheel and shaft, for raising the water. On one side of this platform was, also, a large stone cemented reservoir, or bathing basin, smooth, and well finished, twelve feet square, and four feet deep. From the side of the platform on which this basin was, a high cemented stone wall ran off about a hundred and twenty feet; on either side of this wall was a long trough of the same, for the whole length, and the ground adjoining, for fifteen feet on either side, was paved with large flag stones, to prevent the formation of mud. The water ran from the bathing basin, into which it was raised by the wheel, along stone spouts, into the troughs. The whole, here in this wilderness, surpassed anything of the kind that can be found in the United States.

We learned that this is a stopping place for all the Mexican troops marching through this section, and for all bodies of traders, or "*arrieros*," with their droves of pack mules.—The well afforded an abundant supply of water for the men and horses of the whole division; and one can readily sup-

pose that to furnish two thousand men, and more horses, after the day's march, would require much.

Wood for fires was scarce, and one of the wagoners pulled up two or three of the little crooked stakes of the musquit, driven down by the low trough to keep the mules from pawing it, which, however, were almost all gone long ago;—of the few that remained, this man pulled up four, each about two feet long, and half rotten. General Patterson saw him, and had him tied to his wagon wheel, close to the well, for the view of the whole army, as they, in continued numbers, came for water.—He remained thus tied with a strong rope, until night;—how much longer, "deponent saith not," not knowing.—To such length do they carry "protection to the Mexicans."

This well, we were informed, was thus built up in 1828; it had remained uninjured eighteen years; and, from the solidity of its construction, will remain hundreds more, unless forcibly destroyed.—These Mexicans are singular people in many of their ways and actions.—If they do anything with regard to water, it is done not only for the present generation, but for many succeeding ones.—If they build a dam, to divert water, like that at Santander, which is as good now, as it was one hundred and eighteen years ago, they build it to endure for ages.—If they fix a well, like this, in strong stone and stronger cement, it bids defiance to the destroying hand of time, for generation after generation.—If they undertake a bridge, its lofty stone arches are not made in the light manner of those few seen in our country, but are so large, so strong, and have foundations so firm, that centuries hence, they will be as perfect as at present; a bridge that they finish, needs no repair for ages, for there is nothing destructible, or that can change in them. (As will be mentioned hereafter, of the bridges on the road from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico.) If they attempt an aqueduct (like that in the city of Vera Cruz, which conducts the water now as copiously and as pure as it did in 1725, when it was finished), it needs no repairs, no alterations, no meddling with it in any way for centuries; it works as freely for the old man eighty years of age, as it did for his father; and the same old man can see no difference in the appear-

ance of the bridge over which he totters in his age, from its state when he ran and frolicked over it in his youth; and which, in the mean time, has had upon it not a repairing hand.—If these people cannot do these things in that manner, they will not do them at all.—But to return to our encampment. As said before, there was a rancho here, but it contained only three rough houses; like the rest of the ranchos that we have met since we left Matamoras, they were made of crooked musquit poles, set to one another in the ground, covered with straw, without floor, chimney, or windows (*see plate, page* 378).—The beef contractors procured from the owner of them, several fine beeves, for the use of the army.

January 2d. This morning, our company, being the advance for the day, were early roused; we got our breakfasts, saddled up, and were on the road before day; we were followed closely, by the sappers and miners, by whose bugles, as before described, our movements were governed.—The road, to-day, was very difficult, being but a mule track, over the "young mountains," extremely stony, and with much more ascent and descent than had been made on the day previous.—So many flat rocks lay piled over the vast hills, that musquit, cactus, or hardly a tuft of grass could find a footing.—At noon we reached the hacienda of San Antonio, and the finest house was being built here, that so far, we had seen in Mexico.—A considerable number of the rude houses of the peones were around it.—The valley in which this was, was free from stone, and apparently fertile.

After a short halt at the house, we proceeded down to the bank of a small river, with very high and steep banks, upon which were some large cypresses, as large as any in our own country. These attracted our attention, being the first large trees that we had seen for eight or nine hundred miles.—We crossed the stream, and ascended the other bank, which was very difficult, and, as much trouble and delay was expected, in crossing the train, we of the advance, were ordered to proceed on the road half a mile, and place out scouts for observation; this was done by our taking position, in the musquit timber; and our horses, for the first day in

many, found plenty of grass.—It took the rest of the day to cross the army and company wagons; but few of the train wagons coming over; the rest, and the rear guard encamped on the other side.—On account of this delay, the march of the day was but about nine miles.

January 3d. Last night our company had a busy time.—Hardly had its wagon arrived, and the men began to get their suppers, than an order came for the whole company to stand guard for the night, and to go on post immediately.—Most of the men were forced to go without any supper, or to get it during the night, when off post, as they could.—We were withdrawn from guard, and ordered to saddle up, this morning before day, but did not start for an hour or more.

Last night the troops were all busy until late—many in assisting the wagon train across the San Antonio, and up the steep bank on this side, which, at the least calculation, was one hundred feet high; and the elevation, on one part of it, was near forty-five degrees.—It was severe pulling, even with double teams, and the assistance of many on foot.

This morning, leaving the remainder of the train to come over the river, protected by the rear-guard, and assisted by a proper force, the part of the army that was already over, were on the march at an early hour, proceeding towards the town of Padilla, (*Pah-dhe-yah,*) only three miles from the San Antonio. The road was excellent—the land good.—We were then in the narrow fork between the San Antonio river on the north, and the Padilla river, a larger stream, on the south. While crossing this level tract, we suddenly met the prefect, alcaldes, and the other civil authorities of the town of Padilla, coming out, in a dashing cavalcade, to surrender their town to the general. We turned a little from the road, by order of the officer, to allow them to pass down towards the general. This little act of courtesy seemed to surprise the Mexicans, who acknowledged it by low bows to the officer and column;—they went on, and met the general.—The army was halted, and the surrender made; and, in company with them, the general and his staff came up, while we opened to the right and left, to let them pass.—The countenances of the Mexicans then, had a different

appearance than that they wore when, a few moments before, they had passed along. As we of the advance were now near the river and the town, the general and his staff went with the Mexicans directly over, thus having an opportunity to enjoy their hospitality, before we came up. It was not, however, a wise movement for the general to leave his army, even for a mile, to go into a town ahead, with only his staff accompanying him.

We now came to the river, on the southern bank of which was the town. It was as pretty a stream as one could wish to see: broad, of water clear, of current very swift, and pebbly bottom, and each bank fringed with tall cypress trees.—The water was about waist deep, and cold.—We crossed well enough; but when the infantry came, with them a scene of fun and boisterous mirth took place, as was always the case when a river was to be forded. Some stopped and took off their pantaloons, and held them above their heads, when wading; but the most, captains and lieutenants as well as men, started not a thing; but the latter, holding their cartridge-boxes, knapsacks, haversacks and muskets, above their heads, took the water, with the same step as before, and with no delay;—wading to their waists, stemming the strong current; while the whole multitude were laughing and yelling, splashing, and floundering along.—Arrived on the pebbly shore of the other side, they dropped their knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, and haversacks, to their places, and after halting a few moments, and filling their canteens, fell into column again, and marched on, as contented as though they had been dry.—The wagons which had crossed the San Antonio, found no delay in passing over this second river.—Leaving the bank of this last, just as the sun was rising, we proceeded into the town, where the inhabitants did not seem to possess the feelings of apprehension of injury, that we had noticed at San Fernando and Santander; being out in crowds to look at us.—The first thing that took our attention, was the number of large orange groves on either side of us;—most beautiful trees they were: of large size, deep green leaves, and regular, close appearance; covered with fruit—some ripe, and some green.—So many large

oranges were ripe, on some of them, that they gave to the trees a golden appearance, as the rays of the rising sun shone upon them.—The blossoms filled the air with their delightful fragrance. (These blossoms are small and white ;—they do not strike the eye with much beauty, but are of great fragrance.)—We purchased quantities of this fine fruit for a trifle; and it was universally remarked, that it was of better quality than any we had ever tasted before—being large, sweet, and juicy.

The morning was quite cool, and the crowds of peones and others that gazed at us, had their *horongos* muffled up about their necks and chins.—We proceeded on to the plaza; this was large, but the buildings around it showed rather what they once were, than anything attractive in their present appearance. Many of them were falling in ruins ;—all looked old and blackened with time.

It was in this plaza that the emperor, Iturbide, the first and last that Mexico, since the conquest by Cortez, has had, was shot, after he had landed on the coast near here, to endeavor to regain his throne. He fell here on the evening of July 19th, 1824, receiving at the fatal volley, two balls in his head, and two in his heart. The spot where he knelt and died is pointed out by the inhabitants; who, together with the whole of the Mexican nation, now almost worship his memory; and certain it is, that if he had regained his throne, the nation would have been in a far better condition than it is at present.*

* As both the life and death of Iturbide are so intimately connected in their effects upon Mexico, as she has been since that time, a short account of that life, and the revolution in Mexico, in which he acted so conspicuous a part, cannot fail of being interesting to the reader. Many persons, when reading of the Mexican revolution, and her subsequent independence, suppose it similar, in grounds and in action, as well as in effect, to that by which our own country became free from British tyranny. —But these persons are entirely mistaken.—The revolution in Mexico was not commenced on such grounds as those which animated our forefathers to rebel against the continued oppression of the English government ;—neither was it carried on with that ardor of spirit and determination, in its actors and leaders, to accomplish good for their country, and establish a free and independent government, that stimulated the
s of our own land.—Nor has the revolution in Mexico been productive of anything
ıg the glorious effects of that of the United States, in raising, as it were, in a

Leaving the town of Padilla, we marched out over barren, musquit covered, rocky hills, a mile or two, and halted for about three hours, until joined by the remainder of the train, and the rear-guard had come up to the Padilla river.—The bugles then sounded, the general came up, and we moved ahead.—During the long halt there, many of the men got freely under the influence of a spirituous liquor which was new to us: the Mexicans called it *muscal*. It was colorless, and nearly strong as alcohol.—They sold it freely in Padilla, at a dollar a quart; and that quantity was enough to intoxicate twenty men.—It is distilled from the wild maguey plant, and has a singular, fiery, smoky taste, and a flavor, as

day, a nation of freedom and happiness among the powers of the earth, respected by all.

The revolution in Mexico was began rather on account of the change of kings in Spain, than for any grievances that the Mexicans had to complain of. It was carried on as a system of plunder of the government property, and a kind of legal robbery, by the insurgent chiefs; who, acting without concert with one another, and responsible to no one, were no more nor less than captains of large bands of robbers; neither did they scruple openly, to act the robber in their attacks upon the inhabitants of the country, as well as on the king's troops.—More for plunder and personal advancement of the leaders, (with only one or two honorable exceptions), than for the independence of the country, was the war protracted from 1810 till 1821. It was finally accomplished by the treachery of a government officer, Iturbide, who had been intrusted with the command of its army; this he did for his own advancement; and finally lost his life in consequence.—After Mexican independence had by this means been accomplished, what, since, has been the result?—A host of adventurers, with Santa Anna at their head, have been striving on the arena for personal power, and for the greatest proportion of the spoils; while the nation has, under the alternate domination of these, gone backward at a rapid rate.—Her commerce, once a little, now is none; her agriculture, always rude, yet, under the Spanish government, was such that the sum of her exports amounted to a considerable revenue to her, yearly.—Now her exports of all productions are scarcely one-third as large as they were forty years ago.—Then her mines filled the world with wealth; now the most valuable of them are useless, their shafts filled with water, their miners dispersed, their machinery destroyed.—She is a reproach to the name of Republic.—Her government and system changes continually, and the only thing which remains untouched, are her old Spanish civil laws, under which, as before, the people are placed;—never having had time, in their civil wars, to form a code of republican laws; or having time, have had no wish to do it. The nation is far worse off than before the revolution; still tending downward every year.—The people now are in a station for which they are entirely unfit.—Writers may expatiate on the probabilities of the republic of Mexico rising to a station of power and respectability among other nations; but that is impossible; to do it, she must have other customs, other manners, other laws, other institutions, and in fact, another people. Her people are not capable of governing themselves, and never will

some remarked at the time, more like green tobacco than anything else.—(We got plenty of this muscal after this; and a description of its manufacture will hereafter be given, with that of the other spirituous liquors that the Mexicans use—see page 402).—Our march now, for about ten miles farther, lay over the same small, stony hills, all barren and desolate.—About one o'clock we left these, and came down upon rolling, fertile lands, with but little growth of musquit. —Two or three miles over this land, brought us to the Rio Corona, or Crown river; running, like the San Antonio and Padilla rivers, an eastwardly direction, and all discharging their waters below, into the Santander; which, near the coast,

be.—A monarchy is the only form of government under which the nation can exist with any prosperity.—We are apt to judge them by ourselves; no judgment can be more fallacious.

When a monarch is upon the throne of Mexico, and enforces obedience to wholesome laws, then, and then only, will the country be free from the ravages of continued civil war by partisan leaders, and an ignorant, discontented populace; leaders who only wish their own aggrandizement, and a populace who join in every new revolution—they know not why.

If Iturbide had not turned against the Spanish government, and accomplished this revolution, for a people incapable of accomplishing it for themselves; or, if he had succeeded in keeping his position on the throne of Mexico, to which he was elevated; or if he had been able to have regained that power, and ruled the people again as emperor, then the condition of Mexico would have been far different from what it is at present.

The death of Iturbide was a most unfortunate event for the nation of Mexico.—But, reader, we will not weary your patience, but give at once a brief notice of the life of Iturbide, whose name is now held by all the nation of Mexico in the highest regard. —Iturbide was a native Mexican, born in the city of Valadolid. He entered the army early in life, and was a lieutenant in the Spanish service in 1810, when the revolution was commenced by Hidalgo;—he fought bravely against him and the other insurgent leaders, (robbers would be a more appropriate term), and with great success. He retired from command in 1816, and lived a private life for four years, during which time the revolutionary movement had been nearly put down, and the only honest leader in it, General Victoria, had left it in disgust, and retired to the mountains as a hermit. Guerrero was the only insurgent chief left in force, and he had established himself near Zacatula, on the Pacific coast.

Iturbide was placed in command of a strong force, by the Spanish viceroy, and ordered to proceed, by a little town called Iguala, and take possession of half a million dollars, government funds, there; and then to subdue Guerrero, and thus restore complete quiet to the country, so long torn by these intestine commotions.

Iturbide marched in February, 1821, and in a few days reached the village, and took [illegible] of the money; and then, seeing the opportunity for himself, immedi[illegible] independence of Mexico. His "plan" is called from that village,

becomes quite a stream.—The water of the Rio Corona is of the most remarkable clearness;—no distilled water could be purer.—At the depth, in the holes, of six or eight feet, a pebble or little fish, on the bottom, could be seen with equal distinctness;—they appeared as though they were in the air. The clothes of the infantry, wet in fording the Padilla this morning, now, as they came to this, were dry, but immediately to be wet again.—This river, like the other, took them above their waists.—They jumped into this one with no reluctance, for the day had been very hot, and the water was refreshing.—(This continual wetting of clothing, and

"the plan of Iguala." It was, in substance, that Mexico should be an independent empire; and that the crown of it should be offered to the king of Spain, on condition that he should reside in Mexico; and if he refused, then to the princes of his family, in succession, on the same conditions; and that the Roman Catholic religion should be supported; and that all citizens, whether born in Spain or Mexico, should be equal.

This project, like all new ones in Mexico, was received with joy by the people;—the revolutionists declared, that was all they were fighting for; and Guerrero and his army came in and joined Iturbide; and General Victoria, the purest of all the revolutionists, gave his heart and hand to it; thus showing that it was not for a republic that the war had been carried on, but for a change of princes.

The whole of the country was soon in the possession of Iturbide's forces. The king and princes of Spain refused the crown upon those conditions, saying that the country already belonged to them, and Iturbide managed to have himself elected emperor, and thus ascended the throne of Mexico.—The people were delighted, and the new empire of Mexico was known to the nations of the earth.—He reigned ten months, and a revolution was set on foot by a young officer, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, who raised a revolt against the emperor, and commenced this revolution in favor of a republican form of government.

The emperor sent General Echaviarri against Santa Anna, who gained some advantages over the latter, but then joined with him in the revolt. Other officers followed the example, and Iturbide abdicated the throne and went to Italy.—The government was changed to a republic, to give all the office hunters an opportunity for spoil.

In the meantime, disorders began to grow more numerous, and the better part of the population seriously wished for Iturbide's return; and arrangements were made by his friends, for that purpose. To defeat this, the new government passed a decree sentencing Iturbide to death, should he ever again land in the republic. Without knowing of this decree, he, on July 8th, 1824, landed at Soto la Marina, some fifty miles south-east of this place, Padilla; was apprehended and taken before the legislature of Tamaulipas, then in session here, and, in accordance with the decree passed the previous April, by the general congress, was ordered to be shot, which sentence was carried into execution on the 19th of July, 1824. The republic, in its formation, went on, and has continued since, a series of revolutions; and, as said before, the course of the country has been since continually downward.

wearing it wet, produced no bad effect upon them; neither, at the end of the day's march, now that they had become accustomed to it, did they seem any more fatigued than the cavalry; and they had more time to rest than these, having no horses to take care of at night.)—This crossing was effected with the same fun and noise attending the other.—General Patterson stood on the opposite high bank, under the shade of lofty trees, and, looking down upon them, seemed to enjoy their hilarity and sport.—(These Illinoisans, or "suckers," as they are often called, were great chaps for soldiers; full of fun and life, enduring any fatigue, and making sport of it; splendid in discipline and military precision of evolution; and afterwards, when occasion required, they fought most bravely).

After crossing the river, we encamped; the wagons came up, and we got our little corn for our horses, which was not enough for a single half feed.—A rancho was near, and the owner, an intelligent Mexican, had plenty of it, and each man of the cavalry bought for his own horse; those that had no money, borrowed for the purpose.—Our horses here, too, were enabled to get some grass.—The encampment was in a pretty situation: a long, straight, natural avenue, ran out from the river, towards the rancho and hill beyond. This avenue was about half a mile long, and a hundred yards wide, and on either side of it were the troops encamped;—the train was drawn up in it.—The general's marquee, and those of his aids and staff, were pitched on the hill, under the tall rosewood and other trees, overlooking the river.—Having much time this evening, hundreds of the boys devoted it to washing their clothes in the stream.—Length of march this day, nineteen miles.

January 4th. We were awakened by the reveille earlier this morning than usual.—The moon was still shining brightly, and by its aid we were enabled to feed our horses, lariated round in the chapparal, without so much risk of getting our persons covered with the needles of the bush-like cactus, which grew in large quantities around the encampment.—Breakfast was soon disposed of.—The tents of our company had not been pitched, for all had spread their blankets round

in the moonlight, and had had a fine night's sleep.—We were on the march before daylight.—General Patterson was a great hand for taking an early start, and had us moving early every morning. This was worse for our horses, however; for we had noticed the truth of the old farmers' saying, that we had before heard, that the principal time for a horse to sleep, is just before day.

We rode to the river, to water our horses before starting. —The clearness of this again attracted our attention; when our horses were in it, looking directly down upon it, one could hardly distinguish the surface, by the bright moonlight, save where, at a little distance, the rays were reflected from it upwards. We had before seen pure water, but never a stream like this.—The road lay, for a mile or more, up the river.—Overhanging both sides, was a most luxuriant growth of timber, of kinds new to us, among which was the rosewood, a large tree, beautiful in form, with thick foliage, and with leaves in shape resembling those of the rose-bush, larger, however, and of fresher, deeper green. The lignum-vitæ, too, was plenty; ebony was abundant; while the musquit, here, in this moistened soil, grew large; oaks, the first that we had seen, were here, but they were of a species unknown to us. They were large, and resembled the "Spanish oak." —Cypress trees, like those on the Mississippi river, grew large along the stream.

The road left the river, and took its former course south-west, and, about sunrise, we came to an hacienda (pron. *ah-se-en-dha*), with a large extent of the plain, in which we had now entered, enclosed with brush fences, and cultivated, with corn and cotton; many fine cattle were around.—This hacienda was not very large, not having houses for more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred laborers; but had, as all large ones have, its church, (*Capilla*, or chapel as this class is called).—In these officiate the *capillanes*, or independent priests, who are employed by the owner of the hacienda, to reside there, to attend to the spiritual necessities of the peones, who thus are prevented from losing time from their labors, to go off a long distance to mass, confession, christening, &c.—The owner of the haci-

enda gives to the *capillan* a certain sum per year for his services, and he has no other perquisites, save gifts. He can officiate in all the ordinances of the church save burials and marriages; these the curates, or next order of priests above him, must attend to; and a couple, to be married, must go to the nearest *parochia*, or church in which there is a curate officiating, to have the ceremony performed; or, in case of death, the body of the deceased must be carried to the same *parochia*, to have the funeral service pronounced, and the body buried in the consecrated ground,—no matter how far the distance, there it must go.—Many perquisites from these things arise to the curates, but the *capillan* receives none of them.—He has his regular service to perform at the hacienda where he is employed, and where he often stays for years, perhaps for life; having his regular salary, and his board in *la casa grande*, or owner's, or overseer's mansion.—None of the feast days or "*functions*" of the church, as many of the festivals are called, are celebrated at the *capillas*—all these are done at the *parochias*.—Nothing ever disturbs the tranquility and regular course of the weekly worship at the *capilla*, save the annual coming round of the day of the saint, to whom the hacienda is consecrated, for protection and assistance; and every hacienda must have such a patron saint.—When his day comes, all work is stopped, and a great festival takes place in his honor, at the *capilla*.—As all other haciendas, so was this one; it had its saint, but we did not stop to inquire his name.

When the advance of cavalry neared the hacienda, the bell-ringer, or *sacristan*, mounted the bells on the *capilla*, and upon one, began a peculiar tolling, at slow and regular intervals, which was continued while the army was passing; and while we, of the advance, had got far out on the plain beyond, the measured tone of the bell came after us.—Many of the men in the ranks, seeing that there were no persons about the church, or *capilla*, concluded that the bell was rung in honor of, and as a compliment to, our general and army; and taking it so, were pleased at the politeness of the inhabitants, &c.; but the latter meant it far otherwise.—It was the slow stroke of the ceremony, called *Nuestro Señor esta patente;*

or, in free English, "Our Lord is open to view," meaning that the "host," or consecrated bread of the sacrament—which, by Roman Catholics, is believed to be turned into the actual body of Christ, and a supply of which is always kept in all the churches, of every grade, cathedral, *parochia*, or *capilla*—is placed out on the altar, and any one who chooses, can go in view of it, and thus, seeing the actual body of Christ, can pray directly to him, to save them from some dreadful calamity, that seems impending over the community. When a severe storm seems about to burst over them, the host is put out on the altar, or, the body of Christ is exposed to view, and immediately the bell is struck with this peculiar, solemn note, and all join in prayer for deliverance.—But they are not obliged to go to the church, to look on the body of Christ, to do this; though they are taught that their prayers are more effectual by doing so; but wherever they are, in the house, or in the field, when this repeated note of *Nuestra Señor esta patente* falls upon their ears, they must cross themselves and pray, either to the Virgin Mary, by an "Ave-Maria" (a short, often repeated prayer), or else every one to their own particular saints, upon whose days they were born or baptised.—All must continue to pray, while the regular notes of the bell are sounded.

When we, therefore, had come in view of this hacienda, the bell struck, and continued at this, by order of the particular *capillan*, or the priest of the hacienda: who thought, undoubtedly, that our appearance in the district foretold as heavy a calamity as could fall on his flock.—The army passed directly through, not stopping or interfering with them in any way; and this result, undoubtedly, was attributed by them to the fervency and efficiency of their prayers to the body of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and to the numbers of saints addressed.

Leaving them striking their bell, and praying to these saints, &c., the army continued its course towards Victoria.—The land over which we marched was very fertile;—the road was excellent.—The tall mountains in front, that had been in view for two days, seemed apparently to heave up their massive bodies against the clouds, more huge and more

high.—At three, P. M., after steady marching for the day, we were nearing Victoria, and were met by several of the officers of the second Tennessee infantry, of the division which, under General Quitman, had taken the place five days before. —They informed us that the division of General Taylor had arrrived from Monterey that morning, and that his rear-guard had, an hour or two before, passed through town, towards their camp. Another mile after these officers met us, brought the advance in view of the plain bounded by the mountains which overhung the city of Victoria; which, from its white buildings of stone, appeared well in the distance. —We marched on; came near; passed into the first streets, while the house-tops were crowded by our troops, of the other divisions.—Marching through several streets, we drew up in regular order in the plaza, where we were shortly joined by the infantry;—the large plaza being completely filled up.—Here we halted for an hour or two, while the report of our arrival was sent out to General Taylor, whose camp was some distance to the east of the town, and whose order we awaited for the position of our encampment. We occupied part of the time of our halt in buying oranges and other fruits, which were brought in by the peones, in great quantities, to sell; the remainder, in observing the place.—The inhabitants seemed to be surprised at the appearance of our column; having seen that of General Taylor come in from the north-west, and so soon followed by ours from the north-east.

We left the town, and proceeding to the eastward, a little over a mile, encamped on a creek of clear water; one of the tributaries of the Santander.—We were now here at Victoria, and the whole disposable strength of the army was collected here; but the enemy had fallen back, on the approach of Quitman, towards Tula, still farther to the south-west.—We found that General Taylor had been delayed in his advance, by reason of his receiving a dispatch from General Worth, at Saltillo, informing him that the enemy were advancing upon him, on the other side of the mountains from Victoria.—General Taylor, with his regulars, of Twiggs' division, immediately retraced his steps to Monterey, to go

VICTORIA—MOUNTAINS—CAMP OF GEN. PATTERSON'S DIVISION.

to Worth's assistance; but, at that place, he received another dispatch from the same general, informing him that General Wool's army had reinforced him, coming in from Parras to Saltillo; and that, moreover, the enemy was not advancing, having recalled his parties of observation.—General Taylor immediately took the route for Victoria again, and arrived there at this date, as said before.—Distance marched by us this day, twenty-seven miles.

January 7th. For three days now, we had remained in the camp that we first pitched on our arrival at this place. It was close by the running, rocky brook, up and down which the other divisions were encamped.—A high ledge of rock rose on the opposite side of this branch, overlooking the camp, the whole plain, and the city; the view being bounded by the mountains.—From this eminence the author took a sketch of the view below and before him, which may be seen on the opposite page; and as, reader, you wish to understand the position of Victoria, and the camps, in relation to each other, imagine yourself seated on this bluff, and observe the scenes before you.

Allow the author, in the first place, to introduce to your notice this sentinel, who is placed on this commanding position, for the double purpose of acting as ordinary guard to the camp, and of preventing any of the men from leaving it with their guns, which has been expressly forbidden by General Patterson; because that, yesterday, many men, of the infantry and cavalry, went out over these hills to the neighboring ranchos, and killed some beeves, which here are of but little value though fine for eating.—For this purpose is the sentinel placed here so high.—He is an Illinoisan, and a very clever fellow.—He has just been considering whether the large holster pistol,—which the author has taken with him, when ascending the height to sketch, (not having heard the order), and which shoots as hard as a musket, and carries nearly as large a ball,—is a *gun*, within the scope of his orders, or not;—but he, as well as the sergeant of the guard, who has stationed him here, and who, with his file of men, has just passed down the side of the hill, have concluded that although it is a "shooting iron," that they think would be as

deadly in its effect upon either Mexican man or Mexican ox, that stood before it, as a carbine or musket, yet that it is not a *gun;*—and they were only ordered to arrest those who went out with guns; and so they have let the author remain undisturbed in his drawing.—This Mexican, that you see speaking to the sentinel, having in his hand a lariat, (which it is not usual for them to carry around in their hands), and a large pair of spurs on his heels, says that he came up here to look over the plain for a loose *caballo* (pro. *ka-vi-yah*)—horse.—He is very polite; but the sentinel thinks that he is only here, to see if there is a chance below to steal one; and he is telling him to *vamos* (be off).—Two feet beyond these men, reader, is the edge of the precipice, which falls off perpendicularly perhaps a hundred and fifty feet. You see the creek, or little river, running along over its rocky bed;—beyond this, on the right, you observe the camps of the two Illinois regiments of infantry: you see the men drawn out on parade.—The camp on the left, with the chapparal between it and the river, is that of our regiment; but the men are drawn up in solid square beyond.—The wagon train that accompanied our division from Matamoras, you perceive in its regular lines: they look like a considerable number; but could you see them strung out on the march, you would suppose that number to be greater than it really is.—Between the train and the tents of our regiment, you can observe the crowds around the commissaries, who are issuing the rations.—In front of the regiment of cavalry, as they are drawn out there, you see the marquee of General Patterson, and those of his aids. General Pillow's is within the chapparal, and is hid from view.—You see a wagon, by the general's tent: that is but one; but these generals, when on the march, have more:—General Patterson has three for himself and staff—about half a dozen persons; and General Pillow two; a colonel one;—while one has to serve two companies of soldiers—from one hundred to one hundred and fifty men.—It is a great thing to be an officer here.

You can't understand how a general and his staff could fill three large four-horse wagons with movables, when on the march; but if you could be present at the general's

quarters, on encamping at night, you would be surprised at the amount of kitchen furniture, (enough for a good-sized hotel), bags, vegetables, champaign baskets, and cases of bottles; carpet bags, mattresses, bedding, trunks, &c., taken out.—You would think of prairie wagons loaded for Oregon.

Over the wagon train, to the right, you perceive two wagons going towards town.—They are part of a large number that go in every day, to bring corn for our horses; which General Taylor has obliged the alcaldes of the town to have brought in from the country around.—He has also required them send to us, daily, as much fodder as our horses can eat. —General Taylor is the one, after all. If we had been under him, on the route from Matamoras to this place, we should not have been compelled to buy our own corn, when there was plenty at the ranchos.—We have enough now, and to spare; and our horses are getting on finely.—Over the body of cavalry, towards the town, you see first the stone wall of the cemetery or consecrated burial-ground; *campo santo* (sacred ground) the Mexicans call it. There are many fine tombs and much ornamented stone-work over the dead there; but these are all too small to be seen at this distance. Every one that dies in the town, or anywhere around in the country, is buried there; for they could not rest in peace elsewhere.— The curate, or priest of the church, makes the friends or family of the deceased pay for the privilege pretty highly, however: the price being four dollars, for a place near the gate; and higher, then, as the distance back increases. The most favored and highest priced situations for graves, are near the back wall; as these run back, from ten up even as high as one hundred dollars, are paid for them.

Beyond this cemetery, on the next hill, you see one end of the town of Victoria, with its white buildings of *tunastate* rock. —The town is much larger than you would think, from the view in this direction; for it runs up along the creek, back towards the mountains, for more than a mile; all this is rather down a slope, and is concealed from your view; you look on the narrow end.—It contains about eight thousand inhabitants. The streets cross each other at right angles.—The houses are built of one story, principally, though many are of two.—

The plaza is large and level, as the whole town appears to be, when you are in it; the streets are wide and clean; the sidewalks broad, and paved with flag-stones.—The buildings are all in the Mexican, or old Spanish style; the roofs flat, of stone, and parapet walls* of the same material around.—The church, or *parochia*, is a very pretty and neatly ornamented building, on the plaza.—There are many stores in the town, but everything of foreign manufacture is of high price, especially glass and china-ware; for instance, the cheapest sort of plain glass tumblers, cost *cinco reales* (sixty-two and a half cents), each.—This is on account of the risk of breakage, in transporting the articles on the backs of mules so far, coupled with the high duties on glass, which are computed by the pound; and, on account of the high price, but few articles of this material are used by the common classes.

If you wish to take a nearer peep at the town, imagine yourself over there, beyond the cemetery seen in the view, and at the edge of the place.—When there, you arrive at an old, ruined monument, originally put up in honor of General Victoria, after whom the town is named—for it is not a place of old date.—From this monument you can see directly down one of the principal streets of the town more than a mile, perhaps a mile and a half, towards the mountain; which here appears to rise in a most threatening manner, high over the town.—On looking down this street, you observe many houses, mostly built of adobes, or large unburnt bricks, or else of musquit poles, each with its little yard in the foreground. These yards are crowded with *naranjas*, or orange, and lemon trees, filled with blooms, green and ripe fruits, at the same time; many other trees and rich flowers are here, too; and in many of the yards you see enormous plants of the maguey (see plate, page 381).—Let us pass along the street, peep into the yards and rough

* These parapet walls, often mentioned, the reader will understand to be stone walls, which rise around the top of the house, commonly about four feet; are often pierced with long, narrow loop-holes, through which to fire musketry into the street below;—this was the case at Monterey.—Every Mexican house of the better order is built with them.

houses on either hand.—You see women, in abundance, there, dressed as has been before described, and employed in washing, grinding, or rather mashing soaked corn, on flat stones, called *metates*.—Those at this employment are all on their knees; and with a long, four-sided stone, or pestle, held in both hands, they mash and rub the soaked corn into a paste, to make their *tortillas*, or flat cakes; somewhat resembling, in shape and appearance, our common buckwheat cakes, though not so thick.—These houses and yards, in the outskirts of the town, are not very cleanly, or attractive to the eye.—Crowded in them, are any quantity of children; some half-dressed, others not dressed at all; with many dogs, of every size; some of them dark colored, with no hair.

Do you wish a closer view of the inside of one of these rough houses?—if so, step into one.—Pass through the rough gate in the crooked stick fence.—The naked, dirty children on the ground, look at you with alarm; the surly dogs growl at your appearance; but they are driven away by the woman, who, rising from her kneeling position, at the *metate*, comes forward with great politeness, and offers you a chair, as you step within the door; that is, if she has one, which is by no means universal. If one is offered, you find it is rude, with a bottom of raw hide.—The women are all dirty, but exceedingly polite, as well as the men, who are squatted round, with their blankets over their shoulders.—You observe in the house a rough bed, consisting of a wool mattress, one or two stools, and some coarse pictures of saints, around on the walls.—On the hard dirt floor, is a collection of various kinds of rubbish; and perhaps some corn in the corner. You will not wish to stay long, nor is it advisable, in this class of habitation, for you might perhaps, carry away with you some disagreeable customers.—Now, see these people next Sunday, in the street, and you would think them scrupulously neat.

Proceeding on, we see many Mexicans in the street; some are driving in a jackass or two, loaded with little bags of charcoal; others have baskets of *peloncillas*, or small loaves of sugar, others large baskets of *naranjas*, or oranges; while others are driving horses or mules, with quarters of blood

beef on them, with so much weight on a mule, that he can hardly stand under it; these are going to the market-house. —Further on we will come to one of these.—You will observe, that the meat is cut up into thin steaks and long strips; that which is not sold, will be hung up in the sun, and dried, without salt; for the air is pure, and dries it hard;—in this state it is sure to find purchasers—being used by travelers, muleteers, peones, &c.—Around the market, you may see many of these latter, wrapped in their *horongos*, looking lazy and dirty, while the women, covered with their *rebosos*, are stepping rapidly about.

As we approach the plaza, the rude buildings and musquit fences give way to solid stone edifices, with interior courts; some having court and garden enclosed by high, cemented stone walls, above the top of which the orange trees rise.—The buildings have but few windows, and these are perpendicularly barred with iron.—Here may be seen some women, of the higher class,—neither reading, writing, or sewing—doing nothing, but looking on the street.—There are not many, however, for most of these houses have been left by the inhabitants, as our forces approached.

On the side-walks, you may meet many Mexican gentlemen, some dressed like ourselves; others in their own manner, with *calzones*, *calzoncillas*, *sombreros*, and *serapes*. They converse at the corners of the streets, and occasionally smile, but never laugh aloud: it would be a curiosity to hear such a thing among them.

Stand at the corner of the plaza, and observe the crowd of all those described pass you continually;—step into one of the stores, and look at the women, who come to get candles, soap, and various other things, for which they pay their picayunes, and carry off the articles bought, under their rebosos;* and after having gazed long enough at the motley throng that pass and repass continually, let us return to our first place, on the ledge mentioned before, over Gen. Patterson's camp, in the foreground of the picture.

* As the men of the peon class use their horongos for a covering by day and a bed by night, so the women of the same class use their rebosos for various purposes: to cover their heads during the day; for part of their bed clothing at night; for a towel occasionally, and even for a basket in which to carry small articles.

On the left of this view you will see, in the distance, two large fields, of a lighter color than the adjoining chapparal. These are of sugar-cane, which is luxuriant, and rich in juice.—Beyond these, over the hill, is Gen. Quitman's camp, which cannot be seen from here;—most of his force is over there, part being in the town as the garrison. He has there, in camp, the first and second Tennessee, the Mississippi and Georgia regiments, and the Baltimore battalion.—General Taylor's camp, of Twiggs' command of regular infantry, artillery, and dragoons, is to the right of the whole view, a mile farther down this creek;—the road to it from town, runs down on the other side of the little hill of chapparal you see on the right of the picture. (On to this hill, in a day or two after this, was the camp of our division moved; and a farther change took place, in one of the Illinois regiments going up to Gen. Quitman, and the two Tennessee coming down to us; so that Gen. Pillow's brigade of the three Tennessee regiments, were together, for the first time during the campaign, and we continued together after this for a month or two, then separated at Tampico, and were reunited at Vera Cruz; separated again there; reunited again at Jalapa).

Now, reader, having observed the camp, the town, and other objects, look beyond, at the range of mountains; see how ragged their sides, how deep their chasms, how terrible their precipices. No road, in that direction, lies over them; one winds to the left from the town, and after following their base many miles, enters the Tula pass, and runs on toward San Luis Potosi;—it is but a small track, and cannot be passed by wagons or artillery. You observe the largest mountain in front.—It appears as though it was easy to ascend; but it is extremely difficult.—Some of our boys started yesterday morning, before daylight, to ascend it;—they toiled on, and, at twelve o'clock, kindled a fire, to show us how high they had gone;—they were not half way up. They persevered, reached the top in the afternoon, and got back to camp in the course of the night; and to-day are all asleep, worn out—and their curiosity is satisfied.

On the peaks that you see on the left, have, each night,

been signal fires lit up by the Mexicans, to give notice of our movements. These would blaze a while, then be extinguished; then re-kindled; and by such movements, preconcerted, they were enabled rapidly, from mountain peak to mountain peak, along, to convey all intelligence gained each night, to Santa Anna. Our men do not like these fires; but in the night stand at their tents and gaze at them, as they gleam far up the mountain, and wish to get at them; but that would be a difficult task, and not worth the trouble. Some of the infantry, yesterday, on a scout in the ravines at the base of the mountains, surprised a small party of Mexican soldiers, killed two or three, and took a few mules, loaded with ammunition.

Those little hills which appear at the foot of the mountains, and seem so small, are of much magnitude; and would so appear but for the towering mountains far above them. These now look grand and imposing; but, reader, to see them in the morning, as the rising sun brings into bright relief their ridges and precipices, and throws into shadows those chasms and recesses, tinting all exposed to its rays with a golden, rosy hue, while the white, fleecy clouds roll up their vast sides, then, indeed, the scene is beautiful and striking.—One could stand for hours and gaze upon their majestic appearance, and lose himself in thought and contemplation of their grandeur and vastness.

January 11*th*. We had now been at Victoria a week; had visited again and again all parts of the town; attended their churches, fandangos, and all public places; got acquainted with many of the principal inhabitants; visited continually the different regiments in Gen. Quitman's camp, above, and also in Gen. Taylor's, below; made many excursions to the ranchos in the neighborhood, and run around much;—had drilled, stood guard, and, as usual, many had employed themselves in gambling, both in town and camp. The Mexicans joined in this as freely as our men; in the town all crowded together, the Mexican in his horongo and the American in his uniform, around the roulette, rondo, or billiard tables; (for in every town we took were fine billiard rooms), or else

around the banks of faro or chuck-a-luck, of which last there were many in the streets; all bet freely.

If a Mexican won, he did not exult; if he lost his last *quartilla*, (a silver coin worth half a picayune), he showed no emotion of regret, or change of countenance. Some, who came in from the country, with loads of oranges or sugar loaves, lost all they had received for them, but said not a word.—As a people, they are far less excitable than our race.

Our time, in such a collected army, among so many, and, for the first time, seeing those, of whom, in the events of the war before, we had heard so much, passed agreeably and quickly.

As might be expected, every one was anxious to see Gen. Taylor, not having had the opportunity of meeting him before; but many met him now several times before they knew him, for he looked so plain and unassuming.—He is a full shaped man, not over large, but thick set, inclining to corpulency;—has a full, double chin, a very pleasant countenance, full of good humor, and has none of the pomp and show of power and dignity about him, of which many of his inferior officers possess so much.* The author never saw him with his uniform on, for he was commonly dressed in citizens' clothing of brown color. He rode about at Victoria, sometimes on a small Mexican horse, and sometimes on a very pretty mule, of a yellowish color, and with an easy gait.—An anecdote is related in camp of him; it is this:

He was riding this horse, one day in that week, along the

* As a general rule, this feeling, and continued exhibition of it, among the officers, was in an inverse proportion to their rank; that is, General Taylor, at the head of the army, had the least; then it increased as the rank fell in grade, until it came down to captains, and from them to lieutenants; by many of whom it was continually shown, in a manner as simple in itself, as it was unpleasant and disgusting to those whom fortune had placed under their command for the time being:—and the dignity of some of the quartermasters and commissaries was beyond all comprehension! But, reader, do not suppose that this applies to all the officers of the grade spoken of, or to one-half, or even one-third of them; but it applies to enough.—The author bears willing testimony to the upright, the officer-like and courteous bearing, of the great majority of them during the varied scenes of the campaign;—a course that not only secured to them the respect, esteem, and obedience of the men under them then, but also for their future lives, the kindly feelings, and good wishes of all for their welfare.

road that passed through our second encampment, on the hill of chapparal, (seen on the right of the picture), when one of the men, liking the looks of the animal, and not knowing the general, neither dreaming of his rank, called to him as he passed along: "Hallo, stranger, how will you swap that pony for this horse;" at the same time slapping his own horse on the back.—The general stopped, and with a smile replied, "that he did not care about swapping; that the pony was a favorite of his." At this time the general's orderly, or attendant, in uniform, rode up and stopped behind.

Seeing him, the suspicions of the man who had addressed the general were in an instant aroused, as to whom he was speaking;—his face flushed, and he became confused; and another telling him, at the same moment, that it was General Taylor, he asked his pardon.—The general smiled, and told him that it was no harm;—asked him a half a dozen questions about our long march from Tennessee;—told him that he had come from a state of brave men and good soldiers, &c., &c., and then rode on, followed by his orderly.—In those few moments, he had obtained the perpetual good will of that soldier, which he will carry with him through life, and the same of all those who saw it.

Another anecdote of horse-swapping with generals, that is repeated in camp:—It is said, that a man of one of our companies, a few days since, while on the march, fell in love with the appearance of General Patterson's black horse—a fine animal. He, having himself a noble horse, rode near the general, and the following words were passed: "Good morning, general."—That officer looked round at him, with an air of disturbed dignity; but the man, not perceiving that, continued: "A fine horse, that black that you ride, general." No reply, as yet.—"General, how would you swap him for this one?"—The general turned his head round the other way, and, in a gruff voice, ordered his guard to "take that man under arrest;" which was immediately done, to his utter consternation.—As he saw his predicament, and not knowing how long he might be kept arrested, amid the suppressed laughter of all near, he called out: "Well, general, ·· von't swap horses, you will let me have something to

eat, by and by,—won't you?"—And continued to his attendants, who were taking him off, still in the general's hearing: —"Why, the general is a fool; he did not know but that I would have given him fifty dollars to boot."—But the general had been taken by surprise; and, after a few moments' further ride, his countenance assumed a smile, and he sent an order back for the man's release, to his infinite gratification; but he tried no more to get possession of the black horse.

As we are on these anecdotes, in which our generals are concerned, we will give a little one with regard to General Twiggs' appearance.—Twiggs is a man somewhat advanced in years; of a large body; full, round, red face; heavy whiskers and moustachios: but these are all white, or nearly so.—Of course he had, when first seen, a singular appearance.—Yesterday, he was coming along the road, through our encampment, going down to General Taylor's.—Two of the men of our company, by name Dyer and Dresser, who had never seen the general, started towards their horses, tied a hundred yards or more down the road.—Dyer had a large bag of corn on his shoulder, to feed them; while Dresser had two heavy bundles of fodder.—They saw General Twiggs coming up towards them: they caught a view of his red face, and white whiskers and moustachios, long and bushy. —As if frightened, they suddenly stopped; looked quickly at one another, and at him again;—he was coming nearer. —With a look of the greatest alarm, Dyer dropped his bag of corn in the road, and ran with all his speed back; while Dresser hesitated a moment, looked again, then dropped his fodder, and cleared after him.—Both ran up the road, looking back over their shoulders, with the same appearance of alarm.—General Twiggs, seeing this, was much annoyed; and his countenance was of higher color.—He came in view of them again, as they had stopped at the lower tent in the company line.—As soon as he appeared, they ran up to the head of the line; and all eyes were upon them and the general.—As he still came nearer, with the appearance of the utmost fear, they dashed head foremost into the thorny chapparal, and hid themselves in its thickets.—

The general's face, as he saw all this, was more red than ever; while he passed by, with a bow to those who were standing spectators of the curious scene.

During the week past, we had been unable to conjecture anything correctly, with regard to our future movements; for General Taylor kept his designs to himself. Much desire was shown, among the men, to go forward to the "Tula pass,"—a strong point about forty miles to the south-west,—and attack the large Mexican force there stationed; and it was thought that preparations were making for such a movement; but nothing definite could be ascertained.

Yesterday morning, a norther came down upon us. These were always cold on the low lands of the coast, but up here in the mountains much colder; and the temperature, at once, changed from what it had been, of uncomfortable heat, to freezing cold. The last night, water froze nearly a quarter of an inch thick; and the change, so sudden, chilled us through.—Yesterday, all were wrapped in their blankets, "a la Mexicana;" and many, and the author with them, went into town in that way, to attend the religious services in the *parochia*, or church.—The ceremonies were imposing and solemn; and every one—both Catholic and Protestant—Mexican and American—friend and foe—apparently in unity of spirit, joined in the worship.

An American sentinel, with his musket and bayonet, stood at the door to preserve the utmost order, and to cause those who did not participate in the ceremonies, to stand in the large space to the left; while those that did, knelt in the centre or body of the church. A stone basin, on a high projection, stood near the door, containing holy water;—into this the people, as they came in, dipped their fingers, and made the sign of the cross on their foreheads.

There were no pews or seats within the walls of the church: the pillars that supported the high arched roof, the roof itself, the floor, the area of the altar, were all of stone; smooth, cemented, and of excellent workmanship. The church was spacious;—on the left side, behind the heavy
ere two confessional boxes; and farther on was
th figure of the Virgin Mary, with steps be-

fore it, for kneeling:—in the back of the church, in a large recess, was the altar;—the whole floor of this was elevated about two feet above that of the body of the church, was separated from that by a railing, and was richly carpeted.—The back of the altar was a mass of elaborately carved pillars, scollops, figures of apostles, saints, and angels; surmounted near the lofty ceiling, by another image of the Virgin Mary.—This was all of wood, well carved, and gilded, and made a great show.—On the lower part of this, in front, were the stands for the books of the priests; one on either hand, and several tall candles of wax were burning around, on massive gilded candlesticks.—All these were ornamented most richly. Conspicuously placed in a niche, was a vase, which contained the consecrated bread, or actual body of Christ, (according to their belief); which bread, whether taken or not at the time, is always a direct object of worship by them. This was the third mass of the day, and the priest was getting apparently fatigued, for he could not eat anything until all were said.

On the right of the church, in front of the altar, was a deep recess, in the further part of which was a full length figure of Christ, upon the cross; and to this, directly, many paid their adoration.—On this side of the church, also, was a small pulpit, in which, in the afternoon, the priest gave a sermon; but the people did not care about hearing that;—they were satisfied with performing the ceremonial part of the worship; every one being required to hear mass once, at least, a week. When this is over, they go about their business or pleasure.

Mass is said in the United States, in all Catholic churches, in the same way, precisely, that it is there, and is therefore unnecessary to be described. It is only in those things in which, by peculiar custom, they differ from Catholics of other countries, (which, in many ceremonies, they do), or in those that show their national character and customs to the best advantage, that the author will touch upon in this work.

One of these, peculiar to them, and memorable as being so very different from our customs, is their manner of burial of children. When one of these die, that is a small one, it

is not to them like another death, a source of deep grief to its parents and connections. On the other hand, it is a source of the highest and most extravagant joy.—It is not a soul polluted with guilt and sin, which, after leaving the body, must go to purgatory, and continue to suffer much torment until the day of judgment; (its sufferings, however, very much alleviated, by having the priest to say a number, about sixteen, masses for it, he receiving the sum of one dollar a mass), when it will be called out and judged for the deeds done in the body, and consigned eternally to heaven or to hell;—but it is a guiltless soul, that goes not to purgatory at all, but ascends directly to Paradise; for they say that Jesus Christ said of these, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven;" and therefore they go directly to him, and are little angels (*See St. Matt.* 18 *ch.* 10 *ver.*) in presence of Jesus, and of the holy Virgin Mary, and of all the saints, apostles, and angels, in supreme delight and happiness; and not only so, but the holy Virgin admits them to her presence continually, and hears all their intercessions in behalf of their parents, and those to whom they were once dear upon earth; and about whom, now, they flit in the stilly nights, and whisper to them many things of peace, joy, and holy tranquility, and watch over them, and preserve them from harm.

Believing this, as they sincerely do, it is no wonder that the death of a child is no source of sorrow, but rather of the highest joy, to the parents and family;—and always after, when praying to the Virgin Mary, they call, too, upon these little cherubs, to assist them in their petitions.—Women here tell you not, with mournful countenance, that they have lost so many children; but, with eyes beaming with joy, that they *han despachados tantos angeles*, (have dispatched so many angels).

These "angels," too, are buried with no cost: the priest has nothing for his services; the sacristan nothing for his; nor the gravedigger, or band of music; which items, for other burials, cost high.—Neither is there any need for masses to be said, for the repose of the soul. The ceremony is this:—A child is dying; the priest attends, the holy oil is

applied, &c., &c.—After death, it is arranged in its best clothing, and laid on a bier, ornamented with artificial flowers; which bier belongs to the church, and is kept for the purpose.—On this, the delighted mother scatters flowers of every kind of fragrant perfume.—Her neighbors are called in, and rejoice with her, upon the departure of the angel.—Four women, in their best attire, preceded by a band of music, playing lively tunes, and the bearer of the *coetes*, or rockets, proceed to the church.—This rocket-bearer continually discharges these.—From the church, where the body as well as the attendants have been most liberally sprinkled with the *agua bendita*, or holy water, by the priest, the angel is taken to the *campo santo*, and buried, without a coffin (for coffins in the interior, are seldom used).—At night, if the family can afford it, they have a fandango, on the occasion, on account of their joy.—A difficulty often occurs between the parents of a deceased child and the priest, as to its being an angel or not, on account of its age.—The priest wants his burial fees, and maintains that it is too old; is not an angel; that it is a sinner; and that, consequently, the fees of the burial service, the gravedigger, the sacristan, and those of the band of music, must all be paid; (and a number of masses must be said for its soul, to place it, in purgatory, as they have it, "in a comparatively easy situation"); and there would be no joy, no dance, but most profound grief instead.

But the fond mother maintains, most strenuously, that it is an angel, and that consequently it goes, not to purgatory, but to the climes of the blessed.—The priest maintains his point; but if the age of the child is anywhere between six and eight years, he is commonly obliged to give in to the mother; and so, by the peculiar service, the child is sent off to the Virgin Mary, as a cherub, and the rejoicings take place.

One other of their customs with regard to the souls of the dead, and we will leave them on that point.—As said before, if a person dies, his soul goes immediately to purgatory, to remain until judgment, and suffer continually, unless the masses are said for his relief; but these cost sixteen dollars, and not many of the peones can raise this sum to pay the priest.—They are already in debt to their masters, beyond

their ability to discharge; so the souls of their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, or children, must remain in purgatory, and "sweat it out," very much to their continual grief.—Now, to aid these, once a year, in the spring, at every parochia and capilla, is the *Rifa de Almas*, or "raffle of souls," a lottery, to see which of these souls in purgatory shall be released.—Sixty-four tickets are made out and numbered; these are sold, by the priests, to the *peones* and *mosos*, or house servants, at a quarter of a dollar a ticket; each one buying one, two, three, or more tickets, as they have the means.—Now, comes begging, and pleading with their masters, to get the quarter of a dollar, to procure a ticket;—for every one has a parent, brother, or sister, or dear friend, in purgatory, who, in the dark night, have often appeared to them, and in hollow voices, told them to have masses said, to release their souls from torments.—Now, every one wants a chance to do this.—The tickets are quickly sold, and the drawing takes place at the church.—Two sombreros are held up; one has in it the tickets, from one to sixty-four, the other has sixty-three blanks, and one prize.—They are drawn by a person inserting his hands into each, taking out a number with one, and either a blank or prize with the other. The one fortunate enough to secure the prize, is looked upon as having accomplished a great thing.—He instantly names the unfortunate individual, who has been suffering in purgatory so long, unrelieved.—His name is taken down by the priest, and the masses are said for him, and that soul is then in a condition of comparative ease.—We will speak of other of their ceremonies and religious customs at another time.

January 14*th*. The cool weather had now passed off, and it was again so warm that we sought the shade upon every opportunity. The health of the regiment, and of the army, had been, while we remained here, good, and the men were in excellent spirits;—our horses were in fine order, and every one wished to move still farther on, to meet the ene-

Of this place, although so pleasant, we were tired, seen all that was interesting.

morning we were gratified to see General Twiggs'

division of regulars, with Captain Bragg's artillery, moving by us, and taking the road towards the south-ward; and shortly afterward, our division received orders to prepare to follow them on the march the next day. This was good news, and all our little arrangements were made with alacrity. Many of the men began to wash up all their little wardrobes, and stow them safely away in their saddlebags; arms were put in first rate order, and a general fixing up took place. Some were at work sewing their rent clothing; others mending their saddles, bridles, girths, and other horse equipage, and many were engaged in brightening their swords, and fixing up their carbines and pistols. In these arrangements, the day passed away. Near sunset, Captain Haynes' company came into town, with a wagon train, from Matamoras.

We were rejoiced to meet them again, and they as much so to see us.—They all looked tired and worn, both men and horses.—They had had a hard time of it since they left us at San Fernando, to return;—they had been on the march continually since, and now arrived just as we, thoroughly recruited, men and horses, were about again to leave.—They brought up for our regiment about two hundred letters, that had arrived at Matamoras after we left.—These were most eagerly sought after and perused by the fortunate ones to whom they were sent; while others who were disappointed in their expectations of receiving some, were cross and surly, and swore that they would never write home again. Those who received them seemed never tired of reading them; they looked them over again and again, and still endeavored to find some word in them before unseen.

There were many scenes of home brought before the minds of the men that evening, by those letters; and after the perusal of them was over, groups, in every company, sat up late, around the camp fires, talking of their contents, and of the scenes of their homes.—They spoke of this one, of that one, of another; turned to the letters, to read again, to a mess-mate, what was said of a particular person or thing with which both were acquainted at home; so that one letter gave pleasure to half a dozen or more persons, of

whom the writer, at the moment, had never thought.—It was interesting to see the effect upon the groups around.—All gambling was stopped;—no dice or cards, with which every evening before had been spent, were to be seen; but all minds were reverting to their scenes of home.—Some had received news of loss of friends, by death, &c.; but these were few;—most were of a cheering nature.—Some of the men of our company, who had been sick at Matamoras, came up with Captain Haynes.*

* The following incidents of the march of this detachment, politely furnished to the author by one of the officers, will be found interesting to the reader:

"The return march, to Matamoras, of this detachment, was made in two days,—a train of sixty wagons loaded,—and all were on the march to Victoria on the fourth day after the detachment left San Fernando.—At San Fernando, some delay being necessary in crossing the troops over the river, some of the officers of the detachment were invited to the house of Don Ramon de Garcia, one of the wealthiest men of northern Mexico,—one of whose brothers had recently been governor of Tamaulipas, another minister to France and Spain, and the third a gallant colonel in the Mexican army. His dwelling was a very strong, castellated building, with wings, and a back court, surrounded by a strong high wall. The interior was furnished in American style—sofas, chairs, mirrors, curtains, carpets, pianos, and guitars.—After showing his fine furniture, Don Ramon remarked with an air of satisfaction, pointing to each article, '*este es Americano—eso es Americano—estos son Americanos—todos son Americanos*,' (*this American, that American, those Americans, all Americans.*)

"The party found a splendid table spread and ready for them on their arrival. The manners of Don Ramon were those of a finished gentleman. Not being able to speak English, he sent for a little Italian, who had found his way, after some residence in Louisiana, to San Fernando, and was there dealing in wines and *agua ardiente*.

"At his table he spoke much of the war, of his native country, and of the United States. He knew, he said, that the United States had more men, and better men; more money, and more ships, than his own. In the contest going on, he said, he knew Mexico must suffer; but he thought both would suffer. They were neighbors—both republics—both seeking to establish and sustain the great democratic principle of self-government. He proposed several toasts, equally complimentary to the United States, and wishing for peace.

"In return, one of the party proposed, 'The Mexican government;—May she soon fall into better hands than the tyrant and despot who now rules her.' At this the Mexican patriot seemed embarrassed,—took up his glass, and then set it down without tasting it.—'Gentlemen,' said he, 'excuse me;—Santa Anna is my friend;—he has been the friend of my family;—we love him;—we are his friends.—He is the friend of his country,—the friend of liberty.—He desires to uphold the democratic principles of self-government.—I believe there is no hope for Mexican nationality, except through Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna! Gentlemen, I propose the health of all good republicans in both countries.'

This instance of devotion to Santa Anna is mentioned, to show that he has warm friends, in his country, who do not look upon him as a tyrant,—this, more especially,

We soon found that Captain Haynes had brought papers more important in their effect upon us and all the army, than these private letters, that so engrossed our attention.—In the first place, we learned, to our great surprise, that General Winfield Scott had arrived in Mexico, and taken command of the whole army; and that our favorite, General Taylor, was now but second.—In the next place, we found that General Scott had sent, by that officer, orders to General Taylor to fall back upon Monterey, with a small portion of

in the wealthier classes. [There is no patriotism, however, in any of them;—they only prefer that president who advances their own families or interests the most.—*Author.*] When the dinner party broke up, the Mexican presented his card, neatly printed with his name and that of his wife.

"After leaving San Fernando, the detachment reached the town of Santander, without any adventures. Here a great number of robber-looking Mexicans came into the camp early in the morning, and stood around the fires, very much to the annoyance of the men. Although they were unarmed, the early hour, and their number, led to the suspicions of some harm, especially as several armed parties were known to be within a few miles.

"Several men were quietly posted so as to prevent the escape of the Mexicans, and they were all taken prisoners; although several broke through the guard, but were run down and brought back to camp. This brought out many men from the town, who were also added to the number of prisoners. Upon a close examination, we found that the Mexicans, (who were closely wrapt up in their horongos, on account of the norther), had stolen, in a few minutes, two carbines, one sword, one pistol, and a blanket,—axes and hatchets not a few,—and contrived to secure them under their blankets. Upon inspection, one young Mexican was found with a carbine under his blanket, stuck down the leg of his trowsers;—other articles were found similarly located.

"Among those who came down from the town was an old man, who had done the honors of the previous evening, as the alcalde. When the blanket was pulled off, exposing the carbine on the person of the thief, this old man flew into a pretended rage,—called the young man to him—ordered him to kneel down—seized a *cornstalk*, lying near, and struck him over the shoulders, as if he actually expected to kill him with it, and exclaiming at every blow, '*Malo, malisimo!—mucho malo!—ve te!*' as if to say, bad, very bad—begone; or get thee gone! The ludicrous manner in which the head rascal pounced upon the little rascal, when he was caught in the act, excited loud laughter among all, even among the Mexican prisoners.

"All the prisoners (about forty in number) were told, that inasmuch as it was evident that they were all engaged together, they would be taken on to Victoria, about one hundred and fifty miles, and kept until the stolen arms were returned.—The alcalde and another old man were released upon parole, upon their promise to hunt the stolen articles in the town;—the others were formed in two lines, and marched off towards Victoria, behind the train.

"We had proceeded perhaps a mile, when we were overtaken by a large crowd of

his troops; and to send the main body of those at Victoria, regulars and volunteers, under generals Patterson, Twiggs, Pillow, and Quitman, forward to Tampico, about two hundred and ten miles to the south-east.

We learned that an attack was to be made on Vera Cruz, by General Scott, and that all the available forces of the army would be required for that attack, on account of its strong fortifications. This news was received with the greatest interest by all the army, especially by those who were now about to be separated from General Taylor.

The news of the dispatch run and circulated, that evening, from camp to camp, regiment to regiment, from one line of tents to another, and into every tent, awakening the sleepers, who rose on their elbows, inquired, and talked of the matter; and, before morning, it was known to all, even to General Twiggs' division, which, as before stated, had that morning taken up their march.—Gen. Taylor, that night, sent an ex-

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women, boys, girls, and dogs,—some crying, others trying to laugh, and the dogs barking. Still we kept on, the crowd behind us increasing, and pressing upon us, as if determined upon a rescue, *vi et armis*. Fearful of the result, in case of an action, we had recourse to the Mexican art of negociation;—we halted for a parley. One woman, more bold than the rest, came forward, pointed to her husband, and proposed to give '*dos pesos*,' (two dollars), if we would let him off;—another offered '*quatro reales*,' (four bits), for hers; while a third very gravely displayed in her hand '*un real*,' (one bit), which she proposed to exchange for her better half.

"Having explained to them that we did not want their money, but our property, they then begged:—one wept; another scolded; while a beautiful girl, whose interest was more intense, looked daggers out of two pretty black eyes.—This was too much for common nerves; so we agreed with the alcalde, (who now came up to report), that if he would pay for the stolen articles, we would let the rascals go. This was gladly done, although the Mexicans could not refrain from begging off from part of the amount, saying they were very poor.

"They were then told that 'it was a pity that so many *honest men* should suffer on account of *two* or *three rascals*;—that in every village, a few rascals, by their crimes, might ruin many *honest men*.' (Here several robber looking men, with long mustachios, gravely smote their breasts, saying, '*Si, Senor, Si, Senor!*') The alcalde replied with great coolness.—He said: 'It is true, Senor;—the people of Santander are all honest men; *they don't know how to steal!*' The corn-stalk flagellation here rose to view; but repressing our laughter, we marched off, leaving the women and dogs to escort the *honest ladrones* of Santander back to their homes.

"Without any attack from the Mexicans, we arrived safely, with sixty thousand rations for the army, at Victoria, after the first brigade of General Taylor had already started for Tampico."

press to Gen. Twiggs, directing Captain Bragg to return, with his artillery; for he had determined to keep him, Colonel May's dragoons, and Colonel Davis' regiment of Mississippi riflemen.—All the rest were to go to Tampico.—The arrangements were made this night, by the generals, and on the next morning Gen. Patterson's division were on the move. Gen. Quitman's force brought up the rear the day after.

EL NACIMIENTO, (THE NATIVITY).

There was one religious ceremony which, about this time, was observed throughout the republic of Mexico; though, at Victoria, the beginning of it, and the public celebration, had passed before we arrived, yet the private ceremonies were kept up for several days.—This was the celebration of "*El Nacimiento*," or the nativity of our Savior. It commences on Christmas eve, the night of the 24th of December; is kept up with great splendor on the next (Christmas) day, and then, by many families, is prolonged even to the 14th of February. It is a great time among them for devotion, ostentation, and religious excitement.

The church take care, on this day, to blend great amusement with the religious ceremonies. The whole is conducted thus:—On the 24th, the principal church at every town, and the capilla at every hacienda, is decorated and brilliantly lighted. The Virgin Mary, the infant Jesus, Joseph, the manger, &c., &c., are placed in these churches, the first represented by images, and the last built up;—sometimes wooden oxen are placed around, and looking-glasses, flowers and ornaments of every kind, are arranged, so as to produce the most brilliant effect.

A large number of the inhabitants, senores and senoras, are selected to personify the Shepherds, to whom the angel appears; (*see St. Luke, 2d chapt., 9th verse*);—they start off to hunt the infant Jesus, through the town. Other men personify the "wise men of the east," (*St. Matthew, 2d chapt., 2d verse*), and they are searching around, having seen the "star." These all find the infant in the church, and, much rejoiced, adore him; and the wise men make speeches to him, got up for the occasion, and then offer their gifts, as set forth by the Evangelists. After this, amid the delighted throng, the image is taken up and baptised as Jesus Christ, one of the principal inhabitants standing as god-father to it, and then numerous gifts are left for the benefit of the child, (these, of course, go to the priests), and this ceremony ends in the church.—All this is done on the night of the 24th.

The next day, (Christmas), great rejoicing takes place, on account of the birth of the Savior, and at night a smaller "Nacimiento" is opened in almost every house;—every one has a right to erect thus a sacred altar, or rather form of El Nacimiento, within his domicil. The richer ones do this with great splendor.—A large table is spread out in one of the principal rooms, with many lighted candles upon it.—On this table is the image of the infant Jesus, made of wax, plaster, or such material, in a cradle, with those of the Virgin, Joseph, and others, around it, and as many other saints, &c., as they can procure. Pictures, ornaments, tin and gold foil, glasses, and everything that will make a display in the bright light, are arranged around.

A young man, and the prettiest senorita in the family or connections, both richly dressed, stand by the table as the god-father and god-mother of the infant.—Upon this table are also piles of candy, fruits, &c. which are all to be eaten at the conclusion of the ceremony. These "*Nacimientos*," so gorgeously arranged, are open to the inspection of any one in the streets, who has a perfect right to enter, look on the exhibition, and say his prayers to the little wax infant; and in order to add to the appearance, rockets are fired for the whole evening from the doorways. The expenses of the whole arrangement are paid by the fortunate young man, the god-father.

After an exhibition of two or three hours, the scene closes for the night, but is opened in the same way on the next, and so on for eight nights, when, all over the city, and in fact through the nation, the "*Nacimientos*" are raised, as they call it;—that is, the whole ends in a grand frolic, amid the discharge of many rockets.—The fruits, candies, cakes, &c., are distributed to the company, and the little images put away to be ready for the same farce on the next year.

CHAPTER IX.

Friday, January 15th, 1847. A busy morning.—The bugles and numerous drums and fifes, on the clear, morning air roused up the army early.—After a quick breakfast, Gen. Patterson's division, now consisting of four regiments: our own, of cavalry, Col. Thomas', the first and second Tennessee infantry, under colonels Campbell and Haskell, all of Gen. Pillow's brigade, and the third Illinois, under Col. Foreman, which last was with us before, and a company of artillery—struck their tents, and the wagons, being loaded, with the heavy train, commenced the march; passing by the town, there turned to the left, took the road over the spur of the mountain, towards Tampico; Gen. Twiggs' division of regulars, as before said, being one day in advance, and Gen. Quitman to follow the next day, with his force, consisting of the fourth Illinois and Georgia regiments, the Baltimore battalion, and Captain Haynes' company of cavalry, the second time detached from the regiment; we saw no more of him, or of our comrades of his company, until our arrival near Tampico.

Gen. Patterson took a detail from our regiment of twenty men and a sergeant, to ride with him, as his guard; and Gen. Pillow required a like detail of twelve men to attend him.—On Gen. Patterson's guard, the author was placed, on the march now commenced.—Attended by his guard, the general before following the column of troops, that, under Gen. Pillow, were already on the road, went down to Gen. Taylor's camp, to bid him farewell.—The old general's quarters looked lonely; of the thousands that were round him, yesterday, lines of tents of May's dragoons were all that were left.

After the parting between the generals, we came up through the space, so lately crowded, now so deserted; the camp fires were still smoking.—Many Mexicans, wrapped in their *horongos*, were stepping over the ground, collecting clothing, &c., but apparently fearful of taking it away, while any of us were yet near.—A little farther on, we came to a detail of our regiment, engaged in the melancholy duty of burying a comrade (James Brown, who died last night).—The general stopped at the grave, asked a few questions, and directed the men to put a few stones on its surface, to prevent it from being disturbed, and then we rode on towards the town.—Passing near, and leaving it to the right, we crossed the rocky stream, and took the road for Tampico. Now, this was, for miles, stretched out with troops, and the long train, of which, while the head was already over the first spur of the mountain, the rear had not yet left camp, where, also, the rear guard of cavalry, under Capt. Sneed, were drawn up, waiting, in patience, for it to start.

When ascending the first spur of the mountain, the view caught of the plain behind, was indeed most beautiful.—It extended far down upon the town, and adjoining country, dotted with ranchos, with bright groves of orange trees, and large fields of sugar cane, and interspersed by the hills of chapparal, which, from above, appeared level.—The scope of vision included a wide area of many miles along the foot of the rugged mountains, with their wild peaks above.—The town was immediately below, and one could see its whole length and breadth; while the rocky brook meandered along, visible in its every turn, for miles.—Gen. Quitman's camp was in view, on the left; its many lines of tents looked small and white; far on the right, just visible, could be seen the few, of Gen. Taylor; while the long lines of our division and train winding up the ascent, and coming over the plain, were stretched back to the camp, and their movements gave animation to the scene.—It was, altogether, one of the most beautiful and extensive mountain landscapes that any of us had ever gazed upon; and it attracted universal attention.

We passed up the spur, and on the top found it hilly for some miles.—The column of troops raised a heavy dust, to

avoid which, the general put his horse into a brisk canter, we following him closely.—We soon met Capt. Bragg, with his artillery, going back to Gen. Taylor.*

Now, we will again enter upon the smaller incidents of the march.—We skirted the foot of the mountain during the day, through beautiful scenery, and at three P. M., the advance reached a pretty mountain stream, called Rio de Floris, (or river of flowers).—A rancho was near it on an eminence.—The water of the stream was clear, and ran with a

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* We saw our old general no more during the campaign; he had hot work to do in less than six weeks after this, at Buena Vista; for this movement and division of forces, became immediately known to Santa Anna, by the death of Lieut. Ritchie, (who was lassoed at the town of Villa Grande, a few days before this), and the capture of his dispatches, which he was bringing from Monterey to Victoria. These were duplicates of those brought by Capt. Haynes, and were, by the Mexicans, immediately sent to Santa Anna, and he thus saw, at once, the position of the American forces, and that Gen. Taylor was left with a small army.—Here, then, was the opportunity, by a sudden march, to rout that little army, and retake the whole valley of the Rio Grande.—Santa Anna had with him over twenty thousand men, and a large number of pieces of artillery, with abundance of material of war. His troops had the utmost confidence in him, for he, as yet, had not been in the field during this war, and his former reputation was great with them. He had excited them, by his endeavors and speeches, to a pitch of enthusiasm, so that all were eager to march against the *Americanos*; and many were the threats among his legions, that they would not leave an American alive.

At San Louis Potosi, he received these dispatches, in less than a week after this time; and, in two more weeks he had his powerful army in motion, marching to the north, towards Saltillo, to annihilate Gen. Taylor's little force.

On the next day to that of our departure from Victoria, Gen. Taylor, with less than a thousand men, commenced his return march for Monterey. Of his departure, a friend, who was with Quitman's brigade, thus writes:

"There was a general rush to see the old hero leave; all his old soldiers, except the Mississippians, who went back with him, had departed for Tampico.—Every one seemed to be melancholy at the separation.—It was thought that all the fighting, all the honors, and all the laurels would be down on the coast, at Vera Cruz, and towards the Capital. It looked, then, as if Old Zach. had been sent back to the rear, where he would have only to guard the country of the Rio Grande.—Little thought those who saw the old hero, as he quietly rode through the plaza and streets of Victoria, in a plain citizen's dress, with some late papers in his hand, carelessly sitting on his Mexican pony, and politely bidding adieu to all those who remained behind him, slowly followed by May's dragoons, Bragg's battery, and Davis' Mississippians, that ere another six weeks should roll around, he would stand on the bloody field of Buena Vista, at the head of a gallant little army, to triumph over Mexican veterans. Even that recall, that countermand, which then seemed almost like disgrace, soon afforded him an opportunity of covering himself with greater glory, than, in all his life before, he had won."

continual murmur over the rocks; along its banks were trees of rose-wood, lignum-vitæ, and musquit of large size, and to our surprise, we saw also, several of our old acquaintances, the sycamore; the growth of which, we had left a thousand miles or more, to the north-east.—Difference of elevation, however, has the same effect on climate and growth of timber, as difference of latitude; a thousand feet elevation, in these regions, having as much effect, in producing coolness of air, as five hundred miles or more distance on the low plains towards the north would have.—Those men, who climbed these mountains at Victoria, say that the little rough appearance they present against the sky, is made by oak trees, both post and red, of considerable size; but none of these grow down here, and we had not seen one for hundreds of miles back.

The column of infantry soon began to come into camp, followed by the wagon train. The men were covered with dust, and it was caked on their sweaty faces, giving them an odd appearance.—Multitudes of them soon lined the banks of the creek, up and down, standing on the rocks, in the water, and washing their hands and faces in the clear stream, that rapidly coursed along.—One or two had the luxury of a towel, that they had got from the Mexicans; a very few had handkerchiefs, some a piece of an old tent, with which to wipe their faces after washing; but the most had nothing of the kind, for their wardrobe was becoming scanty. These allowed the sun and fresh air to dry their faces and heads. —As their company wagons came in, their lines of tents went up, and before sunset all were in, and the little hills and hollows all around, were covered with busy life; and, after night, shone bright with many hundred fires.

We, of the guard, twenty men, under Sergeant McKamy, soon found that we were placed in a different situation than before, and in a much better one, for we had no roll-calls, no guard to stand, nor any of the ordinary camp duties to perform; we drew our provisions by ourselves, as a separate company, and our forage in the same way.—We were in three messes, and our tents and mess bags were carried in one of the general's large wagons, all of which had good teams, and

moved at the head of the train, behind the artillery, and consequently were always in camp the first at night; our tents, therefore, were up quickly, and we had time to rest at evening.—We had not, either, to march in the dusty column by day, for the general kept clear of that; often we would ride ahead, and rest in the shade, until the column came up.—Moreover, we always had the best possible position in camp at night, for water; for the general, when coming on the ground, always selected his position on the upper part of the creek or river, when at one; and beside this, we were not crowded for room; for the body of the army was always placed a short distance from his quarters, and our horses got a fine chance at the little grass that was to be found along.—Not only so, but he allowed us to have our forage carried in one of his wagons; thus taking much weight off our horses (and by a private bargain with one of his wagoners, who had a fine large wagon, six excellent mules, and a light load, we got our saddle-bags of clothing, &c., carried; and not only so, but our blankets we wrapped up each morning, and stowed away in there also; thus reducing the weight on our horses to ourselves and arms).—The effect of this was immediately perceptible in their movements and appearance.—Our duty was light, simply to keep our arms in first-rate order, and to assist at camping, in putting up the three marquees, &c., and in taking them down in the morning.—Our sergeant was an accommodating man, and we were as jovial as larks.

Saturday, January 16th. The reveille was beat at an early hour, and the camp was lit up before day.—Hearing quite a confusion at the general's quarter, we went up there, being near.—There were many curious, natural holes in the rock about here, which we had noticed the last night; they were round, like wells, and about ten or twelve feet deep.—Gen. Patterson, while walking around in the dark, preparatory to starting, fell into one of these, and went down, against the bottom, with such a concussion as deprived him of the power of making any exertion to get out. He lay there, a few moments, before he could call for help; when his power of speech returned to him, however, he exercised it lustily, by calling for his Irish ser-

vant, *Lawless*.—Lawless heard the general's voice, rapidly calling him, but, from the nature of the sound, coming up out of the ground, he was for the moment, in the darkness, completely unable to tell from which direction it came. He kept answering, however, and run around completely confused; seizing a light, he at last struck the direction, and groped his way through a large bunch of cactus, that pierced him in an hundred places; he cursed this, and answered the general's call in the same breath; pushing through it, he saw the hole, and, extending the light over it, the general in the bottom.—Surprised, as he bent over, he called out, "And is it under the ground that ye are, gineral? and what in the divil brought you here?"—"What brought me here? I fell here; get me out," replied the general, in a passionate voice.—With the help of the aids, he was out before we got up there. He was much bruised, and his ancle severely sprained; but after a little rest, was enabled to mount his horse, when the marquees were taken down, and the march was commenced.

About this time, Lieut. Williams, one of the general's aids, was hunting in every direction for a bottle of brandy, which was taken out of the general's stores the night before, for his benefit and that of the aids; but on account of the lateness of the hour, had been laid by, still corked, for the morning.—"Have you seen anything of a bottle of brandy about here?" said he to the sergeant of the guard.—"Men, have you seen anything of a bottle of brandy about here?" shouted the sergeant, without answering directly the question of the aid.—The nearest man, still without answering, repeated the question to the others quickly, "I say, men, don't you hear the sergeant; have you seen anything of a bottle of brandy about here?"—"Bottle of what?" inquired one or two.—Lieut. Williams replied aloud, and uneasily, for there was a strong probability that he would lose his morning dram, "A bottle of brandy that the general brought from Philadelphia with him."—"Have you seen anything of the general's bottle of brandy?" called out several; and in an instant after another man, a little farther off, was heard at the same, but with a cough at first, and a hem!—

"Have you"—another hem!—"seen anything of the general's brandy,—hem!—Charley?" "I don't keep the general's brandy," replied he; "I wish I did." The sergeant called out, "Look after it, men;" and all went to looking, but could not find it in the darkness; so they returned to saddling their horses, at which they were at first engaged.

But all the time that this calling had been made, another conversation had been carried on in whispers in the darkness:—"Drink quick, Jim; don't you hear the lieutenant inquiring after it?" "I will; but it's so d-m-d strong," said Jim, as he bent behind his horse and drank, and then called out aloud, "Have you seen," &c. "Hand the bottle over here," said Charley, in an earnest whisper;—"Ha! the best brandy I ever drank in my life.—Stop! let me have another swallow."—"Don't you hear McKamy calling to us to look after it?" said another—"put it there by that rock; we'll find it when we come back."

The aid stormed and swore about the infantry sentinels, that had stood there in the night; said he knew the company that they were detailed from, and he threatened all sorts of vengeance against them. "D-m it," said he to Col. Abercrombie, the other aid, "there is nothing left but whisky, now, and I hate that."—The guard returned, and the bottle was passed around among a few whom they knew would not "blow;" and it might have been observed that morning, that these were in excellent spirits.

We struck out on the road, and marched several miles before the sun became warm; but when it did so, it was excessively hot. The road was very dusty. It lay for the whole march up and down the high mountainous spurs, and over bodies of good valley land, but with no habitations.—The general, being used up from the effects of his fall, and in much pain, was compelled to halt, and wait for the buggy of the surgeon of his staff, Dr. Wright. This was the only buggy in the army, and was very convenient for the doctor. While halted, we of the guard got round under the musquit bushes, for shade. There was no other growth in this dry valley, save the many varieties of the cactus, some of which ve already been described.—The country here was covered h them.

Some of the scenery passed over to-day, of hill and valley, was indeed striking.—From the top of the hills we were watched all day, closely, by parties of the enemy ; and some talk was among the boys of the prospect of a fight before long ; for there were so many of these parties, and some so numerous, that it was thought that the enemy might be crossing from Tula, on the west, to give us a trial ; but they molested us none. Captain Caswell made a chase after one party, on a high hill, but they saw him so far, coming through the valley, that they were off beyond the reach of pursuit, and that evening we saw no more of them. The spy-glass showed more of these than we had an idea of without it, all lancers. It was provoking to the men, to see them far up on the heights, and know that it was useless to try to catch them.

At four, P. M., after marching near twenty-five miles, we encamped near a pretty brook of bluish water, which afforded an abundant supply for the whole army. As it had been so very dusty to-day, another washing scene took place, after which all betook themselves to their supper and rest.—This encampment was on some hills covered with a scattered growth of large musquit trees ; with but little cactus. We of the guard found much grass for our horses. How the regiment made out we knew not, for we went not to it, not knowing on what part of the ground it was.*

Sunday, January 17th. There is no Sabbath in camp ; one day is precisely like another, and it is with the greatest difficulty that one can tell what day it is ;—in fact but few know ;—not one man in twenty can tell whether it is Sunday or Thursday, Monday or Saturday ; they know not, neither do they care.

We were on the march early, the general riding in a little

* When there are several regiments together, after encamping, there is not much running about.—One might almost as easily find a particular person in a city in which he was not acquainted, as to find him in a camp; he will have as many inquiries to make to do it ;—and, besides, men do not become so much acquainted as is, by many, supposed. A person will get acquainted with all his own company in two or three weeks, but not with all his regiment in as many months;—if he does in six, he has a good faculty for making acquaintances ;—but with other regiments, he knows only a few. Soldiers get into the habit of staying in their own companies ;—not only so, but they have a peculiar attachment to their own tents.

hospital wagon, in which he lay upon his back, being unable to sit up. The road lay over high hills, beautiful plains, and extensive valleys. The elevated range of mountains we were leaving to the right, where their massive peaks rose up against the western sky; now, from distance, they appeared of a hazy blue.

These hills, over which we passed this day and the day before, are indeed singular,—long and straight, ending abruptly at either end; the tops level as a line for the whole extent. They are called by the Mexicans *mesas*, or tables, (*see plate, page* 356). When on them, some of them are found not to be of more than a few yards in width;—to look up to them from the valley below, you would suppose a large plain on the top; but when the steep ascent has taken you up perhaps eight hundred or a thousand feet, immediately you see far down into the opposite valley, directly before you.—Neither do these long hills run in any particular way; they are thrown, as it were, in all directions, making all angles with each other, and enclosing fertile plains and valleys of every possible diversity of shape and appearance. The lover of beautiful landscape could here find enough, to give him full scope for admiration of changing scenes, for weeks.—These scenes are not so rugged and imposing as those of the main chain of mountains, but they are beautiful, and there is an endless variety of them.

We had seen but few Mexican soldiers to-day, for the hills are more accessible, and if they had showed themselves, we would have had a better chance of catching them.—Some were on a high hill passed to the right, this morning.—In some of the valleys, we passed over large bodies of lava, though no mountain is now volcanic in this immediate vicinity.

At nine o'clock, we came to a little brook, deep, and of good water. Here the general, after ascertaining from the Mexican [illegible]e, Valencia, that it was twenty-one miles to the next [illegible]ermined to encamp, and halted the advance. [illegible]e directed us of the guard to encamp in [illegible]al grove that the general was to occupy, on

the bank of the creek.—The army soon came up and encamped.

We had now nearly the whole day before us, in which to do as we pleased.—The general's tents, and our own, were soon up, and some of the guard went hunting, as did many of the infantry.—They covered, in crowds, the high hills around, and wandered about nearly all the day; many of them endeavoring to shoot Mexicans, not content with deer and turkeys;—but they were unsuccessful; for, although they came in view of those in the distance, they could not come up with them.—We had passed no habitations during the day, and the country was entirely wild, and there were some deer and many turkeys;—monkeys and apes, the Mexicans told us, were in numbers in the hills.—In a few hours, the boys returned;—they had killed a few turkeys and deer.

There was much fun and sport going on among the troops during the day.—The infantry have become so accustomed to marching, that they do not mind it at all. The second Tennessee regiment appears to be the liveliest, although all are enough so; but their pranks are innumerable. If there are any cattle within miles of the camp, they are sure of having them; and not only so, but Mexicans stand a poor chance with them, for, having some of their men murdered and shockingly mutilated, near Camargo, when they first came to the country, they have since had a hatred against the class that perpetrated these murders, and have paid them in their own coin, sending many of them to their "long home."—The first Tennessee is much smaller in number than the second, having been much cut up at Monterey; but they are still an efficient body.

Sometimes, when, before day, the reveille beats, after it is done, a great number commence to crow for the dawn, and then, all over the camp, such an universal crowing takes place, that one would think that all the chicken cocks in the country were collected, and endeavoring to outdo each other.—There was a single little dog, that belonged to one of the infantry, and which accompanied the march. Whenever, in the morning, on the march, he made his appearance, he was received with a yell that frightened the poor little

fellow almost out of his life;—tucking his tail between his legs, he fled as fast as his feet could carry him, but always took the road; and as he passed company after company, moving on, the yell was kept up, until he had cleared the infantry, and taken refuge with the horses of the cavalry.—Every morning he is thus greeted.

We came to a new species of palm tree, called, by the Mexicans, *palmetto del sol*, or sun palm, (*see plate, page* 356).—It is a singular tree,—large at the bottom of the trunk, of a spongy texture of wood, rough bark, and but few branches; each one of them surmounted by a bunch of large, grass-like blades, which hang down.—These are preferred by the Mexicans to all other, for the purpose of making hats, or sombreros.

On the ground that we occupied this night, Gen. Twiggs encamped the night before, and Gen. Quitman on the next following. Both the camps of these divisions could plainly be seen with the glass this evening, from the top of the high rocky hill overlooking ours.

January 18*th*. As usual now, we were upon the march before day.—When the sun arose, it revealed to us a succession of beautiful scenery. Far on the right appeared the lofty chain of mountains, which, by our course, south-east, we were gradually leaving; this range here running about south. On the left, too, far in the distance, another range of lofty irregular peaks, rose up. Between these, the extensive valley was filled by the high, flat-topped hills, or *mesas*, mentioned before, thrown promiscuously around, in its vast extent. Fleecy clouds, of dazzling whiteness in the sun, rolled around the mountains and enveloped the tops of these hills, clinging to them, as it were, by one part, and the other floating buoyantly off from them in the still air; but after the sun became hot, the clouds vanished, and the whole scene, in vast extent, in the embrace of the mountains, was below.—The road, as before, lay up and down these hills, and over beautiful plains.—We now came to many palm trees, which, singly and in groves, were seen for the remainder of the route.—This, with the cactus gigantea, the sun palm, the sword palmetto, the prickly pear, rose-wood, ebony, lignum-

vitæ, musquit, and an infinite variety of other cactus, were the growth now met with, for several days in succession. For the appearance of the first five, see plate, page 356.

In the middle of the day it became so dusty, that one could hardly see across the road, which appeared, in many places, like a long bed of dry ashes.—At noon we came to a rancho, the houses of which were built of stone, and white-washed, and were much neater than others that we had seen. Here the contractors stopped to procure beef for the night; and many of the men obtained from the peones *peloncillas* of about a pound and a half weight of good sugar, for a *medio*, or picayune each.—Beyond this rancho, we descended a rocky hill, and came to the *Rio de Lemon*. (So called on Arista's map, but by the inhabitants called *Rio Follon*. It flows to the southward, and runs into the river Panuco). This beautiful, rapid stream, we immediately forded, followed by the infantry, artillery, and train; all of which got a good washing off; the water taking the infantry nearly to their armpits.

After crossing, the general determined to continue on farther, and we followed the river down about seven miles, and encamped along the road. The musquit trees, on either hand, were so thick, that the division was much cramped for want of room.—The tents were soon up, and it being close to the river, every one who could raise a line and hook, went a fishing in the deep stream; which here was quiet, of gentle current, and deep; though falling above in large cascades, over massive rocks. It was stocked with catfish, and the finest perch; and many of the men caught large strings of them.

Mexican lancers have been during the day, hanging round us, but have kept off far; or else, when near, were so concealed, in the thickets, that we did not perceive them.—We passed to-day, three large crosses by the side of the road, each with a pile of small stones around it; two of them were old and decaying; the other was firm, and had been erected at a later date; it had, upon the cross-bar these words, in red paint: "*Un Ave-Maria, un Padre nuestro por la alma de Juan Gonzales, que estaba matado el* 25 *de Abril, de* 1842." (One prayer to the Virgin Mary, one Lord's prayer, for the soul of

Juan Gonzales, who was murdered on the 25th of April, 1842.) We had often seen these crosses and piles of stones before, and we met them often, by the highways, afterwards; but few of the men, however, made any inquiry into the reason of their erection; many passed along, thinking them to be sign-posts!—Whenever a Mexican is murdered, one of these is put up, by the people of the neighborhood, on the ground where the blood is spilled, and the soul departs; and the reason is this: as such a person died without confession to the priest, or absolution given of his sins, or partaking of the sacrament; and without the extreme unction, or anointing with the holy oil;—all of which are administered to a dying man,—he consequently goes directly into purgatory, with his sins upon his head, unabsolved, unanointed, unsanctified; and, consequently, in a most terrible situation; and, therefore, these crosses are erected, calling on all passers-by to say these prayers for that soul, in order that the intense suffering, consequent upon entering purgatory in such a condition, may be alleviated; for they quote from the Bible, that the "prayers of the righteous availeth much," and a large number of these prayers, they believe, will induce the Virgin Mary to use her intercession with our Saviour, to have such a soul placed in a better situation.

Each pious "*cristiano*," as they call themselves, that passes, turns to the cross, says over the prayers, and in token thereof, places a small stone on the heap there accumulating. These heaps are never disturbed; not even a boy can be found that will take off from the pile one of the little stones that has been blessed with a prayer; but rather, he, also, in turn, stops, says his prayer, and adds another stone. —The women *never* neglect it, and the author was informed, by a gentleman who had long resided in Mexico, that the largest pile he had ever seen there, was placed almost entirely by women; and this appeared the more singular, as the object of their solicitude was killed by an injured husband in public!—Distance marched this day, about twenty-five miles.

ary 19th. At an early hour we were on the route, and
five miles by the time it was well light. That dis-

tance brought us to the Lemon or Follon river again, which we immediately forded, and the infantry got another wetting, which was not very agreeable to them, for it was too early in the day. It was amusing to look back from the bank opposite, and see them crossing, and hear their noise and yells. We thought the Illinoisans made noise and fun enough about such fordings, but the Tennesseeans made the more. The water run off from all when they got over; but they did not mind the wetting, save some who did not succeed in keeping their crackers dry.—There was a rancho on the top of the hill, with many houses.

While on this bank, one of the beef contractors, named Bigelow, found occasion to go back to the rancho mentioned yesterday, twelve miles, to see about the supply of beef to be furnished to Quitman's Brigade, for the night. He was warned not to do it; but mounting his splendid horse, he determined to try it, and away he went.*

After crossing the Follon, the hills became lower, and the mountains were but just discernible on the distant horizon in the rear. We now passed over a beautiful country of hills and rolling plains, with more grass than we had before seen in several weeks; groves of the palm tree were here and there, scattered over the face of the country.

About three, P. M., after a pleasant march of twenty-two miles, we encamped on the banks of a pretty brook, and the general selecting his quarters under the foliage of a large rose-wood tree, surrounded by others of thick shade, Col. Abercrombie appointed to us our place about fifty yards from him, under a shade equally pleasant, and so thick that we

* He passed the wagon train, not yet all crossed, then the rear guard.—Before he got to the encampment just left, a party of Mexican cavalry filed into the road before him.—He was about to turn back, when he saw a large number behind him;—then putting spurs to his noble horse, he broke through the front line, and, amid the volley fired at him, received but one ball, which shattered his right leg below the knee; but he kept his seat, while they pursued him back over the Follon, and by the rancho spoken of, until he came in view of part of Capt. Haynes' company, under Lieut. Chamblis, the advance guard of Quitman's division. He was immediately placed in the hospital wagon, and made the rest of the march in that way, being unable to walk for many weeks afterward.

concluded not to put up our tents, but to fix our sleeping-places in this, a sort of natural arbor.

The general's marquees were soon up, and we sat down to conversation, having nothing else to do, save to watch the long lines of cavalry and infantry, followed by the wagon train, that were coming down over the beautiful hills, towards the camp, as they continually arrived.—Col. Abercrombie came down to us, and asked if any one would cut down a large palm tree that stood near, a most majestic object; to oblige him, as he wished to examine the "cabbage," or tender wrapping of the buts of the leaves, at the top of the trunk, which cabbage the Mexicans here eat, and pronounce it fine. A dozen men instantly offered to serve the colonel, (who, having the power to command, chose, rather, in such a case, to request), and procuring axes, the noble tree was soon stretched on the ground. Its leaves were taken off from the body, and the top of this cut off. After stripping the tough outside covering off, the inside was found white and tender, and somewhat like a cabbage; this, however, was small, not weighing more than seven or eight pounds. (We afterwards found these "cabbages" to sell in the markets of Tampico, and other places).—For the appearance of this tree, and those of others which have been mentioned as growing about here, see the plate opposite,* where it is numbered 2.

The others, 1, 3, 4, 5, have been mentioned before, in this work. This palm is connected with one of the religious ceremonies of this people, which we will mention. The tree is called, by the Mexicans, in distinction from all others of the palm kind, *la palma bendita*, or the blessed palm.—(Valencia, our Mexican guide, said that this was the tree

* This plate, showing most accurately the appearance of the plants and trees, was drawn upon the ground by the author. A single cavalry soldier was placed in the foreground, to show, by comparison, the height of the trees; and the engraver was directed to copy these in every line, and moreover, to place a small scouting party in the back ground. To the author's surprise, when the picture was completed, he found that the engraver had put in the scouting party, but had set them all to cooking; and the volumes of smoke inserted, would convey the idea that the scouts were more anxious for their dinner, than to catch the enemy, that, at this place, were hanging so thickly

! us. This is wrong; and the reader will therefore, in imagination, put out the

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whose branches were broken off and strewed in the way of our Saviour, in his entry into Jerusalem, mentioned by the evangelists, and that, on this account, it was since prized by Christians. This may be the opinion (*St. John, chap.* 12, *verse* 13,) taught them by the priests, and probably is.—It was the only reason that the author received, for the custom of blessing the leaves, on Palm Sunday).—Palm Sunday is a festival kept by all the population of Mexico. It comes on, or near the 27th of March, of each year.—On that day, the people, in their holiday dresses, take bunches of the large leaves of this tree, and carry them to the priests, who, in a formal and solemn manner, bless them, thus making them sacred. They are then taken home, torn up into strips, and plaited in numberless beautiful forms; every one has a cross worked in it, trimmed with ornaments of ribbon, &c., and sent as presents. They are from friend to friend, from young to old, and the contrary, and especially passed between the young of both sexes, as sacred tokens of love. Crosses are plaited, of the same material, and put up over the windows and doors of each house, and these so guarded, cannot be entered by Satan, or any of his evil spirits.—On this day is general rejoicing, and all are made holy. The priests, in the morning, consecrate, in every church, a large quantity of holy water, called *agua bendita*, which is sent for by all persons, drank, and used for sickness—with great success, they say. No wonder, then, that the Mexicans regard *la palma bendita* with attachment, and call it "blessed."

The whole of this tree is not shown in the picture, but enough is visible to show its form and beauty. A diamond shaped net-work, composed of the buts of the older leaves, which have fallen off, sometimes descends half way down

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engraver's fire, and place the party in a position of vigilance.—The soldier in front, also, though dressed correctly, and having all right about him, has, by the engraver's command, taken off his sword and cartridge box, and set them up against that sun palm, together with his gun, which, too, the engraver has cut, not a carbine, but rather a fowling piece. This is incorrect: for no scout was caught in this fix.—His holsters are right, but his sword should be upon his side, and his carbine slung to his shoulder, or in his hand, ready to act in an instant.—Owing to these mistakes, the author would not have inserted this picture, but for the remarkable correctness of the trees and plants which it represents, and the excellent workmanship of the whole cut.

the trunk; in this one, however, but little of it can be seen, directly under the leaves, at the top of the visible part of the trunk.

The column-like cactus, growing up under the tree, marked (No. 1) beneath, is called by the Mexicans, *la cactus gigantea*, or more commonly, *brazos de Alexandro* (arms of Alexander); it bears a fruit, something in shape, like a pear.

The trunk of the sword palmetto, (No. 3) is only used for posts for fences; gardens and yards being enclosed with them, when split, and set to one another, like pickets. The root of this is called *amole;* is soft and juicy, and rubbed upon clothing, is used for soap; and is effectual in removing dirt and stains; in many sections, this tree is known by the name of the *soap-plant;* and was so called by some of our soldiers.

The *palmetto del sol*, or palm of the sun (No. 4,) is used only as said before, for making sombreros (hats) and little baskets.

The prickly pear is part of their national emblem, and can be seen on every Mexican dollar, under the eagle.—The use made of it in this section, is to feed their mules and cattle on, when there is no grass. To do this, they cut it down, and making a fire of brush, throw the thick leaves into it, which half roasts them, and burns the needles off;—in this state it is eaten greedily by their animals. It is also used when thus roasted, to cure wounds and bruises upon their mules and horses, and for that purpose, is very effectual. Farther south, it feeds the cochineal insect, which is so valuable for dyeing.—Two flat-topped hills, such as we had been passing over for some days before this, are in the back ground.

In the camp, this evening, we had quite a scene, occasioned by the dry grass taking fire; and this spread with great rapidity, scorching and snapping, among the prickly pear; it gave quick employment to hundreds, to extinguish it; which, in the camp, was done without much labor, but, outside of that, it ran for miles, and could be seen by its light, after dark.—On the trees round the camp, and in the thickets, were numbers of the *guano*, a new species of animal to us. They are of the lizard family;—one kind were jet black in color;

the body of one of these was about a foot long, and the tail as much longer; legs like a lizard, but large in proportion to the body; sharp teeth, bright eyes, and very long, keen claws; from the head a row of black bristles ran along the back; the remainder of the surface was naked, and of a shining black; the stout tail was covered with knotty projections; taking them altogether, this kind were ugly looking "varmints."—Another kind was more pleasing to the eye, but still as singular in shape; their color was green; the body of one about four inches long; had a high, flat crest on the head; with the tail slender, and nearly two feet in length: giving the animal the appearance of a green snake, with a large head, and four legs near to it. They were all extremely agile, and run over the ground and up the trees, with surprising quickness. Col. Campbell, of the first Tennessee, had caught one near his tent, of this latter kind; and we examined it closely.—Our Mexican guide, Valencia, informed us, that there were many kinds of them in this part of the country; that all were harmless, save the large black ones, which bite severely.

Gen. Patterson sent on a detachment of our regiment of cavalry, to an hacienda ahead, to procure corn; for the supply in the train was about giving out. These were to remain at the hacienda until we came up.—We had gained, this day, five miles on Gen. Twiggs; he encamping last night that distance in our rear, and passing over this ground today.

January 20th. The reveille was beat, fires lit up, breakfasts finished, wagons loaded, and all were on the march by daylight. The infantry, as we passed them, were, from one end of the line to the other, enjoying their usual amount of fun and sport, as they marched on.—The road lay over extensive, open valleys; grassy, and with, here and there among them, thick groves of timber; and then, again, nothing for miles, save dry grass, and, occasionally, a musquit bush.—There were many rocky hills on the first part of the day's march.—Nine miles distance brought us to the hacienda of *Alomita*, (or little cottonwood). Some few small trees of cottonwood grew on the bank of the stream, that flowed along

the base of the hill upon which the hacienda is situated.—We crossed the stream, toiled up the hill, and entered the town, (for the collection of houses of the peones of the estate, made quite a town). Here we found the company of cavalry that had been sent on by the general last night. They and their horses had fared sumptuously, by command of the owner of the hacienda, Don Juan Cardonas—the fairest complexioned Mexican we had seen; affable, polite; a gentleman in appearance, and a prince in estate. When he heard that Gen. Patterson had come in,—which was earlier in the morning than he expected—for the general, taking only the guard with him, had left the advance of the army three miles back,—he came out in a hurry to meet him; was very anxious to have him alight, and take a cup of coffee, &c.; but Patterson could not do it. He only wanted corn; and the demand was made for it, and a reasonable price offered.—(Gen. Patterson had improved in this respect, of attending to the wants of horses as of men, since he had been with old Zach. again; and, on this march to Tampico, we had no reason to complain, for want of forage.)—We remained halted, at the edge of the square or plaza of the hacienda, while the general and the "don" made their arrangements, by means of an interpreter, Selby, an American who accompanied us. Don Juan was a man who had traveled much, and knew a little English.

We were struck with the population of his hacienda, which could not have been less than twelve or fifteen hundred—The large buildings for himself, his *administrador*, or overseer, officers, &c., called *la casa grande;* were built of stone, and occupied two sides of the large square:—part of one side was occupied by the church, which was not a *capilla*, like the other haciendas, but a *parochia*, in which a curate officiated, having ecclesiastical jurisdiction over all the *capillas* in the surrounding country, comprehended in the limits of his curacy. The parochia was finely built of stone, and a great profusion of carved work, of large proportions, covered its front towards the square. Three heavy bells were in its tower, and in religious convenience, the people of this hacienda seemed to be as well accommodated as though they

were in a city. The curate, with his long black robe, and three-cornered cap, walked out to the corner, and politely touched his hat to the guard, with the expression "*Buenos dias Señores.*" He had a good-humored, intelligent countenance, pleasant appearance, and seemed in no ways alarmed or disconcerted at our presence; but on the contrary, all the time he was there, he seemed to be interested in us; and especially his attention was taken by the size of the horses. One of his *tenientes*, or under priests, was with him, and for a few moments they carried on a brisk conversation, and passed back toward *la casa grande.*

Their conduct was quite a contrast to that of the *capillan*, mentioned on January 4th, who, as we appeared in sight, opened the ceremony of "*nuestro Señor esta patente*," and by the dismal tolling of the bell, set the whole populace of the hacienda, wherever they were scattered within the sound, to crossing themselves, and praying earnestly to the saints for deliverance.

This valley adjoining the town, (for so we might call the hacienda), spread out, below the crossing of the road, into a spacious area, which was watered by ditches that diverted the water from the brook;—this valley was very fertile and productive,* and cultivated with care. Don Juan promised the general immediately to send a large number of his peones into this valley and gather one piece of corn, (which contained about fifty acres), and have it shelled out in season for the wagons to take this evening. He was to receive one dollar and twenty-five cents per *fanega*, nearly two bushels. (This seemed a heavy job, but with the force he had, he easily accomplished it).

Although this town was so large, yet it was but part of

* Immense tracts of land, fertile in quality of soil, are left entirely uncultivated in Mexico, in every part, for the want of water upon them. As a general rule, no land is fit to cultivate, save that which can be watered by ditches; for the long dry season parches every other. Many tracts of these uncultivated regions, however, afford, during the rainy season, and for some time afterward, excellent grass for pasturage;—other immense bodies, about in the mountains, are perfectly bare; and where so, no animal lives. Where water is plenty, as was the case from Victoria to Tampico, at every few miles distance, some deer and other wild animals are found. The haciendas and ranchos are only on or near the streams.

the domain of Don Juan.—On a high hill, far to the north, was another town to be seen;—this, too, was part of the same hacienda.*

The head of the cavalry had come up to the town during the time in which this arrangement was going on, and the general, followed by us, moved ahead.

He gave permission for one out of each of the three messes in the guard to leave the lines to hunt; with the caution, however, to look out for the lancers, a body of whom, we had learned, were in the vicinity, and had remained at this hacienda two nights before.—Three men went; but two of them soon returned;—the other one we saw no more of until night.—We found the hills now spreading out in an undulating surface, beautiful to the eye, with, here and there, groves of la palma bendita, musquit, sword palmetto, &c. At other places, there was nothing on them but grass.

The range of mountains were now at a great distance in the rear; the *mesas*, or flat-topped hills had disappeared;—but we were nearing the lofty isolated peak of Mont Bernal, which was to our front and right, to the southward of our route, as we passed down toward the coast.—Eighteen miles march from Alomita brought us to a pretty creek, with high banks, at which Gen. Twiggs had encamped the night before: the general crossed the creek, and selected the place for his marquees; and our situation was appointed near. The regiment of cavalry followed, and encamped

* These haciendas are on tracts of land granted, in former times, to particular individuals, by the king of Spain.—No actual surveys were made, but the boundaries were designated by the points in view, and the principal intention being, fully to cover the water courses. They are described in the grant, somewhat in this way:—"Beginning at the crest of such a mountain named, at the commencement of its descent; running about such a course, towards another mountain named, so many hours' or days' ride;—thence towards another mountain, about such a course, to the mountain, or so many hours' ride;" and so on through the whole. Notwithstanding the vagueness of the boundaries, few disputes arise, because they are almost always bounded by dry tracts, of no value.

These haciendas are often very large, some of them taking in a thousand or more of square miles. When one is sold, the original grant from the king of Spain is assigned over to the purchaser, accompanied by another instrument containing the indebtedness of each peon on it, and these are also passed over, and the peones labor for the new master as they did for the old.

on the opposite side of the creek; while the three regiments of infantry crossed it. The wagon train was on both sides.

In the evening our mess-mate, R. S. Courteney, came in, his horse dripping with sweat.—He had been chased over hill and valley, for some distance, by several lancers, who only desisted when coming on a hill in view of the army. The speed of his horse saved him.—Courteney thought he had made a narrow escape, and at night he patted his horse, rubbed him, and talked to him, as though he thought that the animal could understand his words.—(The lancers this day attacked the rear of Gen. Quitman's brigade. They only killed one man, however, and took another prisoner, when they were dispersed by some of Captain Haynes' company, of our regiment, now with that brigade).

Much anxiety was felt in company G, of the cavalry, for the safety of two men, corporal Rhoton and private N. W. Ragland, who left the lines to scout and hunt, and had not come up at night.*—Distance marched this day, twenty-seven miles.

Thursday, January 21st. We resumed the march at an early hour.—We had now come down into an extensive rolling prairie, covered with grass, but mostly dead;—the mountains still faintly visible in the distance, in the rear; but on the right, over a great distance of rolling prairie, the mountain of Bernal raised its lofty peak above the clouds, and stood out alone, a massive, noble object, overlooking the whole country. It rose gradually, for a long distance, and then, as it were, suddenly shot its vast bulk upwards, nearly perpendicularly; appearing, from its very loneliness, the more imposing.—Its summit was rent and seamed, and it presented every appearance of an extinct volcano (*See plate*

* The next day, Capt. Sneed, of company G, sent back four men, to look for the lost two; but the day passed away, the march was made, and none had come up at the succeeding morning. The company was halted, and half remained at camp, while the other half went back for the six, and were fortunate enough to find them;—the four had found the lost two, and were bringing them up. The Mexicans had not seen them, being deterred from coming near the road by Quitman's brigade advancing.—The company was reunited, and all joined the regiment the succeeding day.

page 368).—We passed over the rolling lands of fine soil, but dry, with much grass upon them, on which large droves of horses, mules, and cattle were feeding; and at ten A. M., after a march of twenty-one miles, we arrived at the hacienda of Chocoi; after passing on the route, several ranchos, and much cultivated land, enclosed with brush fences.

We halted a little while in front of *la casa grande* (the owner's house), on a sort of square, and then proceeded on near the *tanque*, or artificial pond of water, for the use of the hacienda; here, turning to the right, we passed down a gentle slope along a fence of musquit sticks and brush, and the general selected his quarters under the shade of some lignum-vitæ and rose-wood trees, in the little valley, while our position, by the aid, was appointed to us, up a little higher, near the musquit fence.

The cavalry soon came in, in long columns, and filed to the left of the hacienda, encamping in and about the extended lots.—The infantry regiments followed; and their position was assigned in the middle space, on the bare knolls, and around the *tanque;* while most of the wagon train drew up in long lines between the general and the infantry.—As usual, two hours, or more, elapsed, before the rear guard made its appearance; and shortly after that, the tents were all up, in every direction, and all were busy in the camp, which immediately appeared as though it had been occupied a month or more.

Wood was scarce; plenty of green lignum-vitæ, on the little hills on the right—this, in its outside appearance of bark, resembles hickory; but did not burn like it,—for one might as well attempt to burn a brick, as a piece of it green. —The men of the guard being obliged to have fuel, pulled up some of the stakes, and burned a little of the brush of the old fence. It was amusing to see them watch the general's quarters, while they collected enough of this for fires; which they knew would expose them to severe punishment, if found out; but hunger, and the want of fuel to get their meals, made them run all risks.—(It has not been mentioned, that dry musquit makes as good a fire as our best hickory, and that it burns freely, and with intense heat, and yet lasts well,

being close grained and heavy; so much so, that when a dry and sound piece is lifted, and struck with a quick blow, it has a peculiar, short, ringing sound, somewhat like that of metal).

This hacienda of Chocoi was not as large as that of Alomita; not having, according to appearances, more than a hundred or two peones; though the number of these is not easily estimated, they being stowed so thickly in the rude buildings, and many living about in *la casa grande*.—The owner, Don Ramon Prieto, was a man of the old Spanish blood, light in complexion, and gentlemanly in appearance; he had traveled much in the United States, and in England, and spoke the English language pretty well, as also did his son, who had spent some time at school in Philadelphia.—Whenever we came across these higher order of Mexicans, who have resided or visited in the United States, we found them quite friendly, and apparently attached to our country, and also to our customs; though not so much so, as to make them alter their own very materially.—As an instance of this the don of this hacienda still had his old fashioned Spanish carriage, in preference to one of our style.

This old carriage, of the kind used altogether in the interior, is worth a description, from its singular shape and appearance, and as it excited much curiosity in those who walked up to the *casa grande*, where it stood under the large piazza. The hind wheels were large and strong, about five and a half feet in diameter; the fore ones stout, but low, not being more than two and a half feet; the axles were both very heavy, as also was the high bolster on the fore one; two large pieces, looking like small timbers for a house, ran from the hind axle-trees to the bolster, and connected the two; two heavy uprights stood from the hind axle, and corresponding two from the bolster; these had cross pieces equally large, and carved; all this made the frame; stouter and heavier than that of any six horse wagon, larger also; for the width between the wheels or track, was about eight feet and a half, and from the fore axle to the hind one, between eleven and twelve feet.—The reader can judge what a cumbrous frame this was; but the body supported by it, was not larger than

that of one of our common carriages, seating only six persons on the two seats; this body was hung on huge leather braces, that passed, from the cross piece on the fore axle, to that over the hind one; of course the fore wheels were before the carriage, and the hind ones as much behind it. The harness was cumbrous, heavy, loaded with brass, and had heavy coverings or bags for the tails of the mules. Seven were harnessed to the heavy carriage: two at the wheels, then three abreast, then two more, with three riders along, there being no driver.

January 22d. We, of the guard, were roused about midnight, by one of our men, who *dreamed* that it was day, made up a large fire, and waking us, soon set us all to cooking, when we found that it was not near daylight; and, on coming out of the bushes, we saw that each of the regiments around, were all asleep but the sentinels.—However, we finished our breakfast, fed our horses, wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and again lay down to sleep, with some muttered exclamations against the wakefulness of our old messmate.—We slept but little, however.—We were again awakened by the reveille.—In a few moments all were in motion; the roll calls of every company were called; the fires were kindled, breakfast dispatched, tents down, and in the wagons; and all were on the march by daylight, save company G, of the cavalry, which halted, as before mentioned, (in note), to hunt up its missing members.

Gen. Patterson had now determined to go to Tampico in two days, though it was three days' march for the troops; and, this morning, he detached two companies of the cavalry,—Capt. Caswell's and Lieut. Lacy's,*—to go with him; and, taking the guard, with these he set out, leaving the division under the command of Gen. Pillow.—Gen. Patterson was still unable to ride on horseback, and continued in the wagon, which could not be driven very rapidly.—The de-

* This is the company mentioned before as Capt. Lenow's. That officer returned from Matamoras home, on furlough, and while there, declining to return to the war, sent back his resignation. The command then fell on the first lieutenant for the remainder of the campaign, and he discharged its duties with honor to himself and satisfaction to his company.

MOUNT BERNAL—MEXICAN ATAJO—AMERICAN ARMY—LECHUGAS

tachment, therefore, did not gain much on the division coming behind, for some hours.—The mountain of Bernal was still upon our right; a view of which, as well as of an *atajo*,* (drove of pack mules), with their accompanying *arrieros*, or drivers, that we met near this place, may be seen on the opposite page.

After proceeding about fourteen miles, over a beautiful, undulating country, of rich soil, but with no inhabitants, with

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ATAJOS, ARRIEROS, MERCHANTS, AND CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS IN MEXICO.

* As we met these continually on the marches, and as little has been said about them, and as the whole internal commerce of Mexico is carried on by means of these *arrieros*, or muleteers, supplying the place of rail roads, canals, and wagons in our country, and as, throughout the country, as well as in old Spain, the same system is pursued, an account of this class of people will be found interesting. One who pursues the business of an *arriero* has his *atajos* of mules, which are his own property, and, together with their halters, pack-saddles, or *aparejos*, are his whole stock in trade. A full *atajo* consists of sixty mules, though a smaller number is called the same name. A good mule, with its *aparejo*, is worth about thirty dollars.

He also has a trained, docile horse for himself, and five or six others for his attendants;—beside these, he has a gentle horse, commonly a white, gray, or claybank, with a bell on his neck. This horse always goes before, and the mules will follow after him, though they will not follow one of their own kind, even if belled. A horse of a light color is selected on account of the ease by which the mules can recognize him at a little distance.—The sight of him, and the sound of the bell, starts them all towards him. (The author's horse, a handsome claybank, with long and full white mane and tail, at camp Ringgold, near Matamoras, was always, when turned loose, followed by two or three Mexican mules, belonging to the train, and it was with great difficulty that they could be driven away from him. For this, then, the author was at a loss to account, but did so easily afterwards; for, as pack mules in the service of an arriero, they had followed a horse of the same color).

The arriero has in his service six peones for every atajo he owns;—these are bound by debt to him, in the same manner that the general class are bound to the owners of the haciendas or ranchos. These are each provided with a lasso for catching the refractory mules, and each has a long straight sword and sometimes a gun, for their defence against the *ladrones*, or robbers, which infest all the highways. The arriero is ready with his atajo and attendants, for a journey to any part of the republic. A merchant in Saltillo, for instance, proceeds to the coast to buy his goods, or perhaps he may go to New Orleans, or have them shipped from England.—They arrive at Matamoras; they are passed through the custom house, where they are strictly examined, to see that they contain nothing but what is allowed to come into the country, for there are many articles that are not admitted.—This examination, however, is slight, or entirely omitted, if the merchant gives to the collector, or *administrador*, a bribe.—When the goods are landed, the merchant must pay upon them a port duty, of from fifty to four hundred per cent.

His goods are now at the custom house;—his next inquiry is for an arriero to take

high hills in the distance, on either hand, and splendid views continually opening anew, we came to a swamp of large timber, thick; and under it was a close growth of lechugas, or the thorny flag mentioned, (*see plate, page* 368).—The soil of this swamp, now hard as a rock, and having the impress, plainly, of tracks made months since, is very boggy when wet.—Four miles through this, brought us out to the bank of the upper bay of the large lake of Carpentero, at which

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ATAJOS, ARRIEROS, MERCHANTS, AND CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS IN MEXICO.

them to the interior. He finds one, and a bargain is concluded at so much a *carga*,—that is, a mule load,—(three hundred pounds in our weight). The mules are driven up to the custom house and packed with the goods.—Another duty is now laid upon these, called an extraction duty;—this is eighteen per cent. The merchant, before the goods are taken, must give security that he will pay this amount within one, two, three, four, or five months, or longer, according to the distance they are to be taken. On this account, the merchant commonly states his destination to be much farther than he really means to carry them. He therefore states his destination to be Monterey, Saltillo, and Durango. On a stamped paper is made out a list of the goods, the boxes, marks and contents, and the certificate of the collector, that the merchant has paid the port duties on the goods, and given security for the extraction duty, and he is therefore allowed to take the goods to Monterey, Saltillo, and Durango, or elsewhere, according as he has stated his destination.—This paper is called a *guia*.

The arriero and his men load on the mules, over their pack-saddles, which are simply immense pairs of leather saddlebags, stuffed with straw.—He gives the merchant a receipt for the number of boxes, and then, commonly accompanied by the latter, the atajo sets off on its journey. The mules travel about twenty miles a day;—at night are unloaded and turned out to graze; and poor picking they have, too. However, they are so hardy, that dry grass and weeds go very well with them; and, if not too hardly driven, they are commonly in good order. In the morning they are driven up to the piles of merchandise and row of pack-saddles; and so well do they know their own, that one will go to no other. They stand in a row, and the muleteers load them again, and all, as before, start off after the bell horse.

During the day, the time of the arriero and his men is continually employed in seeing that the loads are right. If a box slips, two of them ride up to the mule bearing it, and put a leathern blind-fold over his eyes;—the string of this is dropped over his long ears, and the blind coming down, prevents him from seeing;—he instantly stops, and nothing can induce him to move while this is on. They then fix his load and lash it firmly, take off the blind, which they carry on their arm, (see plate); the mule resumes his march;—and thus, day by day, do the patient animals plod along.

They come near a town.—Here, too, is a custom house; for Mexico is not like our country, in having custom houses only on the ports and borders, and goods once in nav no more; but here, they are in every town; and duties are to be paid in the in- as well as on the coast. Mounted guards are on the hills and approaches to n.—These see the atajo coming;—they take command, and accompany it to om house. The long line of mules is stopped; the questions asked, and the

was a rancho of several buildings.—While watering the horses of the detachment here, the advance of the division came in sight, and filed out to encamp.—(Here the author left the guard of Gen. Patterson, on account of his horse being taken violently sick, and unable to proceed; but, by the kindness of Dr. Wright, the surgeon of Gen. Patterson's staff, the author was furnished with powerful medicines, which saved his horse).—Gen. Patterson ordered him to remain

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guia examined. If the merchant does not wish to sell there, the custom house has nothing to do with him, and the drove passes on, until after a few days' patient labor, the next town is reached;—the same thing takes place; at the next the same; the next also; and the same at every town passed.

After many days, the atajo approaches its destination. The guards, in the same way as before, come forward and take it to the custom house;—the guia is exhibited; the goods are examined,—slightly, if a bribe is given,—and unloaded there.—The merchant pays the arriero; who now seeks for a load to carry to some other place.—If successful, he starts off loaded; if not, he goes empty to another town, on his way back to the coast. The custom house officers do not interrupt or hinder him, when he has no burdens.

These arrieros are, as said before, the common carriers of Mexico.—They have more to do with foreigners, (i. e. Americans, English, French, and Italians; for the majority of the merchants of the interior are of these nations), than any other class, and, from them, they learn honor and fidelity to their employers. They are the more honest and trusty class in Mexico, from the Don of the extensive hacienda, down to the Indian peon. They can be trusted alone, with goods to carry from one end of the republic to the other, against all incidents but robbery; but they will not, although armed, defend with vigor their *cargas* against the *ladrones*, or robbers, that swarm upon the public roads, without the owner is with them. If he is along, especially if he is an American, Englishman, or Frenchman, whom they know will expose his life to save his property, they will then second his defence with vigor and bravery;—consequently, when such owner is along, the atajos are seldom attacked. Such are the arrieros, a good-humored, honest set; the same to-day as a class, that they were fifty years since, and will be as long as the present population remains.

But as we were obliged to bring in the merchant, as well as the custom house, in order to give a correct account of the arriero, let us follow them through; for, although two duties have been exacted from him, on the goods brought, still the custom house has not done with him yet. He has paid the port duty, and given bond for the exaction duty of eighteen per cent.; and has paid the arriero for the transportation, and the goods now lie in the custom house stores in the place of his final destination.

He wishes to take them to his store to sell.—Before he can do this, he must pay the third duty of eighteen per cent., called the internal duty; and not only so, but a fourth one, municipal duty, to the corporation of the town, for the privilege of selling them there.—After this, he is allowed to open them for sale.

But suppose that he finds that he has too much for the market, or that, while he

with the division, to come up with it; and, when arrived at Tampico, to report himself to Col. Abercrombie, his aid.—(The comparative dignity of generals, and some of the inferior officers, has been mentioned. This was exemplified at this moment. The sick horse, on the ground near the general's wagon, required immediate bleeding, but not a fleam, nor even a penknife, could be procured, with which to do it. A lieutenant, who had been speaking to the general, was standing near the wagon. The author, being pretty well acquainted with him, asked him to lend his penknife, to bleed the horse.—It was amusing to see the haughty air with which he drew himself up, and, without making any reply, (struck speechless, with the arrant impudence of such a request, made by a long bearded private, to his smoothly shaven, nicely dressed lordship, and that, too, in the immediate presence of the major general), looked our author in the face, to rebuke his insolence, with as much severity as it was possible for a man to put on.—He, however, was

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was engaged in this long transportation, another had brought a supply, and he wishes to send his to the next large town. In that case, the custom house again gets hold of him, if that town is out of his state; for, before he can start with them, he must take out a *guia*, as before; and upon that must pay another internal duty of eighteen per cent., and another municipal duty at the town to which he is sending them. The four original duties on the same goods are yet not all the exactions; for still another comes, in an indirect manner.—He has given bond and security to pay the extraction duty of eighteen per cent. in the first port; this he must take in specie; but, as it enters the town, it is taken to the custom house, and although it came to pay to them, yet it is regarded as coming to be exported, and another duty of ten per cent. is taken from it.—The whole system is calculated to exact every *quartilla* possible, from the merchants and people.

No wonder that the merchant should endeavor to avoid this enormous taxation, which, however, at last, comes not out of him, but from the people; as, for every tax he pays, he increases the price of his goods so much; and thus the government grind down the people, not only into poverty, but even into slavery, or the system of peonage, the same;—and, although we are digressing, yet let us follow the subject far enough to see its effects upon the bondage of the peon.

The law obliges him to take two-thirds of his scanty wages, of his master, in goods for himself and his family. Now the merchant who brings these, adds to their original cost, the amount of the five taxes, then his profit, and at the gross amount sells them to the owner of the hacienda. He, too, has his profit on the whole, which, by universal custom, is one hundred per cent. on the merchant's prices; and at this, the articles are sold to the peon. Can he ever be out of debt to his master?

But to the merchant again.—He sometimes succeeds in getting more goods in, than

thinking of little else save the sickness of his favorite horse and was not struck with much terror at the lieutenant's frowning countenance.—Gen. Patterson saw it all,—for it was within a few feet of him; and, waiting a moment, seeing that the officer did not intend to comply with the request, immediately, with a smile, he handed his own splendid knife to the author, telling him to use every exertion to save so good a horse, &c.—The lieutenant immediately looked astonished, then deeply mortified; mortified, though, not at his action, but at being so quietly rebuked for it, by the general).—The detachment shortly afterward moved on. The author now found himself in an unpleasant situation; his mess gone, and forage all missing;—his company were behind.—Shortly however, he was kindly invited by Col. Thomas, to come to his tent and table, until the division again came up with the general; of which kind invitation he availed himself so far as to procure his meals, and shared the tent of the assistant surgeon, Dr. Stout.—The colonel also divided with him the forage of his own horses.

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are marked in his guia; or else, he brings in a contraband article that pays him a high profit.—He does this by continual bribery of the custom house officers.—When the atajo is approaching the town of its final destination, all the goods that are contraband, or that are not marked in the guia, which he has brought along by bribery of the officers, the arriero places on separate mules, and some of his men drive these to a by-place in the mountains near, or to some place of concealment. The remainder of the goods, that are regularly marked, and have paid the duties so far, are driven in towards the guards boldly, and taken by them to the custom house.—The merchant finds the guard who stands at such a point;—a few dollars given him, and the mules secreted can be driven in by him at night, and he will never see them, even should they brush him with their burdens; or he suddenly finds that an atajo is trying to slip in on another side of town, and he leaves his post to go there, &c. The mules are silently driven to an appointed place, and the gates of the high court yard receive them within. They are unloaded, and the goods stowed away.—A little extra present to the arriero, for his part of the game, and all is right.—If, by accident, the custom house officers suspect the matter, a bribe to them makes them forget to search.

And now the author asks pardon of the reader, for the insertion of so long a note; but, as it describes the whole manner of transportation in Mexico, by the arrieros shown in the picture, and also the system of her internal and external duties; the corruption of her public officers, and the bearing of the whole system upon the people, he hopes that it will repay the perusal.—The reader, of course, will understand, that in the ports taken by the United States' forces, all these duties are, for the time held by them, abolished.

This place, at which we were now encamped, was on a wide plain, bare of vegetation; for some distance back it was of alluvial soil, deposited by the lake, which, at times, overflowed the most of it.—On the bank of the lake was, as said before, a rancho of fifteen or twenty houses. This was here situated, for the raising of stock.—The lake, winding around, was spread out in the distance, in a smooth sheet; far across it, rose a range of high hills.—Distance marched this day eighteen miles.

Saturday, January 23d. The whole division was on the march, before sunrise.—The author's horse, not being yet entirely recovered, but sufficiently so to go leisurely, he got on, according to the general's directions, as easily as he could. Sometimes he was near the cavalry; then the artillery and the infantry would pass him; and, as he stopped to rest his horse, half, or more, of the train would go by; but when rested, he could again pass these, the infantry, and artillery, and come up to the cavalry again: and thus he spent the day very agreeably; for he had an opportunity to notice the passage of the whole division, from the advance to the rear, and to observe the continual sport and hilarity of the infantry. The most of this, however, was found in the "mustang cavalry"—a description of force unknown to the army regulations, but which accompanied us from Victoria. —It was composed of numbers, from the three regiments of infantry.—Any one that could raise the means to buy a long-eared *burro* (jackass), or a mule, or old Mexican horse, or any such conveyance, immediately entered the mustang cavalry.—Such animals could be bought for from three to five dollars.—Some of the riders had procured Mexican saddles, with their horse-hair housings, and bridles also; while some had bridles, but no saddles;—others had saddles, without bridles; while others, again, had neither.—Here was a soldier large as life, with his musket in his hand, on a little jackass, without saddle or bridle, and so small, that the rider had to lift his feet from the ground;—the little *burro* jogged along with him, occasionally stopping to gather a bite of grass.—Here was another, on an old Mexican horse, whose bones showed plainly against his tight hide, having sunken

eyes, and not able to go out of a walk.—Here was another little jack that refused to proceed, while a stout man had his shoulder to his rump, heaving him on; he had half a dozen muskets and cartridge-boxes for his load. There was a soldier endeavoring to pull a mule along, by the lariat, while another was beating him.—Another was boasting how finely his little *burro* carried him without saddle or bridle, when the animal purposely turned under a long, thorny musquit limb, and brushed him off quickly, tearing him with the thorns. —Here went one loaded with mess-bags, camp-kettles, &c., followed by a larger burro, with two riders and no saddle.— This mustang cavalry, too, had an officer; as much of a jackass as any with the long ears. He was a small man, and rode a miserable, poor, little horse, with an old, torn saddle, but no bridle, but with a rope round the horse's nose; he paid no attention to the fun going on about him, but, filled with dignity, rode on, the most ridiculous object to be seen. —His appearance of importance was so amusing, that the author made some inquiries of the men, as to who he was, and found him to be a commissary, or else a quarter-master of one of the regiments.

We passed, on the march, another *atajo*, or drove of mules, bound from Tampico, into the interior; these were heavily laden, but moved along with steadiness.—On the way along, we noticed, that the musquit was generally in bloom, having upon it thousands of small balls, each the size of a marble, of white and yellow colors, and pleasant fragrance.—After twenty-one miles march, over a beautiful, undulating country, of rich soil, mostly free from timber, having passed several

Mustang Cavalry.

ranchos on the way, we arrived at the old town of Altamira, on the same lake—Carpentero. Here we encamped, on the border of this lake, near the town, into which many went up, and soon came back, telling all that there was *chewing tobacco* to sell there.—Many of the men had, for a long time, been without this article, which, in the interior, was not to be procured; and now, every one who could raise "dos reales" (twenty-five cents), went up to buy;—it was not very good, but still appeared, to those who had been so long without, a great luxury. (*See note, page* 393.)

We found the town of Altamira to be a dilapidated place, having nothing of interest in its streets and squares, save a massive old church, that had been standing for two or three centuries; and it appeared as though it might stand as much longer. It was a curious structure, high, extensive, and heavy. On taking a side view of it, one would hardly know, whether to pronounce it an old feudal castle, a heavy fort, or a gloomy prison, similar to the Bastile; certainly a church would be the last thing he would think of. It had heavy stone abutments, running up against the walls, appearing like the piers of our bridges, when built out, as defences against ice. There was a heavy, eight-sided dome on the top, which was a little different from the common style of their churches. We were informed that much wealth belonged to this old church; and that its interior had been most superbly finished in former times, and still so continued;—we had no opportunity to examine it.—The name *Altamira* signifies a high view, and was probably applied to this place on account of the lovely prospect out on the lake, which is studded with green islands; in no other direction is the view extensive.—Lake Carpentero communicates with the Panuco river; and the inhabitants informed us, that vessels, drawing less than five feet of water, might come up the river by Tampico, into the lake, and wind their way along in the channels between the numerous islands, and come up to the town. They might do so, but there is nothing at Altamira for them to come for.—With the lovely country around it well settled and cultivated, it would be the garden spot of the nation.

MAGUEY PLANT—RANCHO—MEXICAN—STICK-FENCE.

The men found here plenty of brandy, muscal, and other liquors to sell, of which many of them partook rather too freely.—One liquor that is much in use in every part of Mexico, but more especially towards the centre and southern, was also for sale here, as well as in every town that we have passed. This is *pulque*, the fermented juice of the *agave Americana*, or maguey; plenty of which we had already seen growing. The wild maguey, of which the strong liquor muscal, is made, has already been mentioned. A description of this enormous plant, which lives and thrives to the age of from fifty to eighty years, will not give to the reader as correct an idea of its appearance, as a representation in a view. The author, therefore, sketched the appearance of two of these plants, which were growing near a rancho, two days before reaching Altamira. This view, on the opposite page, shows the two plants, of not more than twenty or twenty-five years old, and not fit yet to tap, to obtain the juice, or pulque. The size of the leaves can be seen by comparison with the height of the Mexican, smoking his *cigarro*, near.—Of the manner of obtaining the pulque, we will speak, when giving the account of all Mexican liquors, and methods of distillation, &c. (*see page* 403). The leaves of this plant are covered, on either edge, with thorns, and are pointed with the same.*—In this view, also, is shown a small rancho, on the little brook, in the back ground; a field enclosed by a stick fence, near the rancho; a corner of another fence, on the right of the foreground, and an irrigating ditch, by which the water was diverted from the brook above, and carried to a field below. (This ditch in front, the engraver has hid too much, by the grass on its bank).

January 24th. Another, and the fourth change of appear-

* This maguey is very useful to the Mexicans. It not only furnishes them with pulque and muscal, but of the strong fibres in its leaves they manufacture rope, and sacking of all kinds (called *guangoche*); beside, shoe thread (*peta floxa*), and strong sewing thread (called *peta torcida*).—The upright shoot of the wild plants, when roasted, is sold in small pieces, by the name of *quiote*. This is prized for chewing, —on account of its sweetness,—as they would chew sugar-cane; and men, women and children, when not smoking, frequently have this quiote in mastication.—The ancient Mexicans made as much use of this plant as those of the present race; and beside, formed from its leaves a coarse kind of paper.

ance of country since we had left Victoria, here met our view.—Near Victoria, we had traveled over mountainous scenery, with a few rapid streams;—then we struck the *mesas*, or table-topped hills, with extensive valleys between;—next, we left those, and came out into a vast undulating prairie, with some water, rich soil, and but little timber;—now, we passed over low, sandy lands, with heavy timber, thickly growing;—the whole appearing entirely different from the former sections.—In the first section, it had been dry, lonely, but grand;—in the second, still bare and lonely, but pleasing, from its endless change of views and landscapes;—in the third, still more pleasing, being enlivened by extensive views of rounded swells, succeeding each other, until lost on the horizon—high, distant mountains, overlooking the whole: the view of the landscape improved by the grass, the palms, and scattered groves; the large herds of horses, mules, and cattle.—The fourth, upon which we had now entered, was refreshing and delightful to gaze upon, on account of its lofty oaks, of unknown species to us, its beautiful palms, its lofty, graceful cocoas, of different kinds; its *sabre* trees, with large trunks and limbs, appearing, in color and smoothness, as if bronzed; its spreading banyans, each with several trunks; its trees of orange, lemon, and lime; its tall bananas, and sugar-cane; its pine-apples, and other fruits; its flocks of noisy parrots, of brilliant plumage; and of many kinds of birds which, before, we had never seen.—Our old acquaintance, the musquit, left us entirely; but very little cactus could we find; the trees, now seen, were without thorns: nothing was thorny, save the lechugas, or thorny flag, and the maguey.

After commencing the march in the morning, the road wound along the lovely shores of the lake, which, in hundreds of pretty indentations, formed little bays and inlets, upon the green shore. Never before had we seen a lake so crowded and studded with the most verdant and beautiful small islands.—Over the road the tall trees bent their limbs, covered with foliage of as lively green as though the season had been May.

We now, for the first time in Mexico, saw little patches

of land,—enclosures upon which was the residence of one family only,—cultivated by one man, who appeared to be the owner. These little fields now began to succeed each other rapidly; and in each one we saw a smoking coal-pit, put up in our manner.—About each house were three or four patient *burros*, who were waiting for their loads of coal, to take into the city; while others were going in, and others yet returning.—We noticed that many of these little enclosures had beds of vegetables: cabbages, beans, onions, garlic, tomatos, red pepper, &c., growing for market. The air was different from before. Again we felt the sea breeze, that in an instant can be told, as it falls upon the cheek, by its peculiar freshness and invigorating power.—The whole scene was so new, that the morning's march seemed but a few moments' pleasant ride—and was short; for eight miles brought us to the little rancho of La Encarnacion, where, being plenty of water, and only ten miles from Tampico, the division encamped, around and under the thick, shady trees.

The author continued on to Tampico,—for he yet belonged to the general's guard, which had gone in,—arrived there, and reported himself to Col. Abercrombie, as directed by the general. He was released from any farther duty of the guard, which had now been discharged from that duty; and had been ordered, with the two companies—Caswell's and Lacy's—who had come in with the general, to return to the duty of camp. These two companies, with the guard, started out, towards camp; but the author remained in town until the following morning, when he returned to the camp at La Encarnacion, where all the regiment (save company G) and the division then were.—That company, on the night of their arrival, were ordered to Tampico, and immediately sent over the river Panuco, into the state of Vera Cruz, as a guard to the topographical engineers; who were directed, by Gen. Patterson, to reconnoitre the country. They were gone upon this service three days.

Tuesday, January 26th. We have been two days in this camp, and they had been devoted entirely, by all the regiments, to rest and sleep. Plenty of corn and hay had been sent out from Tampico for our use, and our wearied horses

at once began to fare well.—As for ourselves, we spent the most part of the day, after the sun got up, in sleep or in conversation under the thick shade of the trees around; and every one seemed determined to make up for all that he had lost, on the march from Victoria.—No drill or parade was required of us here, and a glorious time of "napping it," we had.—Gen. Quitman's brigade, which had come one day in the rear of us, passed through our camp, and continued on to a position within about three miles of the city. Capt. Haynes' company of our regiment, had marched with this brigade from Victoria. That officer, at the request of the author, furnished to him some incidents of his march, which will be found in the note.*—We wished much to go in near town, also; but we had no orders so to do. We were satis-

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CAPT. HAYNES' COMPANY WITH GEN. QUITMAN'S BRIGADE.

* "At Victoria, my company having been detached from the regiment, to march with Gen. Quitman's brigade, and being ordered by Gen. Quitman to remain behind the troops, till all the wagons, &c., had left the city, we took our post near the plaza.—Here we saw the Mississippi regiment of volunteers, Capt. Bragg's and Lieut. Thomas' companies of light artillery, and Col. May's squadron of dragoons, headed by Old Rough and Ready, pass from their encampment, through the city, on their countermarch towards Monterey. The general was dressed very plainly, and accompanied by his staff. His appearance is that of a plain, blunt, and honest farmer, rather than that of an old regular officer; who are generally great sticklers for military dress. Not so with Gen. Taylor. In plain citizen's dress, with forage cap, mounted upon a small Mexican horse, which was, perhaps, captured in some of the battles, he did not look like the great general, and the great military chieftain. At least, so said those who had not seen him before.

"'Why,' said one, to whom he was pointed out, 'is that General Taylor? I never should have taken that man for General Taylor!'

"'He is not as tall as I supposed he was,' said one.

"'He is a younger man than he is represented to be,' said another.

"Bowing politely to all, and occasionally stopping to bid adieu to some old soldier or volunteer, who had lingered on the streets to catch a parting glimpse of their beloved general, Old Rough and Ready passed out of Victoria, followed by the kind wishes of the whole army. His little army, that went back with him, numbered only between seven hundred and fifty, and eight hundred.

"About noon, we left the city of Victoria. The Mexican population flowed out to see the army march off, apparently much disconcerted, to see columns march off towards the south, and the north; and many were their inquiries, as to which route Gen. Taylor would march.

"Being obliged to remain until all the troops of both armies had left, my company patrolled the city, in different directions. Availing myself of the promising appearance of the interior of a Mexican *fonda* (eating-house), kept by a senora, who had

fied to remain where we were, for we had a fine, shady camp, plenty of forage, plenty of provisions, and nothing in the world to do; and beside that, were, at that time, most remarkably fond of repose.

January 27th. Company G returned from its scout in the state of Vera Cruz, where they had been in the neighborhood of a large Mexican force, under Gen. Cos, which has been there collected for some time; with that general's head quarters at Tuspan, about seventy-five or eighty miles to the southward.

The engineers sent out, under protection of the company, finished their observation satisfactorily.—They reported that section of country as being fertile, producing in abundance pine apples, cocoa nuts, and every kind of the richest fruits,

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CAPT. HAYNES' COMPANY WITH GEN. QUITMAN'S BRIGADE.

made herself very obliging to those who liked Mexican dishes, with a friend or two, I entered her house, called for '*cafe, pan, gallinas, huevos,*' which means coffee, bread, chickens, and eggs. Everything was soon ready, and our hostess assured us, that it was all done up in American style.

"Having seen a commotion amongst the soldiery, she inquired if we were all going away. We told her yes. She wished to know if Gen. Taylor was gone. We told her, all, but us; and we would be off immediately. Assuming a thoughtful air, she exclaimed, "*Yo soy triste! Mui triste!*" (I am sad—I am grieved); and then, as if soliloquising, she continued: '*entonces, no puedo vender mas cafe, ni pan, ni huevos; ni mas gallinas!*' (Then, I shall sell no more coffee, nor bread, nor eggs; no more chickens.) '*Americanos, mui amigos! Mexicanos, mal!*' (Americans, good friends; Mexicans, bad.)

"Much amused at the sadness of this money-loving dame, we mounted our horses, and marching round the plaza, we left the city at one side, as a Mexican body of cavalry (as we afterwards learned), entered it at the other.

"Everything went on quietly, till the evening of the second day; when a small party of my company, who had gone out to drive in beeves, saw a party of Mexican cavalry, about six miles ahead of our camp. Next morning, a beef-contractor, named Bigelow, who started from the centre brigade, in the morning, to come back to ours, was fired upon, and pursued for some distance, by a party of Mexican cavalry, who shot him through the leg. The fleetness of his horse enabled him to reach an advanced party of my company. That evening, Lieut. Chambliss, with twenty of the Giles' troopers, went forward some miles, to ascertain the position of the Mexicans, but they had disappeared in the chapparal.

"Two days afterwards, a party of Mexican cavalry, armed with lances and rifles, attacked a few men of the Georgia Regt. and Balt'e Batt'n.. who had dropped behind the rear guard, and killed one, took another prisoner, and were in pursuit of others, who were relieved by the gallantry of Henry Pitts, David Myres and P. C. Morton privates of my company. Being in the rear of the column near two miles, and hea

and most fragrant and beautiful flowers;—of tall trees, of growth and luxuriance previously unknown to them;—of most lovely lakes spread out, winding in a thousand shapes;—of fields of maguey, larger even than any before seen;—of lofty hills;—of most luxuriant valleys of green;—of the air refreshed by the sea breeze, which is loaded with the fragrance of the orange blossoms;—of the valleys having fields of sugar-cane, of great size; and, in one word, as a perfect earthly paradise. It was amusing to observe the enthusiasm with which all of the company spoke of it, officers and men.

We heard before their return, from the Mexicans, that the country south of the Panuco, and up along its bank, was extremely beautiful and fertile, and therefore we did not discredit the accounts of the men, though, as said before, it was amusing to hear how flowing were their descriptions of its attractions.

CAPT. HAYNES' COMPANY WITH GEN. QUITMAN'S BRIGADE.

ing the guns in their rear, they charged back in a gallop. The lancers, seeing them approaching, supposed a body of cavalry was near, and fled to the thick chapparal.—One man with difficulty saved himself from their lances, by climbing a small thorn-tree, the leaves of which hid him from their view.

"Before day the next morning, my company marched back, by order of Gen. Quitman, and lay in ambush, on the roadside, hoping that the lancers would follow on,—but they had taken the alarm. There was a body of Mexican cavalry, who had been, until then, following in our rear.

"The only remaining incident is to be told.—At Altamira, which is a town of between one and two thousand inhabitants, a horse was stolen from my company, as we left the encampment. In the evening I returned from our next camp with ten men, and calling on the alcalde of Altamira, inquired of him whether any Mexican had brought an American horse into the town. He said, at first, that he did not know; then that he would inquire, and soon after said 'yes; there was a horse, which he had sent into the country.' His evasive answers led to a suspicion of his honesty, and I immediately took him prisoner, and placed a man on each side of him, with a loaded carbine. This produced quite an excitement in the town. The crowd gathered round us quite boldly, and the second alcalde came forward, to remonstrate against the arrest of his brother. His remonstrance soon exhibited the fact, that he had secreted another horse, which had been stolen from the Tennessee cavalry; so he was ordered to take his seat between the sentinels as a prisoner. They were then told, that unless the horses were forthcoming in half an hour, they would be carried off. They immediately ordered out some men on horseback, to bring in the stolen animals. In ten minutes, one was brought in; in half an hour another, and shortly after, a third, with the two men who had received the horse from the thief; but the thief was allowed to escape.

This little place of La Encarnacion had only a few houses, one of which was of stone, with a store. Here, too, was the largest garden of bananas that we had seen.—The growth of this tall plant, with its fruit, is well known in the southern part of the United States.—Here it was about ten feet high, with its long waving leaves of green, and hanging bunches of cucumber-shaped fruit, making a fine appearance, especially as it was planted so thickly. It seemed to be the main "staff of life" with the inhabitants of this section of Mexico.

—We found here a stone idol, of the ancient Mexican, or Aztec race, which idol, we were informed by the intelligent owner of the house, was dug up not far from this place, with many other things, instruments and utensils, which he said were now all lost. This idol is about three feet high, and with its pointed pedestal, is one piece; of a rude style of sculpture, but cut with great care. A sketch of it was taken

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CAPT. HAYNES' COMPANY WITH GEN. QUITMAN'S BRIGADE.

"Taking possession of the recovered horses, the alcaldes were ordered to mount, and we started with them to the camp, with the assurance that we would keep them prisoners, until the thief should be brought to us; but the junior alcalde offered, if we would allow him to remain, to have the thief captured. We left him, therefore, with a promise, that if he did not send us the thief the next day, we would return and take him to camp also.

"About this time, some Mexicans, six or seven in number, armed with swords and pistols, rode up near us; these we quickly disarmed and made prisoners, also.—Our party was ten in all. Our prisoners, one alcalde, three horse-thieves, six pack mules, bearing forty or fifty gallons of muscal, six or seven disarmed men, and another, who could speak a little English, and begged us to take him a prisoner also, as he was determined to die with his particular friend, the Senor Alcalde. His request was promptly granted, and he was ordered into line.—With this cavalcade of prisoners, mules, and recaptured horses, we entered our camp, sometime after midnight.—Early in the morning the thief was captured, and placed at our command, and we released the alcalde, whose rejoicings, at his deliverance, were only equalled by the fright during his captivity. This was the last horse stolen by the citizens of Altamira."

Some complaint was soon after made by the Mexicans, to Gen. Quitman, of this capture, who reported the affair to Gen. Patterson, who very wisely passed the matter over. It was said, at the time, that these gentlemen attached some blame to Capt. Haynes, for having thus summarily dealt with the rascals, who aided and abetted in the stealing of his horses. Rather than of censure, for capturing them, that officer was deserving of praise. If officers higher in command than him, had acted in the same prompt way that he did, when in command of his separate detachment, it would have been better than the milder, temporizing course that was pursued.

by the author, both side and front view, which will be seen below.

It is one of the numerous idols that were worshipped by the ancient Mexicans, before the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, in the year 1521.—It has much resemblance to the old Egyptian style of sculpture; and from this, as well as the similar customs, in some respects, the present pyramids in both countries, the similar ancient calendars, &c., some reasons might be obtained to establish the similarity, or identity, of the two races.—The carved apron in front of this image was curiously wrought, and the two figures in the centre, now worn by time, appear to be the disfigured remains of two large hieroglyphics.—The ears of the image are large, and nearly square, and stand directly out from the head;—the pointed pedestal appears as if made to fit into a socket. Of its general appearance, the reader can get a good idea from the sketch, which is a correct likeness.

There was considerable sickness in the regiment now, and one man, James Allen, of Captain Gillaspie's company, died to-day. His comrades made a coffin from a gun box, which they were so fortunate as to procure.—Most of those who have died have been buried without coffins, for no material of which to make them could be procured.

January 28th. Our regiment of cavalry, the first and second Tennessee infantry, comprising, in all, the Tennessee

brigade, under General Pillow, were this morning ordered by him to strike their tents, and march to an encampment selected near Tampico.

The morning was very pleasant, and the work of striking tents, loading wagons, saddling up, &c., was quickly performed, and we were soon in lines and on the march. The second battalion of our regiment, under Major Waterhouse, were in advance; then we of the first battalion, under Lt.-col. Allison, followed; then came the first Tennessee regiment of infantry, under Col. Campbell; then the second regiment, Col. Haskell; then a small train of company wagons; then the rear guard.

Our battalion being a little behind hand, had some trouble to pass the infantry, to get into our position.—The sun was hot, but we were shaded from it by the lofty oaks, the extended branches of which, in some places, nearly met over the wide road.—Five miles took us through this sandy level forest, to the cultivated hills. Here we halted for a little while, to allow the infantry to come up; for on the good road we had got nearly a mile in advance of them.—In this halt we had leisure to observe the surpassing beauty of the scenery around us.

On our right, far down at the base of the hills, was the wide lake, spread out more beautiful still than we had before seen it, on account of our height above it, which enabled us to look down on its extent, and over the numberless beautiful green islands, with which its calm surface was relieved. Here and there, among the islands, could be seen the long slender lines of the boats of the inhabitants, moving almost imperceptibly on the brilliant surface of the water, which was unruffled even by a ripple.—The natural beauty of this lake, as seen from these hills, with the tall blue eminences far beyond it, rising in the horizon, is seldom excelled.—But, on the other hand, the prospect, to the left, was delightful:—The hills were clothed in perpetual green, of a heavy growth of tropical trees, of the richest appearance;—here in forests, there singly or in groves; while ranchos were thickly scattered around far down in the vales, or perched, as it were, high up on the hill-sides.—The bloom

of nature, the fresh green of all vegetation, was delightful.—Orange trees, lemon, and many other kinds, and vines, with soft leaves and luxuriant foliage, were thickly growing.—We saw no musquit, so thorny; no prickly pear, as much so, no sword palmetto to pierce, and but little cactus, of any species. This seemed to be a garden spot, from which most of the thorns had been expelled.

After a little time spent in gazing on this scene, in itself so beautiful as to be worth a journey of a hundred miles to see, the infantry came near, and we were ordered on over the hills, up and down their long, cultivated sides.—Among these, three miles from town, in a beautiful place, was Quitman's brigade encamped. Passing this, we were again halted at the last hill, before reaching town, for the infantry.

Here was another view as beautiful as before, but somewhat different.—On the right was still the level lake, here merging into the river;—its pretty islands, which we had passed behind, were succeeded by others equally picturesque. More boats were seen, far below, upon its surface.—On the left, as we stood, were still the fertile hills and valleys, with extensive fields of sugar-cane, banana, corn, pine apples, and other products.—But, to the front, was the main picture:—The city of Tampico lay before and below us, with its white buildings and large extent. The American flag, from a lofty staff, was seen flying out above it;—the forests of masts of vessels, with their colors, were in the river beyond, giving animation to the scene.

This river flowed around in front, and passed far off to the left, where a little patch of the blue sea, at its mouth, could be perceived, with the tall black dots, as it were, of the heavy ships that there lay at anchor.—Over the river, in front, and bounding the view, were a long range of hills, not bare in a single spot, but covered with a forest of the freshest green. In the foreground, on looking down the road, were the line of cavalry, seen halted all the way down the hill;—beyond them, the road was thickly studded with men, and small droves of jacks and mules, going to, and returning from market; and wagons with their white covers, bringing out provisions, &c., to the camp of Gen. Twiggs, which was near this place, and

Gen. Quitman's, still farther back.—Beyond these objects, as the road again rose the hill to enter the town, was in view, first, the stone cemetery, on the right; the new fortification in front; and down still farther than these, to the left, near the margin of another lake, was a new fort, yet unfinished, and upon which scores of men were then at work.—That lake spread out on that side of the city, between the hill upon which the fort was built, and a long, wide, level plain, that again, beyond, stretched away to the river.

Upon the river, in the distance, towing up vessels, were several steamers, throwing long lines of black smoke behind them. The other view, first mentioned, was lovely, but this extensive scene exceeded it in beauty; for it united sea and land, lakes, river, islands, forests, city, vessels, army, camp, roads, fields, and crowds of men at different labors.—Where could a scene more comprehensive, more beautiful, be found?

After the infantry again came up, we were ordered to proceed. We passed down the long hill, and rose upon the other, of more gentle slope. Proceeding by the cemetery, we struck the town at the fortification, near a large two story stone building—the military hospital; and, winding through the long streets, descended to the main plaza. From there, we passed on through the business portion of the city, though continually descending, until we reached the river's edge;—here we turned to the left, and, following the road that led out of the city towards the mouth of the river, a short distance brought us to a stone bridge, thrown over the canal, which connects the smaller lake spoken of, to the left, with the river. When this was crossed, we came out upon a spacious plain, level as a floor, bounded by the river on the right, the lake on the left, and high hills in front. As we proceeded down, on one of these an old fort was to be seen.—This plain contained eight or nine hundred acres; was uninterrupted, in its whole extent, by any enclosure or houses, (save two small ones on the river bank); and was covered with a low growth of green weeds: the cool breeze blew gently over it; and there was much beauty in the place.—Looking back, over the canal and lake, we saw the city of

Tampico, now above us—the buildings rising on the side of the hill like terraces, one over another.

As we marched out on the plain, away from the city, and towards the old fort on the hill, at the extremity of the plain the advance were halted: the infantry came up behind us. The three regiments were then marched square off to the right, which soon brought all down to the edge of the river again, upon the bank of which they halted and encamped; our regiment being the farthest from the city, Col. Haskell's next, and Col. Campbell's nearest, not being far from the canal and bridge. Here we had a splendid place for a camp:—The lovely river was on one side, with vessels and steamboats coming by and returning; the city was in full view; the plain was large enough for several thousands to drill and parade upon; the hills were near; and old ocean himself was but five miles off, and in view.

Only two inconveniences we found:—One was, that all the water in the river was somewhat salt, and our drinking water had to be brought from a large circular wooden cistern, above ground, on the canal, near the bridge, about half a mile from our regiment.—This cistern was kept full by many Mexicans, who were continually employed, with large boats filled with hogsheads, in going up the river, to the fresh water, filling these, bringing them back, and discharging their contents into the cistern;—to do this, bringing their boats into the canal, close to it.—From this, it was drawn off into our buckets, as we wished it.

The other was the want of wood.—Upon first encamping, we collected all the loose drift wood that the winds and waves had thrown upon the shore, close to us. This, although soaked with salt water, and covered with barnacles, (a small sea shell that adheres in numbers to all wood and other objects exposed in salt water), yet burned well after the sun and wind had dried it. After this was gone, we had to go with the wagons to the hills, towards the mouth of the river, to obtain any kind that we could get, with more labor than ever before;—yet, during our stay at this encampment, we always found enough.

There was not a particle of shade here, but at this season

of the year, though sometimes very hot, the sea breeze kept the air at a pleasant temperature.

Here, now, we were comfortably placed at the city of Tampico, the second commercial town in the republic of Mexico, three hundred and twelve miles from the capital, near the mouth of the river Panuco, in the midst of as lovely a country as is to be found on the globe; and here we were furnished with every comfort, every convenience, that soldiers in a foreign land could expect or ask for.—Provisions of every kind, used in the army, were abundantly issued to us;—oats, corn, and hay, for our horses, as much as they could eat;—and our duty, during our stay here of forty days, was light, being principally drills and parades; which, though keeping us continually employed, and often tiresome, yet were by no means hard.

The course of the journal, from day to day, along, will be interrupted, and only written at intervals, during this stay of forty days; for the course of one day was often so much that of the day preceding, that the repetition of the same scenes would be tiresome to the reader.—The next chapter, X, will be devoted to a description of the scenes that met our observation at Tampico; chapter XI, bringing up the operations of the other divisions of the army, happening in the meantime; and we will commence chapter XII with our departure from Tampico for Vera Cruz, still farther to the southward, and at this time in the possession of the enemy.

NOTE—REFERRING TO PAGE 378.

The Mexicans do not use chewing-tobacco, but are continually smoking. Their government turns this habit of the people to a means of revenue. The cigars used in the country, are all made in the government establishments; and sold at the same price everywhere. If any tobacco is found upon the premises of any person, save of those who sell it for the government, called *Estanques*, the delinquent is punished with a fine of five hundred dollars, and one year's imprisonment.—The government contracts every year, with a merchant, for the quantity they want. He contracts with certain haciendas to raise this amount, which is done, and no other person in the nation is allowed to raise a single plant.—The *Estanque* of every town is appointed by the government; and is under bond and security, for the faithful payment of the proceeds of the *puros* (large cigars), and *cigarros* (small ones), that the governor forwards to him, from time to time. The Estanque furnishes other shops with cigars, and allows them to sell, on his own responsibility; these are called *Estanquillas*. The Estanque makes returns monthly to the governor, reserving six per cent., for his pay.—Besides, no note, deed, or bond, is valid in Mexico, without it is written upon paper stamped with the seal of the government (*papel sellado*). The price of this is placed at from a quarter of a dollar to two dollars and a half per sheet, according to the instrument to be written; and no one can sell it but the Estanque.

CHAPTER X.

February 4th. We had been now at Tampico a week, had become well acquainted with its position, appearance, &c., and we will endeavor to give the reader a correct idea of it. We have mentioned the old fort on the hill, at the farther extremity of the plain from the camp, and the course toward the mouth of the river. From this fort is a fine prospect.—The author sketched two views from it, which are presented. (See plates.)

This, called Fort Andonega, stands on a high eminence, looking down on the plain, river and lake, and commands the city. In the first view, reader, imagine yourself standing on this old fort, looking towards the southwest.—As you see in the picture, the wall is in front of you; this wall is of stone and cement, and is about eight feet thick, sloped off on the top. Over the wall, you look down on a tangled mass of small timber and vines; a little brook runs round in there, and then flows under the base of the hill on which you are, and continues on to the river below;—beyond the thicket of brush-wood, you see the smaller lake, which has been mentioned; a long canoe, with a sail, is upon it, having come through the canal.

Over the lake, on the hill, you see the city.—You observe that it falls off from the centre, down to the river, on the left. At the right extremity of the city you observe a tall building, with a flag over it. It has been turned into a fort, and has artillery mounted on its flat roof, though the pieces are not to be perceived at this distance.—To the right of that, you see a large building; that is the military hospital; built and used as such, by the Mexicans, and appropriated

CITY OF TAMPICO FROM FORT ANDONEGA.

MOUTH OF PANUCO RIVER, FROM FORT ANDONEGA.

by our forces to the same purpose. The road from the interior, by which we entered the city, comes in there. To the right of that, is the *campo santo*, or cemetery, with its stone walls and lofty gate. There is another to its left, but it is concealed from view by the hospital. Nearly between you and the cemetery, and not far from the edge of the lake, you see a new fort, with a flag above it; it is yet unfinished, and has been before mentioned. To the right of these, and farther up, you see the tents of part of Gen. Shields' brigade.

Now, reader, could you be on the top of the building with the flag upon it, or at the cemetery, or on the top of the hill, anywhere there, you would see below you, on the other side, the river, the mouth of the lake, both widely spread out with the beautiful islands spoken of, and lovely channels between.

You would see far over these, still onward, a blue range of hills, in the distance; and could you be across the waters, and upon those hills, then you could look down on the vast expanse of lake Tamiaqua, an inland sea, in extent, that runs far to the southward, and is separated from the Gulf of Mexico, by a high, long, range of hills. Its wide inlet communicates with the Gulf, far to the southward, beyond this range, near the mouth of the Tuspan river; but over all its shores, as well as up to the Panuco river, Gen. Cos, with his Mexican army, holds possession.

On the left of the picture, from Fort Andonega, you see, first, part of the extensive plain, which has been described, and on the farther extremity of which the Tennessee brigade, under Gen. Pillow, is encamped; the tents of the first regiment of which can be seen. Those of the second, are still farther to the left, and nearer, in the bend of the river, and our regiment in the same bend, still nearer. You perceive that the long skirt of low timber extends up to the left from the main body, and is between the lake and the plain; its extremity conceals the canal, which there runs from the river to the lake. It also hides from view the bridge over this canal. There is a new fort there, made by our forces, which is also concealed; beside, an old circular one of the Mexicans, now nearly torn to pieces.—Beyond the camp you see the river, that flows round from the other side of the city; over

the lower part of which can be seen the numerous masts of the vessels there at anchor. A large flag can be seen over this part of the city. It is on the flag-staff in the *plaza de Comercio*, or the lower plaza, adjoining the river. Beyond the vessels, and over the river, concealed by numerous islands, is Pueblo Viejo, or old Tampico, the former city, a very old place. This new city of Tampico has sprung up in late years; the population settling here on account of the better harbor.

Now, reader, from the picture and the description of it, you have a correct idea of the situation of Tampico; and, having sufficiently observed the position of the city, and all the prominent objects about the exterior of it, turn slowly round to your left, and in imagination see the plain below you, the remainder of the camp of the Tennessee brigade, and the river, which comes nearer to you than before, while the high, forest-covered banks opposite, are pleasant to view, from the peculiar freshness of their green.—Turn completely round, with your back to the city, and then the other picture is before you. First you look upon the area of the small fort in which you stand. Three Mexicans are there, smoking their *cigarros*, and talking of the steamboat which is towing up the brig in the river. In the fort, on the right, and front, you observe the stone platforms, on which formerly stood the heavy pieces of artillery, which bore down upon the river. On the left, is a building, now decaying, with the tiles nearly gone from its roof; it was used for the barracks of the garrison, and when our naval forces first took the city, in November last, it was occupied by marines from the ships of war; then, the former name of the fort, Andonega, was abolished, and it was now called Fort Conner, in honor of the commodore.—The marines held it until the arrival of the land forces; when, with much ceremony, the possession of the city and all the forts, was handed over, by the naval officers, to those of the army.—By the last, this has not been occupied, for no attack is feared from sea.—On the left of the picture, can be seen three stone steps; they ascend to a fine, smooth platform, the former walk of the officers of the garrison; the magazine, also, was in this elevation.

Over the broken wall in front, you observe a hill covered with bushes:—that hill is the final resting-place of many soldiers of our own, and of the other regiments of our brigade. The graves are on that part of it seen beyond the corner of the house.—From the front of the picture round to the right, you perceive the smooth plain spread out, not so wide as above;—on it, in the distance, is the wagon train of the brigade;—beyond this, is the river—a schooner is going out, and a steamer is towing up a brig. Down the river, you see another small schooner, going out;—beyond her, you perceive the mouth, the old forts, and the pilot houses;—these are about four miles distant. You observe two large ships lying off; several more are out there, but not in view:—they draw too much water to come over the bar.—Still beyond them, are the waters of the Gulf.—On the right, are the hills of green before mentioned, though, in many places, plains strike off from them; but these cannot be perceived in the view.

Having observed this scenery towards the mouth of the river, turn again to the view of the city on the other hand. You perceive the large flag in the lower part of it, before spoken of as being over the *plaza de Comercio;* and as that is the most busy part of Tampico, we will commence the description of the city there: imagining yourself at the foot of that tall flag-staff.

You are in the centre of the large square.—The flag-staff is placed in a circular pedestal, quite large, being near twenty feet in diameter at the top, and of six steps, (between four and five feet), in height; all of stone, and beautifully finished. It is said here, that this was intended for the base of a statue of Santa Anna; but our forces have applied it to the use of furnishing a firm founda tion for the large staff supporting the flag of the United States. The steps, which run all the way round, are excel lent seats;—ascend two or three, and let us seat ourselves, and look upon the lively scene before and around us:—The square is finely paved with small flat stones, with radii or diverging lines (made by these set on edge) running from this circular elevation to every part of it. It is separa-

ted from the width of the streets that join it, by a row of handsome, tall, cemented, square stone pillars.—On the back and two sides, you see the crowd continually passing to and fro, with many wagons, many *burros*, and more pack mules. The buildings around the square, you see, are of two lofty stories, with handsome fronts;—stores are in all the lower stories.

The stores around, you will notice, have odd signs over their doors.—One has a large sun over it, with the inscription "TIENDA DEL SOL," (the store of the sun); another, with a crescent, and "LA LUNA," (the moon); another has a comet painted out, with "EL COMETA;" another a white horse, with "EL CABALLO BLANCO;" another a palm tree, with the same inscription, "LA PALMA;" and so on, according to the taste of the owner. —Almost every one has such a representation.—These signs are so placed for the convenience of peones, *criados*, (house servants), and others who cannot read.—If you step over into one, you will notice a great variety of articles, and in very many of them a bar with wines to sell; for, by the general's orders, they can sell nothing stronger;—but ask for some "strong wine;" the Mexican will understand you, and with much politeness hand you out a glass of the strongest sort of brandy; but ask him if he has any brandy, he shakes his head and his fore finger before his face:—"*No hai, Señor; 'brandy' no se vende*," (has got no brandy to sell); though he has just handed you a glass, and will hand you another if you ask for "strong wine."*

MEXICAN LIQUORS.

* In Tampico were plenty of French and Spanish wines, brandies, and cordials for sale, beside their own Mexican liquors, of which there were one or two distilleries, fitted like our own, in the city. The principal Mexican liquor, as has been said before, that is used over the whole republic, is *pulque*. When a maguey plant, (seen on plate page 378), is coming to maturity,—i. e. preparing to blossom,—which it does but once, and which takes place at from sixty to even a hundred years of age, according to the soil and elevation,—a large excavation is made in the side of the stem, to the hollow within, the bottom of which is like an acorn cup.—The juice of the plant, that would have fed the tall blossoms, distills from the wounded leaves into this cup, and is dipped out twice a day;—a good plant yielding, daily, from three to four gallons. It is of a sweet taste when taken out; requires no preparation, but is set aside. —The second day it is partly fermented, and is somewhat like metheglin in taste;—the third day, the fermentation is complete, and it then is about as strong as hard cider;

In these stores, they have a much better idea of exposing their goods to the best advantage for appearance, than our merchants have, with equal stocks on hand. One little thing you will notice: no store is without its *brasero*, or pan for coals, on the counter, at which to light the cigars, which these Mexicans are ever smoking.—There are little ones of cut tobacco, wrapped in paper, and sold in bunches of forty-eight each. These cigars are not larger than a tenpenny nail, and smoke but a few moments;—they are called *cigarros*. A larger kind are all of tobacco, somewhat like ours;—they are called *puros*, and are sold in bunches of eight or

MEXICAN LIQUORS.

has a peculiar smell, something like tainted meat, and is drank in great quantities by the Mexicans, and sold in the market places and shops of the towns;—often colored, to make it attractive to the eye.—(At Vera Cruz, the pulque sellers colored it of many tints). The soldiers, generally, did not like it; though they would have drank it, had it been stronger; but it was not sufficiently so for them to overcome their repugnance to the odor of it.

From this pulque a strong liquor is distilled, called, in this section, *aguardiente*, though this term signifies all strong liquors, meaning, literally, "strong water," equivalent to the Indian's "fire water."—Muscal, a very strong, peculiar liquor, which has been several times mentioned, is made of the wild maguey, which is not so large as the other.—The plant is crushed, and, when fermented, the whole is distilled. The method of distillation in the interior of Mexico is rude.—A row of copper kettles is set, usually within the *adobe* walls of the house; beneath the kettle, and opening on the outside of the wall, are the arches for the fires. Each kettle has a double or hollow head, for the steam to ascend into it, through a hole in the bottom, the edges of which are raised. There is no still worm for condensation, but a stream of water is brought along in a trough above, and a spout of it, dashing down on the copper head of each kettle, cools and condenses the steam within, and the liquor so obtained, being prevented from running back into the kettle by the raised edge of the hole within, issues from a little stop-cock in the side, into the receiving vessel.—So much for a Mexican distillery in the interior.

In some parts of the republic, especially about the city of Parras, in the interior, west from Monterey, (see map), the grape is extensively cultivated, and large quantities of good wine and brandy are made, and much used by the Mexicans, as are the foreign liquors spoken of; but still, the principal drinks come from the maguey, *pulque*, and *muscal*.

After being tapped, that plant continues to yield the quantity mentioned, each day for about four months, although there may not be a drop of rain during that time;—it then dies in the centre; but as it decays toward the outside, many little ones spring out at the roots of the enormous leaves.—These are set out, and grow freely. They are sometimes arranged as a fence, and neither horse nor ox dare attempt to pass them.—He who sets out maguey plants, does it for the next generation, for the chances that ever he will see it yield, are a hundred to one against him.

sixteen.—The tobacco of the country is of a superior quality for smoking, and the *puros* are often equal to our highest priced Havana cigars.

Observe these two Mexicans, meeting on the square; they are strangers to each other; one is smoking; is stopped by the other, who, in the most polite manner, touching his sombrero, asks for a light; this is answered by the first, with a grace that would do honor to a Frenchman, by handing him his cigarro, at which he lights his, then returns it with a bow, while the former receives it, stepping back with another bow, and touching his sombrero also, as if expressing his sense of obligation, that his cigar should be returned to him; and the expression of *muchas gracias, Señor*, is given, as they separate.—That is a fair sample of their politeness and easy ceremony, even among the lowest class, upon all occasions. (If the parties are of unequal rank, the inferior takes off his hat, and holds it in his hand, while the other is lighting).—They are faithless and treacherous,—will rob, steal, and even murder, upon every favorable occasion; but still, in all their intercourse with you, and with one another, they are exceedingly polite and accommodating.—Enter one of their houses, and everything they have, seems to be at your disposal; and they often disoblige themselves, to accommodate you. They will give you freely, any information in their power; and seem to take a pleasure in so doing.—Singular traits of character to be united in the same persons; but so they are.

Those Mexicans have gone across the square; let us continue our observations. In front, towards the river, and obstructing part of the view of that, from the flag-staff, you see a long, one story building, with a piazza roof, standing out, under which are some pieces of cannon and several men crowded around the windows.—Upon looking closely, you observe they are bringing *tortillas* from the market-place near, bread from the bakeries, and other provisions, and handing them in through the gates, to those inside. This building is the guard-house. The men there, have been placed in for various reasons: some have been fighting, getting intoxicated, &c.; some have refused to do extra duty, imposed upon them for being absent from roll-calls or

drills, and have been marched up here; some have thought themselves ill-used, by their company officers, and have told them so, and being cursed in reply, have returned oath for oath, with good interest, and have been confined here for insolence, and insubordination. Some have thoughtlessly strolled off from camp between the intervals of duty, without a permit in writing, and have been placed in here, by some sergeant of the guard, who has met them in the town, &c., &c.

Let us now leave the observation of the guard house, and the men there confined, and from the flag-staff walk a few steps to the upper portion of the square, on the river, to the right.—Here is a jabbering, busy scene; all over the pavement, far and near, crowded upon each other, are numbers of Mexicans; men, women, boys, and girls; each one with a small square mat of palm-leaf, or rushes, spread out, on which they are seated, cross-legged; before each one, is something to sell, mostly eatables.—One has before her a number of little piles of sweet potatoes, cooked; each pile to sell for *un real;* another has a pile of *mies* (*pron. mice*), corn, on his mat, and is on his knees, with his little square measure of *media almud*, to sell it full, for *dos reales* (twenty-five cents); another has upon his mat a large pile of red peppers (*chili*), without which, these Mexicans could not live. Another has a pile of onions (*cebollas*) and garlic (*ajo*); while another has several baskets of the finest oranges (*naranjas*), five for a *medio* (six and a quarter cents); another has many pine-apples, from *un real*, *un medio*, to *dos reales* each. Another, has nothing on her mat but a large heap of *frijoles* (beans), but she gets many customers; another has several cabbages (*repollos*), and she is busy in calling the attention of all to them. —Another has a large heap of bananas, at a *medio* for a bunch of about a dozen, each the size of a common cucumber.

Here was a row of a dozen little girls, all with their rebosos drawn over their heads, seated on their mats, with, before them, large piles of *pan a dulce*, or sweet bread, in fancy forms, looking nice and clean; while opposite them, are several old women, ugly as sin, each with a large earthen

pot, over a charcoal fire; the steam comes from the vessels, in which are stowed, layer upon layer, little parcels of a composition made of chopped pork, mashed corn, and red peppers, called *tomales*. Each one is wrapped in a piece of plantain leaf, and is not, in size, two mouthfuls; many stop to buy, and eat these little morsels, hot with steam and pepper.*

Near these are several rough-looking rancheros, with large rabbits, peccaries, a species of hog, of an iron-gray color, with stiff, sharp, bristles, and very lean, called by them *cochino del monte*, or hog of the woods. They have, too, many raccoons, rather different from ours, partridges, squirrels, and any number of ducks.—Another is beyond, whose whole stock consists of a few dozen *huevos*, or eggs.—Some have little chocolate cakes and balls, of a superior quality; while others have chocolate and coffee ready to drink.—Here is a ranchero who has made up a number of sombreros, from palm-leaf, now offering them for sale; while another has some lariats, or hair ropes, for horses.—The whole pavement, from the square down to the water's edge, is covered with these mats, with various articles; while, through the whole, a crowd of Mexicans are stepping round, and many American soldiers, attracted by the continual bustle and jabber over the whole ground; such a noise is there, that one could hardly hear himself speak.

From the square, you see down the paved slope to the water's edge, where are many large boats at the shore, with their bows on, and crowded against one another. Near them, directly in front, is the short wharf, at which lies a steamer and another vessel; while out in the stream lay many brigs, schooners and steamers, while boats are continually going and returning from these to the wharf, bringing their cargoes of grain, provisions, ammunition, wagons, &c. Many enormous piles of all these, save the ammunition, (which is immediately taken away), are on the pavement at the head of the wharf, the cartmen and wagoners taking these away, and

* In other cities these *tomales* are wrapped in corn-shucks. They are much prized by the population, and are eaten when quite hot. All who have heard the venders, will remember their continual cry of *tomales calientes!* (hot tomales).

the sailors and laborers landing them, make much noise; but it is but little to that made by the Mexican boatmen in their long canoes, to the right of the wharf, for some distance up and down the river.

Let us pass down to them, carefully stepping about amid the mats of vegetables, &c., in our way, and finding some difficulty in getting through the busy crowd among them.—As we come near the boats, a dozen of the boatmen, thinking that we wish one, to take a sail for pleasure, are around us, each one jabbering as fast as he can speak about the beauty and speed of his boat, while pointing to it; another jabbers as fast, and says that the boat of the first is *mui malo*, (very poor), and his is *mucho bueno*, (very good);—they get hold of you, and each one, by every means, endeavors to induce you to employ him.—But, refusing them, let us look at their boats:—These are quite long,—some thirty feet or more; are dug out of a solid trunk of a tree;—some are mahogany, but the most are of a species of cedar, that grows abundantly in the borders of the large lakes which join this river; and for such an extent of country around does this canoe navigation extend, that there are great numbers of them made.—Almost every one has a short mast and low sail, that, in a light breeze, skims them swiftly over the water.

Some of these here collected are passenger boats, and are waiting for hire; but the most have come from up the Panuco river, or from far up the Carpentero lake, beyond Altamira, or from the large lake called Zapote, on the other side of the river, with vegetables and fruits of all descriptions, which grow in the torrid zones, to sell.—Some of them are entirely loaded with oranges;—lemons are of too little value to bring in.—You may go out here in the country a few miles, and off from the road, pick up any quantity of them under the trees. Before this, we had got plenty of them.

Other canoes are loaded with bundles of green twigs, and leaves from the *ohalita*, or fodder tree, which are sold here in great quantities, to feed horses with.—It appears singular that horses should be fed on such fodder as the green leaves of a large tree, but they eat it with avidity; though we have

never seen this fodder used any where else in Mexico, save here.—There are several of these boats thus loaded, and many are buying their bundles of fodder.

Let us walk up further.—Here are four boats that have just come up from the mouth of the river with *tortugas*, turtles, and *pescado*, fish. Look at these turtles:—There is one that will not weigh less than seven or eight hundred pounds, and several others that will weigh from four to six hundred. They are of enormous size, and there are plenty of them on this coast.—See that little Frenchman looking at one of the smaller ones, and hear how the Mexican fisherman praises it, and how many gestures are used on both sides during the trade. The Frenchman keeps an eating house a little back of the square, and wants to furnish his customers.—The whole scene of these noisy boatmen, joined with that mentioned by the others, is interesting, and time runs rapidly on while walking round among them.

Let us return to our position at the flag-staff.—By referring to the picture, as taken from fort Andonega, you perceive that the city rises back from this flag-staff, to the outer skirt on the interior, at the military hospital there seen.—Let us go back in this direction.—In the first place, by a considerable ascent, we go up a pretty street, in a parallel direction with the river, and one square back from it. This street, like all the rest, is well paved, and has sidewalks of flag stones.—No stores are in it; but on either hand are dwelling houses, with their stone walls joining each other along;—where apart, they are connected by a high garden wall. These buildings are well made and lofty, but have a bare, somewhat gloomy appearance, from their fortress-like manner of construction, with a heavy door opening inward to the interior court, and but few windows; these are projecting and iron barred, so as to give the ladies (for there are many females in Tampico deserving that appellation) a chance to look out up and down the street.—You will observe that the gutter is in the middle of the street, and that both sides slope down to it, instead of our custom of having one on either side.

As you pass these buildings, you will hear the sound of

several pianos in the houses, and see at the windows many quite pretty women, though a little dark in complexion; but that, with their black hair and eyes, only heightens their beauty.

Proceeding up this street two squares, you come on the left, or towards the river, to the house occupied by Gen. Patterson, as the military head-quarters.—A large flag is suspended over the door above, by a cord, which crosses the street to the large building opposite.—These two buildings are the corners of the next cross street, that runs directly from the river bank, here high and bluff, back down to the principal plaza, and then on directly through the city, coming out near the lake seen in the view.

As this house, occupied by Gen. Patterson, was one of the best style here built, we will enter it, and observe its construction.—You perceive that there are windows on either side of the arched doorway,—these are of large panes of glass, but have the usual iron bars without;—the doors are stout and ornamented. Above the door and each window the large space of the arch is filled with panes of glass, each in segments of the half circle, of which these form a part. These panes are of colored glass;—one is red, another green, another orange, another blue, another yellow, and so on round the half circle;—the mellow light from these gives a beautiful tinge to the objects within.

We enter into the first large room;—the floor is of square marble slabs, each about eighteen inches wide;—one is black, the succeeding one white, like the squares on a chequer board;—in the centre is a large black marble star.—Heavy ornamental pillars support the ceiling above, which is lofty, and adorned with rich stucco work;—the walls have, round the tops, the same.—They are not papered, but white and smooth.—The smaller room, on the right, is finished in the same manner.

The larger room, in the rear, is also finished in the costly style of the first, with as large a door, opening out into the spacious court, at the further side of which, are the stone stables, which these people in the cities always have near their houses, and sometimes, (as at Vera Cruz), in the lower story,

where they reside above.—The whole building, costly and splendid in appearance, has a cool, but to us, accustomed to our kind of houses, a cheerless, bare, appearance.—This house is owned by the former collector of the customs at this place, who now has lost his situation and his profits, since our forces have taken possession of the city, and a new and much lower rate of duties is levied upon goods.

Leaving this house, and turning to the right, we will follow down the cross street before mentioned, towards the principal plaza. The first object that you will perceive, is a number of Mexicans at work repairing the pavements, under the direction of an overseer, or *alcaide*.* As they seem to labor in a constrained manner, you will see, as we come nearer, that some of them are confined by a chain.—They are the criminals condemned by the alcaldes to labor on the streets, for petty crimes. You will perceive that the *alcaide* has a sword, and several rods with it.

Here, as in other cities, that we have taken, the course of justice with the population continues undisturbed. The guard of our soldiery overlooks the whole, and keeps order among the Americans. Our government, of course, is only military, though, as will be mentioned, shortly after this time, our commanding officers took part of the civil authority, and endeavored to show these people something of the manner of trial by jury; a thing wholly unknown in their laws.

Along this street, we see the same continuous course of mingled population on the side-walks. Here knots of Mexican peones, in their uncouth dress; there, gentlemen, in that more dashy; beyond, American soldiers, continually passing, or stopping to converse; officers, in couples, or threes. In the body of the street, is a long atajo of mules, just come in from the country; observe each patient animal, heavily packed, as he follows steadily along, after his predecessor. —Let us pass along, glancing in at the numerous stores; not so large on this street, as on the Plaza de Comercio; still you see the lofty shelves, covered with goods, earthen-ware, crockery, and every article that elsewhere you can purchase.

* The alcaide is an inferior officer of police, who has charge of the prison in every town, particularly responsible to the ayuntamiento of the town.

You see many women buying. Observe that one drawing her reboso more closely over her head, as she steps out; notice her walk, she seems to step so lightly, still with such ease and dignity, or, as some call it, "with a queenly tread;" —they all walk so. But here, up the side-walk, comes one in whom you can better observe it. She is returning from "mass;" is of the higher class; she looks as "neat as a pin;" her reboso is fine, and richly ornamented, and fits to her head and shoulders, as closely as a cut garment. As she comes near, look at her fan; it is of the "open and shut" kind; she carries it in her hand, although the day is not warm; hear with what a peculiar rattle, she throws it open and closes it. They have a variety of motions with the fan, for their sweethearts and friends: one to attract and permit, another to repulse and deny, &c. Look at her foot, so small and well turned; her form fine; her features regular; complexion olive; pretty mouth and white teeth. But notice the glances of her eyes, are they not attractive? They seem to show her whole soul. There is no coldness in her look. Turn, and look at her walk, as she has passed by; is it not "queenly," sure enough? But do not look at her too long, for you might have no relish for the next objects to which the author would draw your attention.

This is no other than four patient *burros* (jackasses), that while you have been gazing at the beautiful señorita, have been shaking their long ears close to your elbow; one is elevating his head and tuning his throat for a sonorous bray; while another is stretching out his nose, endeavoring to reach a piece of orange peel, which is near your feet. They have each an open box on either side of them, which are connected above their backs. In each box are two kegs of ten gallon size, so that each burro has four of them on his back. They are filled with water; and the industrious owner (*aguador*, or water-carrier), has been four or five miles up the river this morning, with them, filled each keg, and now is round supplying his customers with that article so necessary: and this is the only way in which the city is furnished; the water of the wells not being good, and there

being no aqueduct. The furnishing of water gives employment to many *aguadores;* and in every street we will meet them, with their *burros*. Every carrier has a little bell, with which, at the gate of a mansion, he makes his arrival known.* Nor is this all that these *burros* are used for; they will carry anything; and more tractable and patient animals cannot be found; and their character certainly has been very much abused among us, by making their name the very personification of stupidity and stubbornness. But here come some more of them; you see they salute these water-carriers with a loud bray, which polite attention is immediately answered, and then all are still, and take no more notice of each other, than though they had not met.

These, just coming, you observe are loaded with little bags of charcoal; which is here used entirely, or almost so, for cooking. Little grates, not more than four inches square, being their means of raising a heat for cooking; that is, in these fine houses; in the others, they cook on the ground.

Hear how lustily that sooty fellow calls out *car-bon*, (charcoal), through the streets.—We have mentioned before the coal-pits from whence he comes.—But look again; there is an odd sight. Do you see that ranchero coming up behind the coal drivers, leading a fodder stack? It follows him closely; it is tall, bulky, and sweeps the ground, yet falls not, and passes along without exciting any surprise in the patient donkeys around; but the horse of that cavalry soldier seems about to break his neck with fright at the stack, which slowly pursues its way. Walk round it:—you observe that it is tied together with a small rope; and is well shaped. Lift the leaves that brush the ground, and stooping, peep under:—the mystery is solved; you see the hoofs of a patient *burro* under there. Again walk round, and you cannot see a trace of him, head, body, tail, feet, or ears, which always are the most prominent objects in this animal.†

* In Matamoras, the water was taken up from the river, in barrels with iron hoops. Each barrel, when full, was bunged up, and a pin being in the centre of either head, with a hide rope attached to them; the barrel was thus drawn, rolling over and over, by a peon; no *burros* being used for that purpose; but here they do all the work.

† There are, near every Mexican city, many persons who make a living by the aid of

Here comes three more donkeys, loaded with the green leaves of the *ohalita*, or fodder tree. You observe the street is continually busy and crowded with the mixed multitude. Let us go on towards the Plaza de Armas, or the principal square.

Upon arriving at the corner, you see the square before you, surrounded by good buildings, mostly two stories;—the principal church stands on the opposite side, and the tower, (which, in the picture, can be observed), is furnished with a large clock, after our own style; but it strikes the hours on a heavy bell, and the quarters on a lighter one.—The interior of that church is not so rich as those before described.—You observe the whole area of the unpaved square before you is taken up by large piles of wagon bodies, axles, wheels, bows, and tongues, and many men are engaged in placing them together. Nothing here engrosses your attention much, save the same mixed throng passing back and forth.

Let us step over the plaza towards the church:—On the corner we see a building where already, in full operation, are a company of American actors, engaged in carrying on the "American Theatre;" and pretty well they do also, and obtain each night crowded houses, and make much money.—Back of this is a large building, formerly occupied for public instruction, as the sign over the principal door declares; but now it is used as a hospital.

Let us pass the sentinel on duty, at the gate at the end of the building, and, entering the yard, go round among the small interior buildings occupied by Dr. Wright, and several assistant surgeons, nurses, guards, and other attendants.—Upon entering the main building, you perceive rows of neat bedsteads, each with a covering of raw hide, stretched up and down either side of the long room, on every one of which is a sick soldier. Some are improving, and in a day or two will be able to take the fresh air in the pleasant yard, where, as we came in, we might have observed several pale looking men seated around.—Others are growing

three or four *burros*. These bring loads of wood on their backs, or coal, or sand, or anything that may be needed, the burros picking up their own scanty living. The men are called *burreros*, literally, jackass men, referring to their manner of business.

worse; one out there has just died;—see with what a look his next comrade turns his weak eyes towards the corpse, not knowing but he may go next.—Another there is being bathed in warm water, and the surgeon is applying mustard plasters to him, endeavoring to keep up his circulation; but it appears as though it was in vain, for the life is nearly out of him now.

Observe how still it is in here, although there are so many sick and so many attendants.—See this other surgeon, who goes from cot to cot, examining, and giving to the nurses directions for each.—At the upper part, the attendants are coming down from one to another, with tin cups of soup and slices of fresh bread, to give to those who can eat. Here, sitting upon the side of a bed, you see a weather beaten soldier, who, with the tears standing in his eyes, is watching the convulsive movements of the death-like countenance of his sick comrade and mess-mate, over whom, perhaps, when both left their native state to serve their country in the field, he promised the parents, brothers or sisters of that comrade, to watch and to assist. Now he is fulfilling his promise; but the hand of death is on the youth.

Let us turn away from this mournful stillness, and out of this place of sickness and death, and again emerging into the street, find ourselves in the bustle of life.—We hear the music of a full band at the head of a detachment of soldiers, swelling fully out the inspiring strains of Hail Columbia; and the music, so enlivening, drives away all melancholy thoughts.—Let us stop at the corner of the plaza, and admire the precision of military movement with which they pass along.—They are part of the Alabama regiment.

They have gone, and we will continue our course along up the hill, towards the outskirts of the town, and the military hospital, already noticed in the picture. In this part of the city we will observe that the buildings become smaller, being mostly of but one story. The gardens are many, with ornamental trees growing in them. We observe but few stores, or shops of any kind; for this part is occupied principally for dwellings. Here and there is a *panaderia*, or bakery, which bakes fine bread, and is, in every respect, like our

establishments of the baking order, save that these not only bake for the living, but also, occasionally, for the dead.—They, however, do not have much appetite, and are only fed once a year.*

Upon arriving at the military hospital, we find great exertions making, to place this part in a situation to resist an attack from the interior; wide, deep ditches are dug, and heavy embankments thrown up. The small fort near the margin of tne lake is nearly finished; at all of these we notice many men at work.

Having taken this walk through the busy city of Tampico, we will return along its streets, turning corner after corner, until we arrive again at the Plaza de Comercio, at the starting point, the flag-staff; thence we come along the river, seeing only the same bustle, but meeting with many more wagons, employed in transportation of stores, for different brigades, encamped around the city. Passing the outskirts of the small houses, we leave the city. A few steps bring us to the canal, bridge, and new fort; crossing the bridge, on which we find many soldiers, we come out on the plain; on our right, and far extended to the front, lies the camp of our brigade, along the river; and at this, having spent the day in the observation of the town, we bid you, reader, good night.

* This refers to a singular custom, or remnant of an old Indian superstition, which in nearly all of Mexico, has been like other similar ones, incorporated into their present religious belief; and, by the lower classes, is scrupulously observed.—On All Saints' Day (first November), the bakeries not only issue their daily amounts of bread for the living, but bake up a number of white, hard loaves, of a peculiar shape, being circular, like large rings, with a raised top, which is pinched up into hundreds of little prominences; these loaves are called *rosca de los muertos*, or rusks or loaves for the dead. Singular as it may seem, the lower classes buy these, and put them up in their houses, for the sustenance of the souls of their deceased friends and relations; and they will tell you, in a serious tone, that such souls had ate such a part of it in one night! The loaf remains in the same spot, until the souls have eaten it; i. e., the mice, crickets, and roaches have consumed it.—The souls are not fed again until next year, on All Saints' day, when, if not forgotten, they get more loaves!—In what part of the world can a more singular exhibition of the darkest superstition be found?—And what is more singular, is, that such an idea is not removed by the priests; but, like many other rites and ceremonies of the ancient Mexicans, this too, has remained, and presents a curious instance of a most ridiculous heathen ceremony incorporated by the descendants of those heathens, into the Christian religion they profess.

Saturday, February 6th. Gen. Pillow's brigade, as well as all the others, were now subjected to severe and continual drilling. Every day, the plain in front was enlivened by large bodies of troops, in their various exercises. The regiments of infantry now moved in solid phalanx over the plain; then rapidly deployed in long lines, re-formed in columns, charged, threw themselves in hollow squares, &c., &c. The artillery swept by them, at a rapid rate, whirled round, the horses were detached, cannon aimed, and in one minute after the first check of speed, the light cloud of smoke arose from the gun, and the ball went crashing through a large target, about a third of a mile distant from them, at the foot of the hill on which is the old fort. Again, in another moment, the horses were attached, the riders up, and away went the piece to another position, at full speed, and as suddenly whirled, unlimbered, aimed, and fired. The howitzers, in the same rapid manner, threw shells into the old fort Andonega, which loudly exploded there. It was only occasionally, that either the artillery, cavalry or infantry fired, in these drills. —The evolutions, and practice of loading, &c., were gone through with, continually; but the firing, almost always, was imaginary; for we had no ammunition to throw away.

The large bodies of the two battalions of our cavalry, can be seen, sometimes, coming on, at a rapid trot, in solid masses; then, suddenly wheeling, they open to the right and left, in detachments, and long imposing columns; sometimes they move slowly, then again, the volumes of dust, suddenly rising, as it were, with the whirlwind, shows the charge; the dust obscures them; far ahead, they emerge from it, rein up, and by companies, turn, and double upon, and among, each other, in a thousand ways; yet there is no confusion, no mistakes, by any. The roll of drums, the shrill sound of the fifes, and the clear notes of the cavalry bugles, and the deeper music of the regular bands, fill the air with martial strains. Sometimes these are silent, then, all in concert together. The varying scene goes on continually;—the sunny plain every day presents the same striking martial appearance, ever varying, but still the same:—parade upon parade, drill upon drill, at intervals, from sunrise to sunset.

Sometimes many small squads, each under its officer, are practicing the manual of arms, &c.; then the plain is covered with companies, each acting singly; then again larger bodies, battalions, are moving independent of one another; then, in the afternoons, each regiment is carrying on, under the command of its colonel, its regimental manœuvres; then again the whole brigade is acting in concert, under the general;—the whole appearance is such as can only be witnessed in the performances of an army in the field. The beauty, variety, and precision of movements, never can be seen in parades and reviews at home;—they can only be executed by bodies of soldiers who for months have made it their business.—And now, while, from time to time, we speak of the camp and scenes around it, the reader will bear in mind this principal martial view, accompanied by the music, continually going on over the area of the plain before the camp, save for a few intervals, of a Sunday or two, and during the severe blowing of the northers.—At daylight, at seven, A. M., at eleven, A. M., at three, P. M., and at five, P. M., the principal drills and parades take place, and, save at meal times, the plain never is bare.—The weeds, which grew upon it on our arrival, are all trampled down, and it is level as a floor.

February 17th. This was a most lovely day; and the sun shone pleasantly on the beautiful river, on the green hills opposite, on the city in the distance, on the camp and the plain.—It was warm, pleasant, bright and still. Before the sea breeze rose, not a breath of air was stirring;—and every sound was distinct. The flags over the city, and those on the lofty masts of the shipping near it, drooped motionless from their staffs;—the screams and chattering of the numbers of parrots, of brilliant plumage, in the forests opposite the camp, came with distinctness across the calm surface of the water. Upon the river, here and there, were long canoes, the paddles of which, now and then dipped in the surface, glided them quietly on; while the little undulations from their movements caused the rays of the morning sun to dance, as it were, on its bosom.

Below was a vessel, which, for the want of the slightest

wind, had let go her anchor, to retain her in the same position, while her white sails were still stretched above, courting the renewal of the breeze. The crew were leaning over her sides, gazing out on the camp that was spread before them.

The city and the camp were still.—In the former, the bells calling the people to "mass" had ceased their tones, and in the latter, the drums, the fifes, the bugles, and the instruments of the bands were all silent: for, a wonder, Sunday had been recognized, and there was no drill, no parade, no movements.—The long line of succeeding infantry sentinels, that extended in front of the entire brigade, at regular intervals, from the bridge on the left, towards the town, down to the bend of the river, on the right, seemed as if struck with the stillness and beauty of the scene before and around them, and were motionless also.—They leaned on their muskets, at their posts along, from space to space.

Now, reader, while all is thus reposing, let us turn our attention to the tents, and see at what the boys are engaging themselves; for, at all times when they are at leisure, their occupation and movements are about the same, and a glance at this leisure day, shows for all.

Let us walk round in the cavalry regiment.—The horses are still; tied with their long lariats;—they seem dozing in the pleasant sun.—At the line of tents nearest to us, you observe the captain's marquee, with a crowd around it, sitting on the bales of hay and bags of corn, that have been sent for the use of the company.—They are engaged in conversation with respect to our next probable movements.

At the first tent in the line we will stop and look in.—We see a couple of the men sitting down in the little space, amid carbines, swords, pistols, blankets, &c., engaged in writing letters on pieces of barrel heads, which are placed across their knees.—They have obtained their sheets of paper from the officers, (to whom, every quarter, a quantity is allowed by the government), and are busy; being prompted by seeing so many vessels arriving and departing from the United States, and also by receiving letters from home. Two of

their mess-mates are on the sides of the tent, on their blankets, asleep, and appear very comfortable.

Leaving them, another step or two brings us to the second tent.—The flap is closed, and the tent is, as it were, shut up. Let us open it, and enter:—There is but one man within, and he is mending his bridle;—the whole bottom of the tent is filled with baggage and arms.—In comes a comrade, who, in a low voice, asks him "if he has got anything." He nods. "Hand it out, then." He drops his bridle, and reaching over, pulls out, from under the blankets, a bottle of brandy, and sells the other a dram, for a bit; but it is done in a very quiet manner, for it is contrary to the regulations of the camp.*

At the third tent, we find some of the boys asleep, and a couple cooking behind it;—they have been up in town and bought some beef and vegetables, and having borrowed a camp-kettle from another mess, are trying their hand at making soup, for a rarity. They have got some light bread from the bakery, some pepper, and several little articles, and they seem as much engaged in making their soup as though it was to be of immense advantage to them.—

* Liquor the soldiers would have; and they worked many schemes to be able to obtain it.—At Victoria, where no spirituous liquors, save muscal, could be procured, many of the soldiers made a profitable business by buying it from the Mexicans, (who are fearful, on account of the prohibitory commands of our general, to sell it to us by the small quantity), and with a canteen on their sides, and a little cup in their pockets, were ready, when one raised his finger, to step round a corner, or into some court-yard, and pour them out a drink for a real, or bit.—These "traveling groceries," as the soldiers called them, could be met in any street. The officers would pass by them, as they strolled about, never suspecting anything of the kind. So, in spite of all restrictions put upon them, the soldiers would manage to get their drams.

And so it is here, in Tampico.—By order of Gen. Patterson, severe punishment has been inflicted on the bar keepers, both Americans and Mexicans, in the town, for selling spirituous liquors.—But our soldiers buy it from the Mexicans in quantities, and bring it into camp, and silently sell it to their comrades in their tents.—Every morning you may see men walking silently and carelessly up the lines, and then suddenly diving into a tent;—all is still there, but lift the flap, or the door, and you can see the vender pouring, from an old black bottle, a dram into a mug;—the soldier lays his bit on the blanket, drinks the liquor, wipes his mouth, lifts the flap and goes out, as if nothing had happened.—The bottle is put away again in the corner of the tent, under the pile of arms and loose blankets, and the vender walks out too, until another silent customer gives him the wink.—Brandy, muscal, *aguardiente*, or some other spirituous liquors, they will have.

You will smile to see what value they set upon it; but if you had been through the hard times that they have, and were in their position now, a dish of hot soup would appear to you to be indeed a luxury.—There are two more of the men there who do not belong to that mess, and with each one of these they have struck a trade:—One is to get them an arm-full of wood, for which he will have to go at least a mile, and bring it on his shoulder;—the other is to go to the cistern at the canal, a half a mile, and bring back a bucket of water for them: for these services, they are to get a cup of soup a-piece; and both think they have made good trades, and start immediately to perform them.

At the next tent, crowded at its door with bags of oats, are, within, several seated on a blanket, playing "old sledge," while another has got a novel, which has been read about the camp until it is hardly readable, and is passing away the time in deciphering it.

At another tent, the fire is kindled, and a chap is pounding coffee with the muzzle of his carbine, and is quarreling all the time with his mess-mates about the cooking, declaring that it is not his day in turn, &c., and swearing that hereafter he will cook for himself alone, &c., &c. In this tent are the mess-mates, some of them asleep, others endeavoring to mend up their uniforms and other clothing, and keeping up the dispute with the one who is cooking.

In the next, you see a water bucket, with a full supply of water, and a pan of fried pork, and hard bread, to which the boys of the mess are about to apply themselves for a dinner.

In the succeeding tent, a general cleaning of arms is going on; for one of the mess has been lucky enough to get hold of a little sweet oil, and all of them are availing themselves of the opportunity; and with much conversation, and many tales to one another, they appear to pass the time very pleasantly.

In the next one are many collected, to hear a man who is telling amusing tales, and many a loud laugh comes from there.—After he is done, another sings a song in high glee. Let us peep in:—They have got several bottles of brandy cherries, and they insist upon our taking some of them.—

(These are procured from the sutler, who, as he is not allowed to sell spirits, thus evades the restriction, and his brandy cherries go off like hot cakes).

We will go on.—At the next, we see more writing letters, sewing, &c., and several at a game of euchre.—At the next, we find all engaged in a general dressing and cleaning up, having had their clothing returned from the Mexican washerwomen, who have made it look new.—They are evidently much pleased with their change in appearance.—In front of this tent, as well as of several others that we have passed, down the line, you observe many of the men spending much time and pains in rubbing and currying their horses; and in the meanwhile they are talking to them, and patting them, and so accustomed have the horses become each to his rider, during the long march, that he knows him as far as he can see him, and will express it by neighing, and if loose, will come up to him. A horse could not be driven from near the camp, and it takes them but one feed to learn them their particular place; and, if turned loose, they will each come to it at night.—These men are devoting their leisure time to the attention required by their horses, and they could spend it in no better way.

Let us look for a moment upon this group in the next and last tent, busily employed at a game of poker. The tent is not much larger in area than that which is covered by a double bedstead, about eight feet by ten. In this little place, covered with blankets on the bottom, are now nine persons.—At the back is a pile of carbines, cartridge-boxes, swords, holster pistols, &c.;—on the side are two of the mess-mates, stretched out and wrapped in their blankets, trying to sleep; but they can scarcely do it: for, crowded upon them, set the chaps at poker.—A green blanket serves them for a table.—There are five at play, and every one busy. —Grains of coffee, called checks, ranking as picayunes each, are on the blanket before them.—Nearest is a small man, with a quick, restless eye, who shuffles and deals off the cards with the sobriety of a senator.—Hear him quickly say, as he throws down a couple of grains, "I bet two checks; what will you do, Sam?"—see with what eagerness they all

look on, as they compare their hands, and the highest rakes down the heap;—and so they go on for hours;—the same scene and words,—"I pass,"—"I bet a check,"—"I see your check, and go three better,"—"I go four blind,"—"I call you," with little dispute, occasionally, about putting up their "anties;" with sometimes a loud laugh from the winner, and then a muttered exclamation from a loser, who, thinking he had held the best hand, had bet freely upon it, and then found, to his disappointment, that another held a better one.

We have now passed down one line of tents, or one company; each company in the regiment, and each one of the regiments of the brigade, will be found engaged in nearly the same ways. It is so all over the camp. Let us now look along the shore of the river, near to which our walk down the line of tents has brought us.—Here, we find seated on the low bank, many groups of men, who are looking on the beautiful scene before them, of the peaceful river, with the vessels passing up and down; for the sea breeze now gently blows, though the surface of the water is yet unruffled. They are watching the porpoises, who throw their large backs out of the water, blow, and then disappear. An enormous turtle occasionally appears.—Passing along, we see other men, catching crabs, in the shallow water; these are very numerous, and with a short pole, a line with a piece of meat on it, and little dip net, one man catches from twenty to thirty in an hour.* Others we see, walking the shore, apparently in thought; though there are not many of these, most having laid aside the task of thinking, as a continual job, to be taken up on their return home.—Now, reader, we have given you a sample of the crowded camp, when in a state of rest and quiet. Of course, we have not mentioned all particulars, but enough to furnish you a definite and correct idea of the way in which we employ our time when off duty; and knowing it upon one day, you know it upon all.

Monday, February 8th. As mentioned, in the note ap-

* Besides these sea crabs, which were fine eating, the whole plain was covered with the holes of the land crab;—these were not fit to eat, but were a curiosity to our men. They were of a blue color, the body somewhat larger than a hen's egg, long claws, and the way they could "scud it," sideways, over the ground, to their holes, when pursued, "wasn't slow."

pended, our company, G, after spending half the night in cooking provisions, and preparing forage for a three day's cruise, against Gen. Cos, to assist the wrecked Louisianians,* had marched to town, and upon the reception of the news of their safety, had returned to camp. One of the principal attractions in a soldier's life, is the total uncertainty of the

THE WRECKED LOUISIANIANS.

* On this day, in Tampico, much anxiety was felt for the safety of four companies of the Louisiana regiment, under Col. De Russey, who had been wrecked a few days before this, in the ship Ondiaka, some thirty-five or forty miles south of the mouth of this river. Gen. Patterson, as soon as the news of the wreck came to hand, dispatched to their relief, a steamboat by sea; and by land, forty dragoons, a full *atajo*, or sixty pack mules, with five day's rations for the four companies; and, for the officers, sent fifteen saddle-horses. A report reaching us the next day, that the detachment were about to be attacked on the beach, by Gen. Cos, who had a considerable force to the southward, at Tuspan, but farther from the wreck than we were, Gen. Patterson ordered one company from our regiment, and one company of infantry, from Col. Campbell's, to march on the following morning.—Our company, G, was ordered by Col. Thomas, this evening, to be off by daylight. Every one jumped at the chance. We were ready, mounted, and marched into town, with the company of infantry; but as we were about to enter the steamboat, to be set across the river, the other boat, which had been sent out the day before, came puffing in, and landed some officers, who reported the detachment safe, and on its march for this place. All anxiety was at once relieved in the city and camp; and we were ordered back, by the general. The same day the command arrived safely, and in good condition. No one had been lost in the wreck, for the ship did not go to pieces; and after the gale abated, they had but little difficulty in getting ashore. They were warmly greeted by all; they appeared as brothers, from the interest felt in their safety, for the few days back.—But a shade was thrown over the general relief, by the announcement that the march had been made with such precipitancy, that all the sick unable to keep up, were left along, from time to time, to fall into the hands of the enemy; who treat all such with no mercy.—The condemnations of their colonel, by his officers and men, for this precipitate march, and abandonment of the sick, were neither few nor low; and the same feeling, from them, was imparted to all others through the different camps; which feeling, on the fourth day afterwards, was increased, by the appearance of the sick men; who had slowly dragged themselves on, up the sea-beach, until they arrived at the mouth of the river, and following that up, had come opposite our camp, and waved their hats on poles; which being perceived, was made known to Gen. Pillow, who immediately sent boats for them.—They were much exhausted, still sick, having had nothing to eat for the whole time, save some sea-fowls, which they had shot. One was suffering from a large blister, which had been placed upon him before he was abandoned.—The alarm of being pursued, they pronounced untrue, for they had not seen a hostile Mexican after being left. When asked about their ammunition (of which, in excuse, it had been said, that the detachment were out), they showed their cartridge-boxes with a good supply. Many men, with indignant expression of countenance, crowded around the poor fellows, as they came ashore. While the boat landed the first, the others made their appearance; and, to our great joy, we found that all were safe.

future, even for an hour; no calculation is made; no thought is taken; we wait for orders, and are ready to execute them, of whatever kind they may be. One soon gets tired of making any plans for the future, save for the time when again he shall arrive at home; and all feel, with regard to themselves, that this is so uncertain, that those plans are few. When a definite order is delivered, we know immediately what to do; but that order may be countermanded, and we return to our former state; so that we think but of the moment, and let the future take care of itself. This absence of all care, is certainly, what at home, in busy life, is never experienced; and in whatever light those at home, who never tried it, may view it, it proves to us very pleasant. One is peculiarly fitted to enjoy the present, and the days pass lightly away. It was on this account, that all were continually so full of sport; even the foreheads of many that had, when first they joined the army, a contracted appearance of thought, now seemed relieved, appeared smoother, and their countenances were brighter. If difficulties and hardships came, they endured them while remaining; but they had not suffered them in anticipation; and of the troubles of life generally, those of anticipated evils make up no small proportion. On this day was a difference of scene, from that expected; for the author, as well as all his company, had received orders to go on a hard march, and attack the enemy; but that march had only been a pleasant little ride into town and back; and the rest of the day he spent in company with Capt. Sneed, and two or three others, in a delightful little excursion, in a sail-boat, down the beautiful river (as seen in the second picture), and over the bar,* out into the wild waves of old ocean; passing the day very agreeably, and returning as the sun was declining in the west.

Tuesday, February 9th. We have lost three men, by death, while here encamped: M. Brady, of Capt. Gillespie's com-

* From this point, which is the left hand one seen in the view, at the mouth of the river, Tampico bar stretches across the mouth from N. W. to S. E.; the depth of water on it, is about ten feet. The position of this bar, is, according to the nautical charts, 22° 17′ north latitude, and 98° 24′ west longitude.

pany, who died two or three days since; C. S. Rungan of Capt. Evans', died day before yesterday; and Sergeant J. A. Smith, of Capt. Marshall's company, died yesterday. They were buried under the hill, seen in the picture, near the old fort. There were many dying in town, at the hospital. The climate and air, although very pleasant to the senses, do not appear to agree with many of our men; and sickness, when taken, is unusually fatal; few seem to recover, when severely attacked. Probably the change of air, experienced in our coming down from the mountains so elevated, to the lower coast, has a deleterious effect upon their constituitions. A man is here not sick long; he dies or recovers in a short time.

The weather now, is extremely hot; and the direct heat of the sun, before the sea-breeze rises in the morning, is compared, by many, to that experienced in standing a few feet off from a log fire. The heat of the direct rays certainly is intense. While men perspire freely, they do not appear to be affected by it; but if one gets a little cold, and his perspiration is checked, he is thrown into a high fever immediately; and then, as the numerous deaths show, the chances are against him.

Wednesday, February 10th. Last night, we lay down in our crowded little tents, without covering, suffering much on account of the extreme heat; but before morning, a norther burst down upon us, and the air became immediately very cold, and the wind came up the bend of the river, careering with power. When we turned out to roll call, it required an extra blanket upon our shoulders, to keep us comfortable. The parade following, was extremely unpleasant on the plain, from the strong wind and clouds of dust; our horses, being chilled, were almost unmanageable; we galloped round, formed lines, columns, files, platoons, &c., and were heartily rejoiced to be released at last, and get into our tents for shelter.—The river was lashed into breaking waves, that dashed upon the shore near us, with a continual tumult. In the afternoon, the wind blowing still stronger, Capt. Sneed, and many of the men rode down to the mouth of the river at the beach, to old ocean in its majesty, when his billows, chased and driven by the strong, keen blasts bursts in

thunder on the shore. The rolling mountain waves, as they dashed in, excited the astonishment of all.

Ingram, the philosopher mentioned before, went with them to observe the scene. Ingram, thin-visaged and lean in his person, rides a tall frame of a horse, equally lean, with sunken eyes, hip-bones and ribs standing out in relief against his tight hide, his hair standing every way.—It is a wonder to all that he has lived so long, or survived the labors of the campaign. This tall, raw-boned frame, Ingram calls Rosinante; and surely, from Cervantes' description of Don Quixotte's steed, there are many points of resemblance between the two. Rosinante has been unable, for some time, to carry his master, being afflicted with general weakness, tightness of hide, contraction of the stomach, and skinned upon the prominent ridges of the backbone; but in the two weeks he has remained here, having had twelve quarts of oats a day, has somewhat recruited, though the philosopher declares he could eat thirty-six, and says that he would fatten if he had that quantity,—and probably he might upon that:—but he is so old that his teeth are all out, and he swallows both corn and oats without mastication, and nothing but a large amount of forage could at all fatten him. He has been assisted in his general state of health, by large doses of nux vomica, administered to him by his master.

The philosopher rode him on parade to-day, for the first time since our arrival here; and, after parade, went down with the party to the sea beach. The waves, as before said, were rolling far up, and the party would follow a retiring wave, and then, suddenly turning their horses, retreat at full speed from the next one, which came in at a rapid, threatening rate, towards them; and, escaping its fury, follow that out when returning, and again retreat from the next angry billow that advanced.

The third wave that followed was of larger size, and all save the philosopher escaped it; he thought, that by making Rosinante rear up as the wave came, he would plunge over it;—and he reined him up, stuck the spurs to him, and charged the curling billow, that threw up its foaming crest far above the rearing Rosinante, and far above the philoso-

pher's head, as well as above his previous calculations, and broke down upon them all with power; knocked off the rider, and covered him up in the foam, sending him far away from Rosinante, who, with saddle and bridle, was rolling over and over in the billows.

The wave retreated;—both horse and rider, now far separated, endeavored to rise.—The next billow broke down and rolled them over and over again;—the next served them in the same way; but both, at last, nearly exhausted, obtained foothold, and got out, with the salt water running in streams off of them.—Rosinante held down his head, and mustered strength to shake his bones;—the philosopher, dripping and exhausted, got upon him, and they took a "bee line" for the camp.

Friday, February 12th. A little excitement helped us out this day.—It was caused by some Mexicans, who were endeavoring to swim a large drove of several hundred cattle, across the river, about two miles below our camp, to drive them down to the Mexican general, Cos.—On account of the lakes above, they were forced to cross here. It was a bold move; but in the night they had succeeded in crossing about half of them, before it was known to our generals. Several companies of our regiment were ordered to saddle up, and while part went down on one side, the steamer conveyed the others across the river, and they passed down on that side;—the whole drove was captured.—The drovers and peones, some twenty-five in number, were taken prisoners, and they, together with about forty pack mules, brought up to town.

Saturday, February 13th. During the time we had been here, but few crimes were committed;—scarcely any murders, or stabbing, so common near Matamoras and in the valley of the Rio Grande.—These people were a better sort than those of the frontier. Our generals wished, as before said, to learn them something more than they already knew about our customs; and wished to introduce among them the form of trial by jury, a thing they never heard of.

An opportunity about this time offered.—An American citizen was killed by a Mexican.—The murderer was appre-

hended; a judge, sheriff, and clerk, were appointed by the general; and the criminal court of Tampico opened its sessions, to the utter astonishment of the old administrators of justice, the alcaldes. The panel of jurors was summoned, and a trial took place in due form. The Mexican was convicted, and sentenced to be hung; but evaded that part of the business, by escaping from confinement.

The whole proceedings of this new court caused much merriment among the men; more especially when the sheriff was most busily enquiring for Mr. Locks, of the Tennessee cavalry, whom he had summoned, the previous evening, as a juror.—Each one could direct him to the whereabouts of Mr. Locks:—he was in such a store, near by, or around such a corner;—every one had just seen him; and the poor sheriff was run nearly down, in looking for him. He must have supposed that Mr. Locks was hard to find;—and so he was, for he was often hunted, but never found, as far as we ever heard. As his name became so known to the regiment, we will speak of him in the note.*

"LOCKS" AND "COGLE."

* Locks was a queer fellow, and cut up more rusties, shines, and capers, than all others in the company and regiment; and we will introduce to the reader this chap "Locks," and his relative, "Cogle," of the Kentucky regiment of cavalry, and relate a few of their numerous peccadillos. Both are fictitious characters; and Locks was first heard of in our regiment, and Cogle in the Kentucky, as long ago as when both were encamped near Memphis, in Tennessee.—Col. Marshall, of that regiment of Kentuckians, was strict and positive in his orders, and all firing of guns in the camp, among other things, was forbidden; and the officer of the day was instructed to take all offenders against this order into immediate custody.—Some of the men, full of fun, contrived and carried out the following scheme, to annoy the officer. Several went into the woods, at the lower part of the camp, and one discharged a gun, and immediately disappeared among the bushes; the others remained on the spot, strolling around;—presently, the officer came down in a hurry, and wished to know who fired that gun. They told him that a chap named Cogle had done it, and then cleared himself. He asked to what company he belonged; they directed him to one, where they had left a man, to tell him that Cogle belonged to another; where, also, he was to be sent to the third, and so on. He hurried on, from company to company; sometimes Cogle was here, and sometimes there; one had just seen him in a certain tent; there they told him he had gone to the next, until, after a weary search, the officer reported that Cogle fired the gun, but was not to be found.

When the regiment arrived at Little Rock, one of the soldiers committed a crime, for which he was placed in prison; a number of his companions, disguising themselves, forced the jail in the night, and released him. This transaction greatly incensed

Saturday, February 13th. A pleasant day, but cool; for the wind was still from the north. The drills were short, and many devoted the day to strolling around, in city and camp.—Many went up into the city, to seek at the post-office, here established, letters from home. The author went for the same reason, as well as to pick up any items of news, that might have been received, as to our future movements; —but no letters had arrived for many days; and as to news, there was none. Nothing could be known until Gen. Scott arrived, and no one knew where he was, save that he was on the coast somewhere.—The cool weather had induced all the Mexicans, walking in the streets, or crowded in the markets, to closely wrap themselves in their horongos and serapes; and they appeared as cold as our people at home would do in a snow-storm. There were just as many of them, however, on the edge of the square, seated around, with their wares and provisions to sell, as before, and they made as much noise.—One thing was not mentioned about these little traders, that in such numbers are found in every

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the colonel, who offered a reward for the ringleader of the party, and his associates. The jailor, too, was indefatigable in his endeavors to recognise them in the regiment; but, among the multitude of strange faces, was unable so to do.—A party of the soldiers, who had been into town, on a frolic, and who had run dry of the means to get anything more to drink, met the jailor in the street, and told him, that if he would treat them, they would inform him who was the leader of the crowd that forced the jail;—that they regretted much the whole transaction, and that, moreover, he must keep the source from whence he obtained the information entirely secret. This he promised gladly; and he treated the party to punches and juleps, as much as they could carry, with what they had taken before. They then informed him, that Cogle was the man who got up the plan of attacking the jail, and that he had headed the crowd; but that they did not know to which company he belonged.—The jailor hastened to Col. Marshall, who had fretted and fumed about the matter, threatening vengeance against the offender. When the jailor gave him the information he had received, the colonel immediately made out an order for Cogle's arrest; and the provost-marshal commenced the search for him. He was directed from company to company; from tent to tent; into town, at certain groceries, and out of town to other places; till the poor provost was heartily tired out, and had to give up the chase. Cogle was not yet caught.

When the regiment arrived at Washington, Arkansas, they remained there seven days; and Cogle was still at his tricks.—The colonel had a bill presented to him by one of the citizens of the town, for butter, eggs, hams, and market vegetables, bought for him by his servant "Cogle," the day previous. The colonel declared that Cogle was not his servant, that he had heard of the man, but had not yet been able to recognise him.

Mexican town, which is, the taxes that they have to pay.—Not a load of wood on a jackass, not a little trifle of charcoal, not a dozen bunches of fodder, a basket of oranges, a pig, quarter of beef, a few pine-apples, or a bag of red pepper, or anything else enters a Mexican town without a corresponding little duty being exacted on it, and must be paid at the entrance.—These people are taxed in every possible shape and manner.

"LOCKS" AND "COGLE."

When the regiment arrived at Port Lavacca, two of the soldiers walked out from the camp, and one shot a goat, belonging to a Frenchman, who resided near by; and his comrade went to the Frenchman and told him of the fact, and condemned Cogle for it, in the most unmeasured terms. The Frenchman was very "wrathy," but expressed himself under "de mos great obligations" to the informer, treated him plentifully to good old brandy, and immediately laid his complaint before Col. Marshall, demanding redress. Strangely, but from the amount of business on his hands, the colonel had forgotten Cogle; and in a few moments, the provost-marshal had in hands an order for his arrest, and was looking for him; but, of course, the search was vain; and he, as well as the colonel and the complaining Frenchman, found that "Cogle" was the personification of "nobody." The Frenchman got no satisfaction for the loss of his goat, and left the camp amid the shouts of "Cogle!" "Cogle!" to his extreme annoyance.

About this time, there arrived at Lavacca thirty of our regiment, who had been sick at Memphis, and left there; and who now came round by water. They were under the command of Lieut. Seaman, and were encamped near the Kentuckians. Some of the men of the regiment, too, had been sent ahead, and arrived there seven days before us. Lieut. Anderson, of our own company, went with them; and they all remained in Seaman's little camp. The Kentuckians, in the mean time, shifted their camp, five miles lower down.

Seaman's men became tired of their salt pork; and some went hunting, but had no success; returning, they came near this same Frenchman's place, and seeing, in the prairie beyond, a fat yearling, they shot it, and brought the meat to camp; and it was soon distributed among the messes, and was in the kettles, boiling for dinner.—The Frenchman soon "smelt the rat," and came down to their encampment, and examining the kettles, saw the meat; and looking at the unskinned legs and hoofs of the yearling, discovered that it was the missing one.—He went up to the lieutenant's tent; Lieut. Seaman was absent, but Lieut. Anderson was there, reading.—The sides of the tent were looped up, to allow the fresh sea-breeze to pass through; and Hamilton, an old negro, who cooked for Seaman, was busy about his dinner without, and to him the Frenchman began talking, in a rapid and vociferous manner, about his "pull—his leetle plack pull!—and who killed his pull?—and he vould have satisfaction for his plack pull," &c. He attracted Anderson's attention, who asked him what he wanted.—"I vants satisfaction for my pull, my leetle plack pull; for I have anoder plack pull, and next year I vill have a yoke of pulls!"—Anderson, knowing that the bull had been killed, told him to name his price, and he should be paid.—"No, no," said the Frenchman, "I sall have no pay! I vants no pay for my leetle plack

I vants satisfaction; I vant him who kill my plack pull to be punish; for I

This morning, a full supply of all articles sold here was brought in; the ugly old hags, with the hot *tomales* steaming in their pots, were squalling out their *tomales calientes!* more often than before; and they had many customers, to whom the hot bits went well in the cold air.—Every Mexican that we met, as we passed him, had the same expression, with his arms under his blanket, holding that up to his neck, and muffling it around his mouth and chin, with his eyes and nose

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have anoder leetle plack pull, and next year I vill have a yoke of plack pulls; I vants satisfaction—who kill my pull?"—Anderson told him it was Cogle, of the Kentucky regiment, not dreaming that he had ever heard of Cogle. The name struck the Frenchman all aback; throwing up his hands, and turning short on his heel, he shook his head, saying bitterly, "G—d d—n Cogles! I knows him before; he kill my goat!" off he went, and came back no more.

What Cogle is in the Kentucky regiment, "Locks" is in ours. All missing articles, when inquired for, are found to be taken by Locks—If mischief is done, and looked into, Locks is found at the bottom of it; and many have been the searches after him, and many a threat has been made against him, by those who have been trying to hunt him up, being directed back and forth continually.

"Who took my bridle, last night?" shouted the sergeant, early one morning, when preparing to saddle up for the day's march.—Far down in the line came up, repeated several times, "Locks got it."—"G-d d-m-n Locks," was the reply.—A soldier broke by the guard; information was given by the sentinel, and the offender's name was found to be Locks; and much search was made to find him out, but he had disappeared.

A man lost his blanket coat, when intoxicated, as far back as the Trinity river, in Texas:—one of our company found it, and wore it. About a month afterwards, when we were encamped near Victoria, Texas, the owner, having seen it upon him at a distance, about supper time, came into camp to inquire after it. Lieut. Anderson told him that Locks had it, and that he was cooking his supper at the sixth fire down the line. Daniels, an old soldier of the Florida war, who belonged to that mess, was cooking; was, as usual, crabbed and cross as a snapping-turtle, especially when cooking over the hot fire; with his butcher-knife in his hand, and, with his sour looking phiz, he appeared like a malicious spirit, brooding on revenge. He was in his worst mood; the sweat rolled off his face, and, as he stood looking at the frying meat, he appeared as though he would swallow meat, frying-pans, and a few of the burning coals, for a trifle. The owner of the coat approached, through the bushes, pretty near him, but did not much like his appearance, and stopped. Some of us followed in the thicket, to hear the noise, which we knew was coming; (for, in our company, to call a man Locks was a quick insult; for it was to accuse him of numberless petty thefts, and little rascalities). Looking on for a moment or two, the man, in quite a subdued tone, said, "Mr. Locks, will you step this way, if you please?"—We were silent, biting our lips. Daniels heard him, but, as the man was nearly behind, did not notice it, not knowing that he was addressed; but continued grasping his long knife, and looking savagely in the fire.—He called again, a little louder—"Mr. Locks."—Daniels, casting his eyes

just seen between the large fold and his wide-brimmed sombrero,—"*buenos dias, Señores; hace mucho frio!* (it is very cold) and, with a shiver, he passed on.

The band of regular musicians were making the plaza, this morning, resound to the swells of their notes, and they appeared to sound more clearly than usual; though, at all times, they play in a most excellent manner, and their music is so attractive to the population, that every calm, pleasant

"LOCKS" AND "COGLE."

up, saw the man, standing at a respectful distance; and, to his surprise, too, saw that he was looking at him, with his hand raised, beckoning for him to come there.—"Mr. Locks," as he caught his eye, "step this"—"G–d d-m-n your half-made soul," shouted Daniels, jumping towards him with his knife, "do you call me Locks?"—The man, retreating, held up his hand,—"Mr. Locks, you have got my coat." This made Daniels ten times more furious than ever. "You say I have stolen your coat, you d-n puppy."

The man endeavored to apologise, but to no effect; for, in his alarm at the storm he had raised, he kept repeating "Mr. Locks," and "his coat," and Daniels was furious; and we had quickly to interfere, to stop the storm.—"You had better be getting away from here," shouted Daniels to him, as we held him from pursuit.—The man took him at his word, and cleared.—He came next day and got his coat, from another—the one who had found it.

The adjutant of the regiment, one hot day, upon the march, in the heat and dust, was suffering for the want of eatables and water. At the head of the column, he was directed to Locks, a little down the lines, who, he was told, had a plentiful supply of cold beef, bread, &c., with a large gourd of water. Riding down the lines, he inquired industriously for Mr. Locks, and was directed by every one down farther, until he was in a fair way to arrive at the rear of the column;—and would have done so but for a young Irishman, who burst into a loud haw-haw, when inquired of, and informed the adjutant that he was after a fictitious character.

Corporal Rhoton, of our company, a young man of fine disposition, but sometimes, irritable when joked too hard, a few days since in town, got rather high, from the effects of a bottle of brandy cherries, and came to camp in that way. After carrying on sport for some time, to the amusement of all, he stretched out his blanket, and lay down to rest. One of the regular soldiers, in the meantime, came into our camp to find clothes to wash (following that in all his leisure time, at the cistern, by the canal). Our men told him that although they had no articles of clothing to wash at that time, that Lieut. Locks had many, and directed him up the lines, to seek him. —Some others showed him Rhoton, on his blanket, as the man he was looking for. Looking at him, as he lay with his eyes shut, the soldier exclaimed, that "Lieut. Locks was like some of his officers, pretty essentially drunk." Rhoton, hearing this, opened his eyes, and seeing that he was the one referred to as Locks, sprang up and made at the regular, who then called on his legs to do their duty;—and they done it well, for he was gone quickly; neither did he ever return to get Lieut. Locks' clothing.—A day never passed, but that Locks was called upon.—He was accused of all mischief, and often condemned and cursed most bitterly by those in search of him.

evening, when they take their station on the circular stone elevation around the flag staff, the square is crowded for an hour by the Mexicans, both male and female, to hear the inspiring strains. From such continual practice, they become very expert, and the people seem to forget, even, that they are part of a hostile force that have taken possession of their beautiful city.

Whatever position these regulars fill in the service, they do it in a first rate manner, devoting all their time to that one thing.—They march well, drill well, and fight well;—though, in the fighting part, the volunteers who were in the field had shown themselves to be, what was not expected, fully equal to them; and, in some of the regiments, equal in drill and parade;—though a volunteer, here, in every little matter of ceremony, will not be bound down, as a regular is obliged to be.*

It was cold comfort in town this day, for there were no fires; they never using them, save for cooking; and we returned to camp, and wrapped in our blankets, lay down in our tents to read, or sleep; which last as usual came very quickly to us, whenever stretched out. We were not disturbed until the drums, fifes, and bugles called us to the three o'clock parade, which (thanks to the norther), was but a

* A regular soldier, who follows it for a livelihood, in peace and war, in garrison and in camp, has need for only so much brains as will enable him to stand erect, keep his clothing and tent clean and neat, and his arms bright; to enable him to go through the common evolutions, and to understand the common words of command, without explanation; to handle the musket, sword and pistol quickly; and just language enough to ask for his allowance of eatables and whatever else he may need to satisfy his appetite, and to be able, when out of hearing of his officers, to swear freely.—If he has any more brains or language than is sufficient to answer these purposes, they are of no value to him; for he never will be permitted to use them.

What induces men of intelligence to enlist in this life for five years, and then enlist again for as many more, we cannot tell, without it is that they get plenty to eat and drink, and comfortable clothes to wear, without thought or care to themselves;—the labor of thinking, they are never obliged to do. Money they cannot make, their wages being so small,—a private of infantry, seven dollars per month; dragoons, eight;—no hope of promotion above the rank of a sergeant can they have, for graduates of West Point, cadets, step in above as lieutenants, and fill all higher grades. No matter what bravery, what qualities of a soldier may be exhibited in a private, still he is to be kept under, in subjection to the youngest cadet, to whom he dare not speak, without he has business, and he never can cope with him in rank.

name to-day; for hardly were the regiments paraded on the plain, when all were dismissed again; and soon our horses were unsaddled and fed, and we again in the tents, out of the blasts, which drove the angry waves, of the heretofore peaceful river, in a continual dashing roar, on the shore near us, and at one time threatened to make us *vamos* for a more elevated situation.

Thursday, February 18th. Times had gone on for the last week as before; all were getting impatient to move,—to go ahead. It had been for several days, the only inquiry in the camp, when will Gen. Scott arrive? where shall we next go? Every one seemed anxious to be off. (Some, the most impatient, the author remembers, seemed hurried on by their destiny, as the movement for which they were so anxious, was the last;—they found their graves at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo). Last night the whole army was elated, by the intelligence that Gen. Scott was at the mouth of the river; and this morning they were gratified by seeing him come up on the steamer. The camp of our brigade, being the first at which he would arrive, each of the regiments were drawn out on the river's bank, and, as the steamer passed, fired a salute; as he arrived at the town, the artillery thundered out a louder welcome.

As there was no secret in our future movements, we soon learned all that was doing. We found that Gen. Worth had been detached from Gen. Taylor, and, with his division of regulars, was embarking, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, for Vera Cruz; and we learned that the nine new regiments from home, which we had heard were ordered out by the president, had arrived on the coast; but the ships on which they came were lying at Lobos Island, some forty or fifty miles down the coast, waiting for the whole army to be collected, for a grand descent upon Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa. Every arrangement made by Gen. Scott towards this great end, was now drawing near to completion.

Saturday, February 20th. There being many vessels here, not in the employ of the government, yesterday, all such were chartered to assist in the transportation of the army.

And this done, Gen. Scott issued orders to all the other generals and colonels, to prepare their troops for an immediate embarkation. Gen. Twiggs' division of regulars, first; second, Gen. Pillow's Tennessee brigade; third, Gen. Quitman's brigade; fourth, Gen. Shields' brigade; then the artillery.—Every movement now, in camp, was made with the greatest activity.—A large fleet of ships appeared off the bar, to take the troops. No sooner was the order issued, than Gen. Twiggs' division struck their tents, and marched through town, across the plain in front of us, and passed to the mouth of the river, where they encamped for the night, ready to go on board the four large ships, that lay there to receive them, on the next day.

Sunday, February 28th. Gen. Twiggs' division having all been embarked, and put to sea for Anton Lizardo (an anchorage near Vera Cruz), going by the way of Lobos Island,—and Gen. Scott also, having gone,—Gen. Pillow's brigade, to which we belonged, was in turn next; but a violent norther came on, and the ships were obliged to put to sea, for safety; and thus, the embarkation was interrupted. Some of them having arrived this day, the other two Tennessee regiments struck their tents, and were, by the steamboats, taken down to the ships. Our regiment were compelled to remain, none of the horse transport vessels having arrived. We disliked this very much; but it had been foreseen; and a day or two previous to this, Gen. Pillow had addressed our regiment, and told us, that there was a scarcity of vessels, and gave us our choice, if vessels to convey our horses did not arrive, whether we would remain with them at Tampico, until such vessels should come, or whether we would leave our horses, to be brought on as soon as possible, and go on ourselves, and serve in the siege of Vera Cruz, on foot. He told us, that every man might vote for himself; that if a man did not like to leave his horse, he might remain; and that those who were willing to serve on foot, should go; that those who wished to go upon those conditions, would march to the left, and those to stay, to the right.—At the word march, the whole regiment, in a body, turned their horses to the left—thus voting to go, and serve on foot—save one

man.—Gen. Quitman's brigade came in to embark next; Gen. Shields' to follow.—Reader, while waiting for our own turn, let us attend, in the next chapter, to the operations of the other divisions of the army, during January and February, 1847.

Marriage Ceremonies in Mexico.—There is no country where marriage ceremonies are more imposing and obligatory, and yet where those obligations are generally so little binding, as in Mexico.—We will speak of the marriage of the higher class, which covers all the less expensive and showy mode of the lower.—The law requires the man to be twenty-one years of age, the lady eighteen,—and both members of the Catholic church.—When a young man sees a senorita with whom he "falls in love," it is unnecessary for him to say anything to her about it; for the parents of the lady have the whole matter to dispose of, and do not much consult her feelings.—The young man goes to their house, and, without any preliminary, solicits their daughter in marriage. The matter is immediately considered; his wealth, standing, &c., weighed; and if he have these qualifications in sufficient degree, the bargain is at once concluded. The lover—now called *el novio*—proceeds to the priest, the curate of the parochia, and makes known his intentions.—The curate goes to the house of the maiden, and informs her that she is applied for, and by whom.—She may or may not have previously heard of it.—He requires her certificate of baptism. This has been committed to her years before by her parents, and has been carefully kept; for without it, she has learned when a child, that she never could marry.—She immediately produces this, and the curate, by perusal, learns her name and age.—She is now called *la novia*.—The curate returns to the parochia—sends for the young man, the *novio*—shows him the baptismal certificate of the *novia*; then demands his own, which is produced.—All, so far, is right.—But if he has been born elsewhere, the curate demands of him the certificate of the priest of that place, that he is a *soltero*—(a single man). This may be hard to get, on account of distance, &c.; and then the difficulty is obviated by obtaining a *dispensa* from the bishop, which costs as high as that functionary thinks the *novio* is able to pay.—That certificate obtained, or thus avoided, the *novio* and *novia* are informed that all is right, and that the ceremony of marriage will be performed in the parochia, after publishing the same there for three consecutive Sundays; (this publication may be avoided, by the *novio* buying of the bishop another *dispensa* for the purpose).—Two other young persons are now needed, (the same as are familiarly called, in our western country, the waiters); —these are the young man—*compadre*—attendant on the bridegroom; and young lady—*comadre*,—the bridesmaid.—All is ready.—The party, attended by friends and relatives, go to the parochia. The *novio* and *novia* confess their sins to the priest, receive absolution, and partake of the holy sacrament; and then must immediately be married, before they sin again. The *novio* and *novia*, the attending *compadre* and *comadre*, advance to the altar, and kneel upon the step. The priest comes out, preceded by four church boys in their robes. One bears a lofty cross, called *cruz alto*; another swings the censer of holy burning incense, the smoke of which diffuses itself around; the other two each bear a rich double candlestick, with two lighted candles.—The parties rise to their feet. The ceremony is precisely like that of the Episcopal church; the ring is always used. This ceremony through, they leave for their home; but, at three o'clock the next morning, re-appear at the church—the married lady dressed in black. Her husband kneels by her, and over them both is thrown a black mantle, called a *manquerno* (yoke); the attending *compadre* and *comadre* also kneel, and both hold up lighted candles, while mass is said.—This holy *funcion* not only binds the marriage ceremony upon the *novio* and *novia*, but, together with that, throws the waiters—the *compadre* and *comadre*—into a state of relationship with one another, not so near as brother and sister, but nearer than cousins; so that they can never after marry each other, without an especial *dispensa*.—This relationship is always afterward claimed.—The parties, after mass, rise; the *compadre* hands to the bride twelve pieces of silver or gold: these she gives to the priest as a *don* (gift); each one represents an apostle. Beside this, the regular fees are sixteen dollars and a half; and in addition to this is a compensation for the *cruz alto* (high cross), of from twenty to one hundred dollars, or more, according to the wealth of the parties; and still, added to the expense, is a quantity of small coins, to be thrown by the *compadre* among the crowd of peones, &c., at the door-way.—For the poor people, the *cruz bajo* or low cross is used; many of the higher ceremonies dispensed with; and the priest receives but the regular fees—$16½.—All married couples must attend mass, and be covered with the *manquerno* three several times

CHAPTER XI.

In this month of February there had been much fighting in Mexico, with the other divisions of the army: there had been but little in January. Some fighting had taken place in the conquered province of California, during the month of January, as well as in the preceding month—December; for, when Gen. Kearney arrived there, from Santa Fe, with his hundred dragoons and two pieces of artillery, instead of finding it tranquil, as he expected, to his surprise he found that the enemy, under Gen. Flores, had risen and retaken the country, save two or three seaport towns; and the first reception that the gallant general, with his little band, met, was an attack from a much superior Mexican force, on December 6th, near San Pascual. In the severe contest that ensued, he came off victorious, with a loss of twenty killed, and fifteen wounded; and, on the 12th December, he entered the town of San Diego, then in the possession of the naval forces. Com. Stockton adding five hundred marines to his force, he, in a short time after this, marched against Pueblo de los Angeles, where was the main force of the Mexican insurgents. These he defeated in two engagements—one on the 8th, and the other on the 9th of January; and thus regained the whole country.—He assumed the chief command of the conquered province on March 1st, and its tranquillity was no more disturbed.*

Beside this insurrection in California, one had broken out in another quarter, New Mexico. After Gen. Kearney had left for California, and Col. Cooke's battalion and Col. Doniphan had gone to the southward, Col. Price was the military

* Gen. Kearney was succeeded in command of California, on the 1st of June, 1847, by Col. Mason, first dragoons, United States' army.

commander of the province. He had under his command near two thousand men, consisting of his own regiment of cavalry, also one battalion of four companies of mounted men, under Lieut.-col. Willock, and two companies of infantry, under Lieut.-col. Angney, one company (Fischer's) artillery, (all of which troops were from Missouri), and three companies, regular dragoons, under Capt. Burgwin.—This force, mostly mounted, was scattered in different situations, throughout those parts of the province where grazing for their horses could be found.

An insurrection was planned by Señores Ortiz, Charvez, and Gen. Archulette, against the Americans.—This plan, which was to make a general rise at midnight, on December 19th,—afterwards postponed to Christmas eve, the 24th,—was discovered on the 21st, and prompt measures adopted for its prevention.—The leaders, however, escaped, and planned another, which was executed on the night of January 19th; but, on account of the watchfulness of the different detachments, although the rising, save in the city, was universal, was but partly successful.—Gov. Bent and several of his officers, being in the valley of Taos, at the town of San Fernando, to the north of Santa Fe, fell victims to it, being brutally massacred.—Twenty others, also, in the different detachments, were killed in the separate attacks. The Mexican population immediately flew to arms, for, as yet, they had not tried their strength with "los Americanos," having, at first, quietly surrendered.

On the 23d, Col. Price, at the head of four hundred men, and four pieces of artillery, marched against the body of the insurgents, who, with a force of fifteen hundred, had posted themselves on the strong heights, at the village of Cañada. On the 24th, a spirited action, of an hour and a half, began by cannonade, and ended by a charge, which sent the routed foe in every direction over the hills, with the loss of thirty-six killed, and some two or three hundred wounded.*

REPORT OF KILLED AND WOUNDED AT CANADA, JANUARY 24TH, 1847.

* *Infantry battalion, commanded by Capt. W. Z. Angney.—Killed*—Private Graham; wagoner G. M. Smith, (volunteered to fight). *Wounded*—Private John Pace, slightly; 1st lieutenant Irwin, severely, through the leg.

The insurgents fell back farther to the north, up the river, to the pass of Emboda, and took a very strong position.—Captain Burgwin now had joined Col. Price, with two companies of dragoons and another field piece, and the augmented force marched against the enemy, and a detachment under Capt. Burgwin charged upon them, in a narrow gorge, and completely routed them, with the loss of twenty killed and sixty wounded.*

The insurgents fell back still farther to the north, and prepared to make a desperate stand at San Fernando de Taos, where Governor Bent and others had fallen victims to the massacre. The enemy were not allowed much interval in fighting, for, although the snow lay deep on the mountains to be crossed, the victorious force toiled over them on the 1st and 2d of February, on the 3d entered San Fernando, and immediately marched against the neighboring Indian town, El Pueblo, where the insurgents were posted in a strong church, and two other buildings like pyramids, the walls of which were almost impenetrable to cannon shot.—The battle commenced that afternoon, ceased at night, and was renewed on the 4th; and the enemy, after a severe engagement, were wholly defeated and subdued, with a loss, on this day, of one hundred and fifty-two killed, and between three and four hundred wounded;—American loss, fifty-four killed and wounded, among the latter, mortally, was the gallant Capt. Burgwin.†—One of the under leaders of the rebellion, Mortayo, was taken here, and, in a day or two, hung at San Fernando.

Lieut. Dyer's battalion, artillery.—Wounded—Sergeant Caspers, slightly; privates Aulman, severely, in the ankle; Murphy, severely, in the knee; Meagre, severely, in the arm.

* KILLED AND WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF EL EMBODA, UNDER CAPTAIN BURGWIN, JANUARY 29TH, 1847.

Killed—Private Papin, of St. Vrain's company of Santa Fe volunteers.—*Wounded*—Dick, Gov. Bent's servant, severely.

† KILLED AND WOUNDED AT PUEBLO DE TAOS ON THE 4TH FEBRUARY, 1847, 2D REGIMENT MISSOURI VOLUNTEERS, AND U. S. DRAGOONS.

Company D, Capt. S. H. McMillen.—Wounded—Capt. McMillen, slightly, in the head; privates R. C. Bower, severely; Henry Fender and George W. Thompson, dangerously; Robert Hewett, George W. Howser, and Wm. Ducoing, slightly.

Company K, Lieut. White.—Wounded—Capt. James W. Jones, severely; ser-

At the same time that these events were going on, to the north of Santa Fe, Capt. Hendley was to the east, at Bagas, with two hundred and fifty men. With eighty-five, he attacked the village of Mora, where three hundred of the insurgents had posted themselves. He defeated and dispersed these, killing twenty-five, wounding fifty, and taking seventeen prisoners; but lost his own life, falling on the field. —Thus, in a short space of time, by these energetic and decisive movements, did Col. Price and his officers quell the serious rebellion; and the province of New Mexico was again quiet, in the hands of the American forces.

While these battles had been fought with the insurgents in New Mexico and California, others, between larger forces took place, farther south. One of these had been fought by Col. Doniphan, with the first Missouri regiment, and its auxiliaries of the second, at Sacramento, near Chihuahua; and we will now follow up the movements of this gallant body of men, from the time at which we left them, at the close of the year 1846. Then, they had, after the battle of Brazito, taken possession of the town of El Paso, on the Rio del Norte. Col. Doniphan was now placed in a very difficult situation. He had been ordered to report to Gen. Wool, at Chihuahua; but that officer had, on account of the difficul-

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geant Alfred L. Caldwell, mortally, (since dead); private James Austin, mortally, (since dead).

Company L, Capt. Wm. Y. Slack.—*Wounded*—Second Lieut. John Mansfield, slightly; privates Jacob Moon, severely; Wm. Gillem, slightly.

Battalion of artillery, Lieut. Dyer, U. S. ordnance.—*Wounded*—Privates Berlfed and Jod, severely; Kohne, slightly, and some others slightly, not reported.

Battalion of infantry, commanded by Capt. W. Z. Angney.—*Killed*—Sergeant Hart. *Wounded*—Lieut. Vanvolkenburgh, (since dead); Sergeants Ferguson and Aull, severely.

Company G, U. S. dragoons, commanded by Capt. Burgwin.—*Killed*—Sergeant G. B. Ross; privates Brooks, Beebe, Levrey and Hansucker. *Severely wounded*—Captain Burgwin, (since dead); sergeant J. Vanroe, twice; corporals Engleman and J. Linneman; privates S. Blodget, S. W. Crain, R. Deits, G. F. Sickenburgh, J. Truax, (dead), Hagenbaugh and Anderson. *Slightly wounded*—Beach, Hutton, Hillerman, Walker 1st, Schneider, (dead), Shay, and Near.

Company I, 1st dragoons.—*Wounded*—Bremen, slightly.

Company M, Capt. W. C. Holley.—*Wounded*—Samuel Lewis, slightly.

Company N, Captain Thomas Barbee.—*Wounded*—First Lieut. T. G. West, slightly; privates J. H. Calaway, John Nash, and John G. Lights, all slightly.

ties of the route, abandoned that purpose, moved to the south, and joined his forces to those of Gen. Taylor. This was, for some time after their arrival here, unknown to the Missourians; who now, at this little town on the Rio Grande, were shut out from all knowledge of home, or of any operations of the war, save those that they themselves had carried on. They were now placed in the heart of an enemy's country, with the general, to whom they were ordered to report, far in the south—near a thousand miles, by the winding mountain roads; and between them were large tracts of desert country; then again, large sections thickly populated, all hostile, and unsubdued; and not only many small towns on the way, but the city of Chihuahua had to be taken—a strongly fortified place of twenty thousand inhabitants; and all this would, if the march was undertaken, have to be done by a small force, little over one regiment, cut off entirely from all succor.

For many days, with the gallant commander and his brave men, all was uncertainty and doubt. Contradictory rumors from the enemy followed the previous report.—The utmost vigilance could not prevent the departure from town of persons for Chihuahua, who carried to the enemy there a full account of the state and strength of this regiment.—Capt. Reid's company having been out on a little scout, a few miles down the river, on returning, met three Mexicans, well armed, who had succeeded in leaving town; he apprehended and searched them, and found upon them, letters from one of the principal priests of El Paso, giving information of the condition of their force, their probable intention to march to the south; and also making the most extravagant and false assertions, of their cruelty and barbarism towards the inhabitants of El Paso. The men were immediately taken back to the town, and the priest arrested; together with another, whose letters were found of the same kind, and both were placed in confinement.—In the mean time the Mexicans at Chihuahua having ascertained the strength of Doniphan's command, and knowing also that there were no reinforcements for him behind, and also knowing that Gen. Wool had abandoned the idea of marching from the southward

against them; and having, at the city, a force of four thousand five hundred men, and thirteen pieces of artillery, wished much to draw Doniphan into the march against them, confident of annihilating his force; and to this end, published in the Chihuahua papers, that Gen. Wool was on the route, with a heavy force, and within a few days' march of the city, and contrived that this report should be circulated at El Paso, followed by another, in a few days, that the city was taken by him. These reports came to El Paso, but shortly they were contradicted, by an American, who had escaped from Chihuahua; who informed Col. Doniphan, that Gen. Wool was not there, and that, moreover, from all they could learn, that he was not coming; that the most current report in Chihuahua, was, that Gen. Santa Anna was marching against him and Gen. Taylor, with twenty thousand men. This information gave to all a desire to go onward. A council of officers was held, and although it was universally pronounced hazardous in the extreme, yet all were in favor of going.—More than the loose report, before mentioned, they knew not; had not heard where the generals were, but only knew that they were to the southward; had just learned through Mexicans, of the battle of Monterey; but knew not of the capture of Saltillo, and the country on the Rio Grande, although these events had taken place months before; in fact, only knew that the war continued to exist, by the continued belligerent attitude of the Mexicans around.

This regiment having made a campaign against the Indians, having already passed through the greatest hardships, and traveled two thousand miles, nearly all of which was unknown to the public at home; and being still far out, alone, surrounded by vast mountains, and tracts of wilderness, clothed in skins, like savages; without any of the scant conveniences even of soldiers, were still willing and eager to advance through unknown districts, a distance they knew not how far, except that it could not be less than a thousand miles, in which they were sure of meeting a formidable enemy, four times as strong as their own force, that they knew had been mustered for the purpose of meeting that of Gen. Wool; and beside that, they knew that the strength of

the city of Chihuahua was ready to oppose their progress, beside many other inferior towns. In the face of all this formidable array, they were willing and anxious to go.

But the officers of this command, though, as said, willing and anxious to go, yet decided not on it; determining to leave it to the men, who must endure the toil and pain together with themselves, of this arduous undertaking, if determined upon.

It might be thought that the movement was the only one the regiment in their advanced situation could make, to extricate themselves. But this was not so.—Col. Doniphan had received orders to report himself to Gen. Wool at Chihuahua; but he had now found that that general was not there, nor had he been within six hundred miles of that place.—His orders, therefore, were at an end; and as a commander of a separate division of the army, and more especially, as placed beyond the reach of orders, his control of his force, and powers of using his discretion, were equal to those of a general. The road back to Santa Fe was open;—he could fall back with honor to himself and command.

The regiment, with its auxiliaries, having now, in addition to Lieut.-col. Mitchell's escort of ninety-three men, been joined by Capt. Weightman's company of artillery, of six pieces, and one hundred and seventeen officers and men, under the command of Major Clark, from Santa Fe, where they had been sent for, after the battle of El Paso;—numbered now, in all, nine hundred and twenty-four men. They were drawn up, under arms, in the plaza of El Paso, and the deliberation of the council of officers was made known to them. They were reminded of their already arduous campaign; of the contemplated route, and its length, and the renewed privations and hardships to which they would be exposed;—of their battle already fought; of the certainty of one with a much larger force, if the advance was made; of the strongly fortified city of Chihuahua; and, on the other hand, that the route to return was open; and then told that the decision was, by the officers, left to them.

A few moment's pause was made, and the order given for every one who was willing to go, to step to the front. In an

instant, with a quick, free step, the whole moved out;—to go was the unanimous, unhesitating resolution.—The conduct of this detachment, under these circumstances, needs no comment.

After the march was thus decided on, nothing remained to do, save to get ready for it, which was done in a day or two; and, on the 8th day of February, after having remained in El Paso forty days, the troops and artillery, accompanied by their trains, (and three hundred and fifteen wagons of traders, who had thus far come with them from Santa Fe, arriving at El Paso from time to time, during the stay of the regiment there, and who now proceeded on towards Chihuahua.—Many of these wagons had been under the protection of the troops from Missouri, halting in Santa Fe while the troops were on the Indian expedition, and afterwards coming down the Rio Grande),—crossed the river, and pursued the march to the southward, traveling along the river forty miles, over a sandy road, when they entered a *jornada*, as the Mexican term is for a long extent of country destitute of water.—This was mostly through a winding valley among the mountains;—there was plenty of grass, but no water for its whole extent, over seventy miles. This was accomplished in three days and nights;—the suffering the last day was intense among men and animals; many of the latter died.—The road through this was good.

At the evening of the third day, they arrived at ponds of water; next day encamped at noon, at a good spring on the road,—a warm, clear spring was on a hill near, and still another very large one was about two miles from camp,—plenty of fine grass around. That night they marched thirty-seven miles, through the next *jornada*, and encamped in the morning on a lake of good water.

A large number of Apache Indians, foes to the Mexicans, inhabit the mountains around here.—The scouts, continually kept out, met with some of these; but the Indians were friendly, and gave them some important information with regard to the Mexican force ahead.—This *jornada* now being passed, the troops and train got on better.

The distance from El Paso to Chihuahua is above three

hundred miles. Continuing the march until the evening of February 25th, at about fifty miles distance from Chihuahua, the force halted at a fine spring; and the interpreter, Kirker, a man well acquainted in the country, with his party of twelve men, who had been employed all the route from El Paso as scouts, and had been ahead to reconnoitre, returned, and reported that a force of about fifteen hundred men were drawn up at *Encinillas*, the country seat of Don Angel Trias, at that time governor of the state of Chihuahua. This seat was about twenty-five miles ahead. These troops appeared to the scouts, as though prepared to make a defence; for, as said before, they were perfectly aware of the strength and condition of the American force, and had received, from time to time, accurate information of its advance; not liking to try the prowess of "los Americanos," by themselves, the Mexicans retreated the next morning; and on the evening of the 26th the troops came up to the houses, but there was no enemy. —The next day, the 27th, the force came within thirty miles of the city, to *Sanz*. The scouts coming in, had reported the enemy in great numbers, strongly intrenched on a hill in the valley ahead.—Now every one prepared himself for the battle on the morrow; for, from this encampment, that of the enemy had to be reached next, as there was no water between.—On the morning of the next day, February 28th, the command were early roused, and their breakfasts disposed of, lines formed, and all on the move by sunrise. The long train of three hundred and fifteen traders' wagons, beside some sixty, belonging to the detachment, were brought up in four parallel columns, so as to be more easily defended; they could well travel that way, for the road lay down a pretty valley, unbroken, and they could occupy a wide space; high and naked mountains were on either side. —As the force to be met was so far superior in number, the dispositions of the march were made with the utmost care. Two hundred of the men rode in front of these columns of wagons; the remainder, with the artillery, were stationed between these columns, which hid them from the view of the enemy. In this broad, compact, and regular body of wagons on the outside, horsemen in the front and rear, horsemen and

artillery within the spaces of the columns, the whole a sort of moving fortification, fully sufficient to protect the small body of men from the charge of the enemy's cavalry, the whole moved down the valley; which spread out, open, nearly level, with no trees or brush to obstruct the view.—A party, commanded by Major Clark, of the artillery, was sent forward to reconnoitre; when within three miles, the enemy's camp was plainly in view. As the solid, extended body of the Americans, of the four parallel columns of wagons, and force between, and ahead, and in the rear, slowly and steadily advanced, the enemy prepared to receive them.

Across the valley, which so far had been level, rose in front, a crescent-shaped hill, with the hollow side to the north, and flat on the top, with the eastern part, or to the left, as the force came from the north, higher than any other. This hill was about sixty feet in elevation above the surrounding plain: and one point of it was close to the mountains, on the left, and the other point came round by the mountains on the right, about a mile further up the valley than the left extremity, but as said before, it was not so high.—The road upon which the Americans were passing, proceeded directly down the valley to the foot of the hill in front, crossing there a little stream that runs around the hill to the east; it here divided, one fork of it rising the hill, passing directly over its centre, and down on the other side to another stream, which it crossed, and then passed directly on towards Chihuahua. At this last stream was a fort, called Sacramento. The other fork of the road wound to the left, round the base of the hill, following down the bed of the little stream, and joining the first on the other side of the eminence; but this road had been rendered impassable, by strong barricades across the bed of the creek, and by the guns of the forts above it, on either hand. This was so completely arranged for defence, in order to force the Americans, as they advanced, to take the direct road over the hill; upon the top of which, on a wide area, they had constructed their main fortifications, bearing upon and commanding the road; though to these were added a succession of others, above all; for over

this creek, as said before, was a mountain; on an eminence of this, called Cerro Frijoles, was a strong fort, the fire of which bore down on the road in front, and completely commanded and rendered impracticable, the passage along the bed of the creek This fort was the enemy's right, and was protected by the inaccessible mountain in its rear. On the west, or opposite from this, the long part of the crescent hill came farther up the valley; between this and the mountain on that side, called Cerro Sacramento, was the second, or larger stream mentioned. This was called the Rio Sacramento, and flowed along down between the mountain and the western horn of the hill, and then turned round the base of that hill, and crossed the valley, running to the eastward. On this mountain of Sacramento, over the river, a large fort, formed the enemy's left; this fort was elevated, sweeping the whole hill below, and, like the other, it could not be taken in rear.

As the road over the hill was the only one now that the Americans could pass, the enemy had built two forts, one on each brow of this, and twenty-seven redoubts, at little distance from each other, in a parallel line to the road as it crossed the hill, where their whole force could be under cover. —Their cavalry was drawn up before the redoubts, and faced the road.

Here, then, on this strong position, on the hill and entirely across the valley, from mountain to mountain, with strong forts on either extremity, forts and redoubts all along these, the enemy was drawn up, consisting of twelve hundred cavalry, from Durango, Chihuahua, and Vera Cruz; twelve hundred infantry, from Chihuahua, and three hundred artillery, with ten pieces of brass cannon and three carriages, each mounting three culverins, (a small long gun). This force of twenty-seven hundred men was well armed, the cavalry with lances, escopetas, and sabres, the infantry with muskets and bayonets, and the artillery with the same and swords.—Besides this array, there were fourteen hundred and twenty irregular troops, armed with indifferent guns, lassos, lances, and long cane knives.—These were protected by the regulars and redoubts:—in all, a force of four thousand one

hundred and twenty men. These were under the command of Gen. Jose A. Heredia, assisted by Gen. Garcia Conde, who had planned the intrenchments, and who commanded the cavalry; Gov. Trias, and colonels and other officers in proportion to the force.

Against this formidable array on the heights, were in the plain below a little force of nine hundred and twenty-four men, with six pieces of artillery, and encumbered with a heavy wagon train. But every man of this force was a host in himself;—cut off from all resource or retreat, with a cruel and notoriously perfidious enemy before them, the alternative was literally victory or death.

This force advanced in full view of the enemy, until within fifteen hundred yards of them, when, pushing the two companies of the advance ahead, the column of wagons and troops turned from the road to the right, and soon making a passage over the first stream, called the Arroyo Seco, the battle commenced about three, P. M.

The following graphic account in relation to it is extracted from the report of Major Clark, commanding battalion of artillery, to Col. Doniphan:

"Further I have the honor to report that the battalion of artillery under my command, composed of one hundred and ten men and seven officers, with a battery of six pieces of artillery, were, on the morning of the battle, directed to form under the direction of Capt. Weightman, between the two columns of merchant and provision wagons, being thus masked from the view of the enemy. In this column my troops continued the march to within about fifteen hundred yards of the enemy's most advanced position; our direction was then changed to the right, and the column having crossed the Arroyo Seco, within reach of the enemy's fire, rapidly advanced towards the table land between the Seco and Sacramento. At this time the enemy was perceived advancing from his intrenchments, to prevent our seizing upon those heights; but, by a rapid movement of the battery, it was quickly drawn from its mask, and seizing upon a favorable position, protected in the rear, by a marsh, from the attack of a large body of the enemy's cavalry ascertained to be

hanging on our rear, it was formed, and at once opened fire upon the enemy's cavalry, rapidly advancing upon us. At this moment, his charging column was about nine hundred yards distant, and the effect of our strap-shot and shells was such as to break his ranks and throw his cavalry into confusion. The enemy now rapidly deployed into line, bringing up his artillery from the intrenchments. During this time the line was preparing for a charge, my artillery advancing by hand and firing. The enemy now opened a heavy fire of cannon upon our line, mainly directed upon the battery, but with little effect.

" Lieut. Dorn had his horse shot from under him by a nine-pound ball at this stage of the action, and several mules and oxen, in the merchant wagons in our rear, were wounded and killed, which, however, was the only damage done. The fire of our cannon at this time had such good effect as to dismount one of the enemy's pieces, and completely to disperse his cavalry and drive him from his position, forcing him again to retire behind his intrenchments. For a short time, the firing on either side now ceased, and the enemy appeared to be moving his cannon and wounded, whilst our line prepared to change our position more towards the right, for the purpose of occupying a more advantageous ground. Our object being soon gained, the order to advance was given, and immediately after I was directed to send the section of howitzers to support a charge upon the enemy's left. I immediately ordered Capt. R. F. Weightman to detach the section composed of two twelve-pound mountain howitzers, mounted on carriages constructed especially for field prairie service, and drawn by two horses each—these were commanded by Lieut. E. F. Chouteau and F. D. Evans, and manned by some twenty men, whose conduct in this action cannot be too much commended..

"Capt. Weightman charged at full gallop upon the enemy's left, preceded by Capt. Reid and his company of horse, and after crossing a ravine some hundred and fifty yards from the enemy, he unlimbered the guns within fifty yards of the intrenchments, and opened a destructive fire of cannister into his ranks, which was warmly returned, but

without effect. Capt. Weightman again advanced upon the entrenchment, passing through it in the face of the enemy, and within a few feet of the ditches; and in the midst of a cross-fire from three directions, again opened his fire to the right and left, with such effect that, with the formidable charge of the cavalry and dismounted men of your own regiment, and Lieut.-col. Mitchell's escort, the enemy were driven from the breast-works on our right in great confusion.

"At this time, under the heavy cross-fire from the battery upon Cerro Sacramento, I was advancing with our battery of four six-pounders, under lieutenants Dorn, Kribben and Labeaume, upon the enemy's right, supported by Maj. Gilpin on the left, and the wagon train, escorted by two companies of infantry, under Captain E. J. Glasgow and Skillman, in the rear, when Maj. Gilpin charged upon the enemy's centre, and forced him from his entrenchments, under a heavy fire of artillery and small arms; at the same time, the fire of our battery was opened upon the enemy's extreme right, from which a continued fire had been kept up upon our line and the wagon train. Two of the enemy's guns were now soon dismounted on their right, that battery silenced, and the enemy dislodged from the redoubt on Cerro Frijoles.

"Perceiving a body of lancers forming, for the purpose of out-flanking our left and attacking the merchants' wagon train under Capt. Glasgow, I again opened upon them a very destructive fire of grape and spherical case shot, which soon cleared the left of our line; the enemy vacating his entrenchments and deserting his guns, was hotly pursued towards the mountains beyond Cerro Frijoles, and down the Arroyo Seco to Sacramento, by both wings of the army, under Lieut.-col. Mitchell, Lieut.-col. Jackson, and Maj. Gilpin, and by Capt. Weightman, with the sections of howitzers.—During this pursuit, my officers repeatedly opened their fires upon the retreating enemy, with great effect. To cover this flight of the enemy's forces from the entrenched camp, the heaviest of his cannon had been taken from the entrenchments to Cerro Sacramento, and a heavy fire opened upon our pursuing forces and the wagons following in the rear. To silence this battery, I had the honor to anticipate

your order to that effect, by at once occupying the nearest of the enemy's entrenchments, twelve hundred and twenty-five yards distant; and notwithstanding the elevated position of the Mexican battery, giving him a ploughing fire into my entrenchments, which was not defilated, and the greater range of his long nine-pounders, the first fire of our guns dismounted one of his larger pieces, and the fire was kept up with such briskness and precision of aim, that this battery was soon silenced, and the enemy seen precipitately retreating. The fire was then continued upon the rancho Sacramento, and the enemy's ammunition and baggage train, retreating upon the road to Chihuahua.—By this fire, the house and several wagons were rendered untenable and useless.

"By this time, Lieut.-col. Mitchell had scaled the hill, followed by the section of howitzers under Capt. Weightman, and the last position of the Mexican forces taken possession of by our troops, thus leaving the American forces master of the field. Having silenced the fire from Cerro Sacramento, our battery was removed into the plain at the rancho, where we gained the road, and were in pursuit of the enemy when I received your order to return and encamp within the enemy's entrenchments for the night.

"From the time of first opening my fire upon the Mexican cavalry, to the cessation of the firing upon the rancho and battery of Sacramento, was about three hours; and, during the whole time of the action, I take the utmost pleasure in stating that every officer and man of my command did his duty with cheerfulness, coolness, and precision, which is sufficiently shown by the admirable effect produced by their fire, the great accuracy of their aim, their expedition and ingenuity in supplying deficiencies in the field during the action, and the prompt management of the pieces, rendered still more remarkable from the fact that I had, during the fight, less than two-thirds the number of cannoneers generally required for the service of light artillery, and but four of the twelve artillery carriages belonging to my battery harnessed with horses, the remaining four carriages being harnessed to mules of the country."

So ended the battle of Sacramento.—The field was strewed with the dead and dying. The enemy lost over three hundred killed, four hundred and odd wounded, seventy prisoners, all their artillery, ammunition, baggage wagons and provisions, some six thousand dollars, and an immense number of horses, mules, cattle and sheep in the plain below. It was a complete victory and dispersion; nothing was saved by the survivors of the enemy, save the trifle of eight rounds of artillery ammunition that was secreted by a servant in the mountains.* Of the American force, strange as it may appear, exposed so long to a fire of artillery and small arms, only one was killed, three mortally wounded, and seven others more slightly.

The victorious army encamped on the battle-ground that night; and, having fought hard, slept well.—Another battle was expected at the city, on the following day. On that morning, a detachment, under Lieut.-col. Mitchell, commenced their march; but, as they approached the city, they were met by some American citizens, who had been residing there, and who, having been for some time in prison, were released this morning. They informed Col. Doniphan, that no resistance would be made in the city; that all there was consternation and despair;—that the most exaggerated accounts of the prowess of the Americans had been circulated by the routed army, in their flight through, the night previous.—The detachment having marched in without opposition, Col. Doniphan, on the next day, followed; took possession of the city in the name of the American government, and occupied the buildings around the plaza as the barracks for the troops, while he took his residence in the palace of Gov. Trias; from the flag-staff of which, the American flag waved out over the large city of Chihuahua.—Here were found abundance of supplies. The sheep and cattle they had taken, furnished meat in abundance. Many of these were exchanged with the citizens, for fine, large, and fat hogs. Vegetables were plentiful. A good flour mill supplied them with that article; n everything, the army lived well. A full supply of fine

* See dispatch of Gen. Heredia, March 2d, 1847.

water was brought by the aqueduct into the city, and flowed from the fountains in the squares.

Having now established himself in Chihuahua, and having heard that generals Taylor and Scott were surrounded by the powerful army of Santa Anna, and being anxious, in such a case, to assist them, by marching to their relief, Col. Doniphan soon sent Collins, one of the interpreters and scouts, with an escort of thirteen men, through to Gen. Wool, at Saltillo, to report his progress, and obtain orders. This small party proceeded through the long route of about seven hundred miles, without molestation, save at the town of San Sebastian, one hundred and twenty leagues from Chihuahua, where they stopped at evening. When about to go, the alcalde of the place asked Collins to step into the house again, which he did; and he then demanded of him, in a threatening manner, if he had a passport to travel through the state. Collins —who had been an old trader among these people, spoke their language fluently, and understood their customs—told him that he had a passport, and led him out to see it. At the door, he pointed to his thirteen men, dressed in skins, with long beards, that the razor had not touched for months, and remarked to the Mexican that those were his passports, and told him how many shots they had each; every one of this party having, in addition to his gun, holster pistols, sword, and revolving pistols;—and then, telling the alcalde that it would be dangerous work for any Mexicans to interrupt them, mounted his horse, and all proceeded.—The next night they encamped; and, while getting their supper, were overtaken and surrounded by between one and two hundred Mexicans, who had collected at San Sebastian, and pursued after them. The Mexicans remained at a distance, and not a shot was fired.—The party finished their suppers; and, every man leading his horse, walked on, until they gained the base of a mountain.—The Mexicans, remembering the field of Sacramento, fell back from before them; and the party then mounted, and rode all night.—They understood, on their return, that this force was waiting for the arrival of a larger one coming, before they would attack; but, when that arrived, the party was gone.—The Mexicans prepared to attack

them on their return, but this was frustrated by their additional strength.

In less than fifteen days they reached Saltillo, and reported themselves to Gen. Wool. That general was astonished beyond measure, when he heard, for the first time, of the battles of Brazito and of Sacramento: of fourteen hundred men, with a piece of artillery, discomfited by a little over five hundred, taken unawares; and of more than four thousand, strongly entrenched, with a train of artillery of ten pieces, defeated and totally routed, with great loss of men and camp equipage, by this same body, then a little more than nine hundred strong;—of the great length of the march they had made, through a wilderness of mountain and prairie, without supplies of any kind; and, more than all, to find that this force—of which these fourteen hardy, rough looking men, were a sample—were in quiet possession of the large and fine city of Chihuahua, for the capture of which, originally, his whole command, of nearly three thousand five hundred men, with abundance of supplies, had been fitted out; and the force, now at six hundred miles distance, understanding that Taylor and himself were surrounded, now sent to him, offering him assistance;—the whole appeared more like a fable of olden time, than like the reality of modern warfare.—After reading the dispatches, he again looked at the men, in their rough appearance, and dress of skins, and asked, still half-seriously, who they were? where they came from? and under the flag of what nation were they fighting? &c., &c.*—We will leave this force in possession of the city of Chihuahua, engaged, about this time, in making a treaty with the state authorities; the result of which was, an agreement on the part of those authorities to abstain, hereafter, from all participation in the future actions of the war; and to allow the entrance of American traders into their state, on payment of the customary duties, and to protect them in dispos-

* To those readers who would wish a more extended notice of all the operations of this gallant regiment, as well as of those of Gen. Kearney, in California, and Col. Price, in Santa Fe, the author would recommend "Col. Doniphan's Expedition," a new and interesting work by J. T. Hughes, of the first Missouri regiment, published by J. A. & U. P. James, Cincinnati.

ing of their goods;—and, on his part, Col. Doniphan, in consideration of those agreements, promised to withdraw his troops from the city. (It is but justice to the authorities of Chihuahua to state, that they have faithfully fulfilled this treaty).—We will now turn our attention to the army of Gen. Taylor, and its operations during this eventful month of February.

When Gen. Scott arrived at the Rio Grande, on the first of January, as has been before mentioned, he instantly sent his dispatches to Gen. Taylor (then on his way to Victoria), directing him to return to Monterey, with a small portion of the troops he had, and ordered the main body, under Major Gen. Patterson, brigadier-generals Twiggs, Pillow, and Quitman, to go on to Tampico. The march of these has been described.

He also sent dispatches to Gen. Worth, at Saltillo, who there had just been reinforced by the army of Gen. Wool, to leave that post in the command of the latter general, and, with his whole division of regulars, to march to the Rio Grande, and thence transport his troops to Matamoras, preparatory to embarking them for Vera Cruz, in conjunction with the large force that should embark for the same point, from Tampico, and those of the new levy of nine regiments, that were arriving from the United States, and collecting at Lobos Island, south of Tampico. Dispatches were also sent to Gen. Butler, commanding the reserve through the valley of the Rio Grande, and whose head-quarters were at Monterey, informing him of the arrangements.

These dispatches to each, altered all the arrangements previously made. Gen. Patterson marched to Tampico;—Gen. Taylor returned to Monterey;—Gen. Worth, with his division, left Gen. Wool in command of Saltillo, and marched with celerity towards the sea-coast.

There had been indications, for some time before this, of an attack, by Santa Anna, upon the advanced position of Saltillo, preparatory to a grand movement, which that general was contemplating, the object of which was, with his powerful army, to overrun and reconquer the whole valley of the Rio Grande, and annihilate our small force there.—

One alarm had already been given, of his approach, and Gen. Taylor had begun his march, to assist Worth, when it was rendered unnecessary, by Gen. Wool's army coming in from Parras.—Now, Gen. Worth left, in obedience to the command of Gen. Scott.—Gen. Wool's force not being strong enough, in case of an attack, Gen. Butler, from Monterey, dispatched, to reinforce him, the Kentucky regiment of cavalry, Col. Marshall, the second Kentucky infantry, Col. McKee, the second Indiana regiment, Col. Bowles, the third Indiana regiment, Col. Lane, and Webster's artillery, all under Brig. Gen. Lane.

In the mean time, reports of the advance of the enemy continually increased; and were at last made certain.—Scouts had been, by Gen. Wool, sent out in every direction; but all had been uncertain, until on the night of the 22d of January, a combined reconnoitering party, of forty men and officers, of the Arkansas cavalry, under Major Borland, and thirty-seven of the Kentucky cavalry, under Major Gaines, were surrounded, and subsequently captured by three thousand Mexican cavalry, under Gen. Minon, at the hacienda of Encarnacion, sixty miles south of Saltillo, on the road to San Louis Potosi (*see map*).—This general had made a forced march of nearly one hundred miles, to surprise them; which he did, aided by the darkness and storm of the night.—The whole command had just returned from a position thirty miles nearer Gen. Minon's position, and ninety from Saltillo, and had not been able to find a trace of the enemy; and were now on their return march to camp, and in the evening, had halted for the night at the hacienda. Although not the slightest probability of an attack was apprehended, yet the customary vigilance was pursued, and their sentinels were regularly placed.—Gen. Minon, who was an able officer, had been in their rear on their return march, all day, unknown to them; and at a late hour coming up, he placed his army around the hacienda, at the distance of about half a mile, in each direction, and wholly without the hearing of the sentinels, in the furious wind and cloudy darkness; and in this position quietly awaited the morning, which, by its first dawn, should reveal to the Americans

their situation.—These were, as may well be imagined, astonished at their position; surrounded by such an enemy, which had appeared so suddenly; but they were by no means intimidated.—The swelling, exulting music of the Mexican forces, who, with their glistening arms, belted them in as it were, rose clearly, on every side of them; and was answered immediately, by the unwavering notes of defiance from the single bugle of the undaunted American cavalry. Though small in force, and outnumbered, forty to one, these Kentuckian and Arkansas horsemen were eager for the strife; and with the utmost alacrity all belted on their arms, turned to their noble steeds, and were ready for the conflict. Their gallant commander read in the face of every man, the determination of victory or death.—But Gen. Minon was too able an officer to expose his men to the sure aim and strong arms of these cool-hearted and determined men, whose spirit of resistance was borne to his ears by the tones of their bugle, while already he had them in his power; and so, while his heavy body of lancers, in solid and glittering array, slowly approached the hacienda on one side, a bearer of a white flag came bounding from his lines on the other, stating to the Americans the number of their force, the uselessness of resistance, and then offering honorable terms of surrender.—The number of the Mexicans looked large, but the American officers did not believe the Mexican report, and all the soldiers wished to fight it out.—Gen. Minon sent in a Mexican officer of the same rank, as a hostage, while Major Gaines went out into the Mexican army, and satisfied himself of their force; then returned, and as it was but throwing away every life to resist, they surrendered, upon condition of being treated as prisoners of war; and they were marched immediately to the southward. About the same time, another scouting party of the Kentucky cavalry, of seventeen men, under Capt. Heady, were surrounded and taken.

Thus were nearly a hundred men lost; but though they were captured, their object was gained, and the result was, to the American army, of the highest importance and advantage; for by the escape of Capt. Henrie, one of the prison-

ers, and his return, the force of the enemy, and the certainty of his advance, became at once known to Gen. Wool; who instantly sent a dispatch to Gen. Taylor, which reached him just after he had arrived at Monterey from Victoria. He immediately, with his column that had returned from Victoria with him (Col. Davis' Mississippians, Capt. Bragg's artillery, and Col. May's dragoons), marched on to Saltillo, and proceeding by the hacienda of Buena Vista, encamped the whole army, save a garrison for Saltillo, at the base of the Agua Nueva mountain, twenty miles from the latter place, and on the road that Santa Anna's army would be obliged to come. Here he waited to give that general battle, for his approach was now sure.—The time, to the 21st of February, was devoted to preparing for the approaching combat; the passes in the neighboring mountains were all examined, to secure the advantages for a battle-ground. The position at Buena Vista, twelve miles back towards Saltillo, which had been selected by Gen. Wool, was examined by the engineers, and found to be the best calculated to withstand the attacks of a powerful force; and to this, on the 21st of February, as the scouts gave notice that the enemy was at hand, the army fell back; arrived there in the evening, and immediately commenced the preparations for the battle.

Let us turn our attention to the previous movements of the enemy; for, as soon as Santa Anna knew (by the reception of the dispatch from Gen. Scott to Gen. Taylor, taken at Villa Grande, by the death of Lieut. Ritchie,) of the disposition of the American forces, and saw that the valley of the Rio Grande was defended but by a small number, he put his army in motion for the north, towards Saltillo, after sending a strong brigade of cavalry, under Gen. Urrea, across the mountains from San Luis, by Tula, to proceed through Victoria, Villa Grande and Linares, to the vicinity of Monterey, and thus be in Gen. Taylor's rear, to cut to pieces any body of American force that might escape the defeat which he was confident, from his superior forces, of inflicting on "old Zack." Gen. Urrea pursued his march on the eastern side of the mountains, and arrived near Monterey

at the same time that Santa Anna came on the west of the mountains, near Saltillo.

On the 20th of February, Santa Anna arrived at the hacienda of Encarnacion, thirty miles from Agua Nueva. There he sent Gen. Miñon, with twelve hundred cavalry, (so stated by Santa Anna; by Gen. Taylor computed to be two thousand), round the mountains to the right, with instructions to get on the rear of Gen. Taylor, and take possession of the hacienda of Buena Vista; and as he (Santa Anna) drove the Americans through the pass, to fall upon them.—Gen. Miñon set out on this expedition, and on the next day Santa Anna's force moved on, and encamped on a plain called De la Guerra, nine miles from Agua Nueva.

At daylight on the 22d of February, his army was again in motion, and moved on to force the pass of Agua Nueva; but, to his astonishment, no one was found there: for the American army had fallen back to the hacienda of Buena Vista the preceding day, save the Arkansas cavalry, Col. Yell, which remained at the old camp to observe the movements of the enemy; and a few miles farther, the second Kentucky, Col. McKee, with a section of artillery. halted at the rancho of Encantada, to support Col. Yell, should he be attacked; and still farther back, on the battle ground of the next day, the first Illinoisans, Col. Hardin, to support them both, if driven in.

On that day, too, the greatest activity had been used in removing all the stores, provisions, &c., from Agua Nueva; in the night, all having been done, Col. Yell's regiment, (his pickets having been driven in by the Mexican army), and Col. McKee's came in, accompanied by the Kentucky cavalry, Col. Marshall, and the first dragoons, who had been sent out to support them.—Gen. Taylor, in the meantime, accompanied by the Mississippi regiment, Col. Davis, Bragg's and Sherman's batteries of artillery, and Col. May's dragoons, proceeded back to Saltillo, to make preparations for the defence of the city against an attack of Gen. Miñon, and with the same force was returning, the next morning, to Buena Vista, when the enemy appeared in front at ten, A. M.—A view of the battle ground may be seen opposite next page.

The view* is there taken from the north-east part of the ground, and of course fronts to the south-west. Although, in a view, the position of the various columns cannot be so particularly laid down as on a plan, yet, reader, you can obtain a clearer idea of their movements. You are, as it were, looking on the ground before you;—you see the pass, the hacienda, the mountains, and the elevated plain, or plateau, upon which so many brave men fell. In front, you see the camp of Gen. Wool, as it was in a few days after the battle. On the left, rises the high, rugged mountain, on which the battle commenced on the evening of the 22d, and re-commenced on the morning of the 23d. The position of our light troops there engaged is designated by *H H H*.—The attacking column of the Mexicans is shown by *c c c c*.

Across the plain, not seen in the picture, are several deep ravines, running from the mountain near *H G*, out towards the hacienda. From *F* to *C* is seen the elevated top of the plateau, so often mentioned in the battle. Beyond this, about twelve miles in the distance, is the tall mountain of Agua Nueva;—it is double.—Nearer on the right of the picture, you observe the range of mountainous hills that bound the plain on that side.

The position of the troops, during the battle of the 23d, is indicated by the letters; but they are only to express the general position of each regiment, for during the engagement they were advancing or falling back, and changing position continually, though generally operating over the same ground.

A shows the position of Washington battery at the pass; it was stationed there;—*B*, a breast-work to the right of the battery, where were two companies first Illinoisans.—*X* shows the position of Bragg's battery and the second Kentucky, during the night before the battle;—*C*, a hill occupied on that morning by the first Illinoisans:—*D*, position of the second Kentucky, when first coming into action;—

* For this view of the battle ground of Buena Vista, the author is indebted to the politeness of Lieut. Gray, adjutant third regiment, Ohio, by whom it was drawn upon the ground, a few weeks after the battle.—The camp of Gen. Wool, in the foreground, is not precisely correct in its lines, having been placed on from recollection; but as it represents the camp after the battle, the difference is immaterial.

BATTLE GROUND OF BUENA VISTA—GEN. WOOL'S CAMP AFTERWARDS.

E, place of second Illinoisans at the same time;—*F*, position of second Indianians, where the heavy Mexican column *a a* first made its attack;—*G*, Kentucky cavalry;—*H H H*, riflemen, Kentucky, Arkansas, Indiana, and Illinois;—*I*, Col. May's dragoons and Capt. Pike's squadron Arkansas cavalry;—*J*, Arkansas cavalry;—*L*, third Indiana, position while operating against column *a a, a a*;—*M*, Mississippi regiment, as attacking the column *a a, a a*;—*N*, the hacienda of Buena Vista.

Coming round the base of the mountain, and on the plain *a a, a a, a a, a a*, is the position of Gen. Pacheco's column, three thousand infantry, a large body of cavalry, and four pieces artillery. After turning the American left at *F*, they came round to the rear, were checked by the Mississippi regiment, and fully repulsed by the Mississippi, third Indiana, part of second Indiana, Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry, May's dragoons, and Bragg's and Sherman's batteries artillery.

The letter *b*, to the left of *F*, shows the position of a Mexican battery there established after the column *a a, a a*, had gained its position;—*c c, c c*, shows the position of Gen. Ampudia's body of Mexican troops on the 22d, and the larger body of those of Gen. Lombardini on the 23d. The position of the letter *d*, points out the situation of a heavy Mexican battery beyond the plateau and pass.—The letter *e* shows the position of the heavy column under Gen. Ampudia attacking the American right;—*f f, f f*, shows the final and heaviest attack of the Mexican army, directed over the plateau, in the direction of *F E D C*. This was under the command of Gen. Perez, and was composed of the division of Gen. Pacheco, *a a, a a*, now retreated, Gen. Ampudia, *e*, and all the reserved forces of the Mexican army.—It was checked near *D*, by Capt. O'Brien's artillery, with the loss of his guns; repulsed by the second Kentucky, first and second Illinois, Bragg's and Sherman's artillery, assisted by the Mississippi and 3d Indiana regiments, and Washington's battery.

The battle commenced shortly after the arrival of the enemy; and as "old Zach." who fought the battle, has written the plainest account of it, we will give it in his words:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION.
Agua Nueva, March 6, 1847.

"SIR:—I have the honor to submit a detailed report of the operations of the forces under my command, which resulted in the engagement of Buena Vista, the repulse of the Mexican army, and the re-occupation of this position.

"The information which reached me of the advance and concentration of a heavy Mexican force in my front, had assumed such a probable form, as to induce a special examination far beyond the reach of our pickets, to ascertain its correctness. A small party of Texan spies, under Major McCulloch, dispatched to the hacienda of Encarnacion, thirty miles from this, on the route to San Luis Potosi, had reported a cavalry force of unknown strength at that place. On the 20th of February, a strong reconnoissance, under Lieut.-col. May, was dispatched to the hacienda of Heclionda, while Major McCulloch made another examination of Encarnacion. The results of these expeditions left no doubt that the enemy was in large force at Encarnacion, under the orders of Gen. Santa Anna, and that he meditated a forward movement and attack upon our position.

"As the camp of Agua Nueva could be turned on either flank, and as the enemy's force was greatly superior to our own, particularly in the arm of cavalry, I determined, after much consideration, to take up a position about eleven miles in rear, and there await the attack. The army broke up its camp and marched at noon on the 21st, encamping at the new position a little in front of the hacienda of Buena Vista. With a small force, I proceeded to Saltillo, to make some necessary arrangements for the defence of the town, leaving Brig. Gen. Wool in the immediate command of the troops.

"Before these arrangements were completed on the morning of the 22d, I was advised that the enemy was in sight, advancing. Upon reaching the ground, it was found that his cavalry was in our front, having marched from Encarnacion, as we have since learned, at eleven o'clock on the day previous, and driving in a mounted force left at Agua Nueva to cover the removal of public stores. Our troops were in position occupying a line of remarkable strength. The road

at this point becomes a narrow defile, the valley on its right being rendered quite impracticable for artillery by a system of deep and impassable gullies, while on the left a succession of rugged ridges and precipitous ravines extends far back towards the mountain which bounds the valley. The features of the ground were such as nearly to paralyze the artillery and cavalry of the enemy, while his infantry could not derive all the advantages of its numerical superiority.—In this position we prepared to receive him.

"Capt. Washington's battery* (4th artillery) was posted to command the road, while the first and 2d Illinois regiments, under Cols. Hardin and Bissell, each eight companies, (to the latter of which was attached Capt. Conner's company of Texan volunteers), and the 2d Kentucky, under Col. McKee, occupied the crests of the ridges on the left and in rear. The Arkansas and Kentucky regiments of cavalry, commanded by Cols. Yell and H. Marshall, occupied the extreme left, near the base of the mountain, while the Indiana brigade, under Brig. Gen. Lane, (composed of the 2d and 3d regiments, under Cols. Bowles and Lane), the Mississippi riflemen, under Col. Davis, the squadrons of the 1st and 2d dragoons, under Capt. Steen and Lieut.-col. May, and the light batteries of Capts. Sherman and Bragg, 3d artillery, were held in reserve.

"At eleven o'clock, I received from Gen. Santa Anna a summons to surrender at discretion, which, with a copy of my reply, I have already transmitted.† The enemy still for-

* Marked A in picture.

† [TRANSLATION.]

SUMMONS OF SANTA ANNA TO GENERAL TAYLOR.

You are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and cannot, in any human probability, avoid suffering a rout, and being cut to pieces, with your troops; but as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe, and for that purpose give you this notice, in order that you may surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character; to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind, to commence from the moment when my flag of truce arrives in your camp.—With this view, I assure you of my particular consideration.

God and Liberty. ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA

Camp at Encantada, February 22d, 1847.

To GEN. Z. TAYLOR, *commanding the forces of the United States.*

bore his attack, evidently awaiting for the arrival of his rear columns, which could be distinctly seen by our look-outs as they approached the field. A demonstration made on his left, caused me to detach the 2d Kentucky regiment and a section of artillery to our right, in which position they bivouacked for the night.*

"In the meantime, the Mexican light troops† had engaged ours on the extreme left, (composed of parts of the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, dismounted, and a rifle battalion from the Indiana brigade, under Major Gorman, the whole commanded by Colonel Marshall), and kept up a sharp fire, climbing the mountain side, and apparently endeavoring to gain our flank. Three pieces of Capt. Washington's battery had been detached to the left, and were supported by the 2d Indiana regiment. An occasional shell was thrown by the enemy into this part of our line, but without effect. The skirmishing of the light troops was kept up, with trifling loss on our part, until dark, when I became convinced that no serious attack would be made before the morning, and returned with the Mississippi regiment and 2d dragoons to Saltillo. The troops bivouacked without fires, and laid upon their arms.

"A body of cavalry, some fifteen hundred strong, had been visible all day in rear of the town, having entered the valley through a narrow pass east of the city. This cavalry, com-

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HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
Near Buena Vista, February 22, 1847.

SIR:—In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my force at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request.

With high respect, I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
Z. TAYLOR, *Maj. Gen. U. S. army com'g.*

SENOR GEN. D. ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA,
Commander-in-chief, La Encantada.

* Marked X in view.

† These, about fifteen hundred in number, were under the command of Gen. Ampudia and Col. Baneneli, and their position is shown by the small letters *c c c*. This day they only were near the base of the mountain, not so high as the upper *c c c*, which position they took during the night, and from which, (being reinforced to the number of two thousand five hundred, under Gen. Lombardini), they commenced the battle on the 23d.

manded by Gen. Miñon, had evidently been thrown in our rear to break up and harrass our retreat, and perhaps make some attempt against the town, if practicable. The city was occupied by four excellent companies of Illinois volunteers, under Major Warren, of the first regiment. A field work, which commanded most of the approaches, was garrisoned by Capt. Webster's company, 1st artillery, and armed with two twenty-four pound howitzers, while the train and head-quarter camp was guarded by two companies Mississippi riflemen, under Capt. Rogers, and a field-piece commanded by Capt. Shover, 3d artillery. Having made these dispositions for the protection of the rear, I proceeded, on the morning of the 23d, to Buena Vista, ordering forward all the other available troops. The action had commenced before my arrival on the field.

"During the evening and night of the 22d, the enemy had thrown a body of light troops on the mountain side, with the purpose of outflanking our left; and it was here that the action of the 23d commenced, at an early hour. Our riflemen, under Col. Marshall, who had been reinforced by three companies under Major Trail, second Illinois volunteers, maintained their ground handsomely against a greatly superior force, holding themselves under cover, and using their weapons with deadly effect.* About six o'clock, a strong demonstration was made against the centre of our position, a heavy column moving along the road.† This force was soon dispersed by a few rapid and well-directed shots from Capt. Washington's battery. In the meantime the enemy was concentrating a large force of infantry and cavalry under cover of the ridges, with the obvious intention of forcing our left, which was posted on an extensive plateau.‡ The

* These troops, under Col. Marshall, are marked in position by the letters *H H H.*

† The position of these troops, though concealed by the "pass," is shown by the letter *e* on the view. They were under Gen. Ampudia.

‡ This column of troops, which attacked the 2d Indiana, (the position of which is marked *F*), and the 2d Illinois, (position *E*), was commanded by Gen. Pacheco; consisted of three thousand infantry, accompanied by nearly two thousand cavalry and four pieces of artillery, which were placed in battery, (at *b*). The brunt of opposing this heavy force, from their position, fell on the 2d Indiana regiment, and Capt. O'Brien's artillery.

second Indiana and second Illinois regiments formed this part of our line, the former covering three pieces of light artillery, under the orders of Capt. O'Brien;—Brig. Gen. Lane being in immediate command. In order to bring his men within effective range, Gen. Lane ordered the artillery and second Indiana regiment forward. The artillery advanced within musket range of a heavy body of Mexican infantry, and was served against it with great effect, but without being able to check its advance. The infantry ordered to its support had fallen back in disorder, being exposed, as well as the battery, not only to a severe fire of small arms in front, but also to a murderous cross-fire of grape and cannister, from a Mexican battery on the left.* Capt. O'Brien found it impossible to retain his position without support, but was only able to withdraw two of his pieces, all the

* Never have troops been more abused by public opinion, (controlled and directed by letter-writers from the army), than have these 2d Indianians; and although a court of inquiry afterwards investigated fully the matter, and came to a far different opinion than that thus sent back to the United States, still many are under a misapprehension with regard to them.—From their position, they were forced to withstand the principal weight of Gen. Pacheco's heavy columns of infantry and cavalry, and were further exposed to the cross-fire of grape and cannister from the Mexican battery of artillery, placed at *b*, in picture. Pacheco's troops were fresh,—for it was the first assault,—and confident of victory from very numerical force.—The 2d Illinois, under the gallant Bissell, were some distance to the right of the Indianians.—Col. Marshall's force of dismounted cavalry, and infantry riflemen, were to the left, and on the mountain, closely engaged with the far greater force of Gen. Lombardini.—Thus placed, the second Indiana stood its ground, although suffering so severely from the enemy in front, and their battery on their left.—Retreat was never thought of by them while with coolness they loaded and fired; not once or twice, but delivered, in that position, twenty-one volleys round, in the meantime losing thirty-two killed and thirty-six wounded.—Col. Bowles, seeing his men falling in such numbers before the shower of musket balls, grape, and cannister, sweeping through them, he, himself, unadvisedly and unfortunately ordered the regiment to "cease firing and retreat."—But still they stood, unwilling to go. He repeated the order, before it was obeyed; and then the left, in obedience, began to retreat, followed by the right, who were still firing. But the colonel, having thus most unfortunately broken up the line, and sent them on retreat, with no place designated to re-form, and with the tremendous fire of the enemy behind them, had got them into a situation from which he could not extricate them.—Confidence was gone.—The order to retreat, earnestly given from him, conveyed to the minds of every one that he despaired of maintaining his ground; and it was, in fact, equivalent to an order for every man to save himself.—They believed the battle lost, not from fear, but on account of the order so given and repeated.—There was no time now for explanation; the mischief had

horses and cannoneers of the third piece being killed or disabled. The second Indiana regiment, which had fallen back as stated, could not be rallied, and took no further part in the action, except a handful of men,* who, under its gallant colonel, Bowles, joined the Mississippi regiment, and did good service, and those fugitives who, at a later period of the day, assisted in defending the train and depot at Buena Vista. This portion of our line having given way, and the enemy appearing in overwhelming force against our left flank, the light troops which had rendered such good service on the mountain, were compelled to withdraw, which they did, for the most part, in good order. Many, however, were not rallied until they reached the depot at Buena Vista, to the defence of which they afterwards contributed.

"Col. Bissell's regiment,† (2d Illinois), which had been join-

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been done; the impression forced on the men; and the fire of the enemy was in the rear.—The court of inquiry, after patient investigation, pronounced this movement of Col. Bowles to proceed not from cowardice, (for he fought most gallantly all the day afterward, in the ranks of the Mississippi regiment), but from an ill-judged motive of expediency, to save the lives of his men.—Such was the retreat of the 2d Indianians.

Reader, judge of them impartially; place any other regiment, even of the oldest regulars, in their situation—put them before a well-armed and fresh force, of ten times their number, in front, and on their flank an active battery sending grape and cannister in showers through them,—and then, after standing in the face of such a force, in the heat of the battle let them hear their own colonel, to whom they look for all commands, loudly calling to them to retreat, and repeating it, and the idea will flash on every soldier's mind, that the day is lost, and that every one is to retreat for himself.

This was a battle of volunteers, and no regiment engaged in it had before been in one, save the Mississippi, which had done such good service at Monterey.—The regiments stood their ground and fought with such bravery for ten hours, against the legions opposed to them—with such heroic firmness resisting the concentrated attacks from morn till night, that praise of them is idle;—to look at their conduct excites not only admiration, but astonishment.

* "From one hundred and fifty to two hundred." See proceedings of court of inquiry, published at Saltillo, May 3d, 1847.

† This 2d Illinois regiment acted, during the entire day, in the most gallant manner. —As the 2d Indiana retreated, and the heavy column of the enemy advanced upon the ground which had been occupied by it, this regiment fell back from its position, *E*, on picture, two or three hundred yards, towards *D*. This movement was performed in the face of the enemy, as it would have been on parade. being faced about, marched the distance, and again faced to the front. They received several volleys here, then advanced nearer, and engaged the main body of the enemy for thirty minutes, suffering severely. Their gallant colonel drew them off to the right, and attacked, with the 1st Illinois and 2d Kentucky, the left of the enemy; afterward was in the last charge

ed by a section of Capt. Sherman's battery, had become completely outflanked, and was compelled to fall back, being entirely unsupported. The enemy was now pouring masses of infantry and cavalry along the base of the mountain on our left, and was gaining our rear in great force. At this moment I arrived upon the field. The Mississippi regiment* had been directed to the left before reaching the position, and immediately came into action against the Mexican cavalry which had turned our flank. The 2d Kentucky regiment and a section of artillery under Capt. Bragg had previously been ordered from the right to reinforce our left, and arrived at a most opportune moment. That regiment, and a portion of the 1st Illinois under Col. Hardin, gallantly drove the enemy, and recovered a portion of the ground we had lost. The batteries of captains Sherman and Bragg were in position on the plateau, and did much execution—not only in front, but particularly upon the masses which had gained our rear. Discovering that the enemy was heavily pressing upon the Mississippi regiment, the 3d Indiana regiment, under Col. Lane, was dispatched to strengthen that part of our line which formed a crotchet perpendicular to the first line of battle. At the same time, Lieut. Kilburn, with a piece of Capt. Bragg's battery, was commanded to support the infantry there engaged. The action was for a long time warmly sustained at that point—the enemy ma-

of the day against the column *f f f*; and took the colors of the Guanajuata regiment, after hard fighting. The loss of this regiment was more severe than that of any other. It had one captain, nine lieutenants, thirty-seven non-commissioned officers and privates killed, and three captains, four lieutenants, and sixty-seven non-commissioned officers and privates wounded. Two companies of this regiment, under Major Trail,—captains Leman's and Woodward's,—fought on the mountains, *H H*, and on the left, at and near the hacienda; and two more were detached for the defence of Saltillo.

* This regiment, under Col. Davis, leaving two of its companies at Saltillo, accompanied Gen. Taylor on that morning to the battle-field. On the way they heard the artillery, which assured them that the battle had commenced; and they hastened on, arrived, and immediately, unsupported, advanced against the heavy victorious column of the enemy, which, more than four thousand strong of cavalry and infantry, had turned the American left. The regiment took a position near *M*, and opened a volley when near the enemy; and continued, although suffering severely, to advance with such deadly fire upon the column, that it fell back, and a column of cavalry were sent round to attack the fearless Mississippians in the rear; but, in crossing around to

king several attempts, both with infantry and cavalry, against our line, and being repulsed always with heavy loss. I had placed all the regular cavalry and Capt. Pike's squadron of Arkansas horse under the orders of brevet Lieut. Col. May, with directions to hold in check the enemy's column, still advancing in the rear along the base of the mountain, which was done in connection with the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, under colonels Marshall and Yell. In the meantime our left, which was still strongly threatened by a superior force, was further strengthened by the detachment of Capt. Bragg's and a portion of Capt. Sherman's batteries to that quarter. The concentration of artillery fire upon the mass of the enemy along the base of the mountain, and the determined resistance offered by the two regiments opposed to them, had created confusion in their ranks, and some of the corps attempted to effect a retreat upon their main line of battle. The squadron of the 1st dragoons, under Lieut. Rucker, was now ordered up the deep ravine which these retreating corps were endeavoring to cross, in order to charge and disperse them. The squadron proceeded to the point indicated, but could not accomplish the object, being exposed to a heavy fire from a battery established to cover the retreat of those corps. While the squadron was detached upon this service, a large body of the enemy was observed to concentrate on our extreme left, apparently with the view of ma-

do this, they were received with such a destructive fire from the rifles, as wholly to disperse them with much loss.—The regiment re-formed, and, joined by the 3d Indiana (at *L*) and a piece of artillery of Bragg's battery, under Lieut. Kilburn, again attacked the heavy column, and forced it to retire toward the mountain; but, coming in the range of a battery of the enemy, they fell back, and were charged upon by the whole body of Mexican cavalry. Forming its line as these came up, with the third Indiana, they received the lancers with such fatal volleys as immediately to force them to fall back; and, shortly after, with the aid of other troops, the whole column, *a a*, *a a*, was forced to retreat.—In the severe and bloody final charge of the whole Mexican force under Gen. Perez, on the high plain, *F E D*, towards *C*, the Mississippians were of the greatest service—reaching the ground opposite *E*, and pouring a destructive fire into the enemy's flank, as he endeavored to force the position; and when the head of the column had come near to Bragg's battery, then stationed near *D*, the fire was so severe that the enemy's right was immediately broken. Most nobly did the regiment and its gallant commander, who was wounded at the first fire, sustain, through the day, the reputation of their State. Many brave men fell in its ranks; loss, forty-two killed and fifty-one wounded. Number of men in action, three hundred and forty-one.

king a descent upon the hacienda of Buena Vista, where our train and baggage were deposited. Lieut. Col. May was ordered to the support of that point, with two pieces of Capt. Sherman's battery under Lieut. Reynolds. In the meantime the scattered forces near the hacienda, composed in part of majors Trail's and Gorman's commands, had been to some extent organized under the advice of Major Monroe, chief of artillery, with the assistance of Major Morrison, volunteer staff, and were posted to defend the position. Before our cavalry had reached the hacienda, that of the enemy had made its attack, having been handsomely met by the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, under colonels Marshall and Yell.* The Mexican column immediately divided—one portion sweeping by the depot, where it received a destructive fire from the force which had collected there, and then gaining the mountain opposite, under a fire from Lieut. Reynolds' section, the remaining portion regaining the base of the mountain on our left. In the charge at Buena Vista, Col. Yell fell gallantly at the head of his regiment; we also lost Adj. Vaughan, of the Kentucky cavalry—a young officer of much promise. Lieut. Col. May, who had been rejoined by the squadron of the 1st dragoons, and by portions of the Arkansas and Indiana troops, under Lieut. Col. Roane and Major Gorman, now approached the base of the mountain, holding in check the right flank of the enemy, upon whose

* These two regiments, Kentucky cavalry, Col. Marshall, and Arkansas, Col. Yell, together with the few regular dragoons under Col. May, during the battle on the 23d, had most severe and laborious services to perform —They had had no rest on the previous day, the 21st, or even on the 20th; nor until after the battle was finished on the 23d, was there any cessation of their exertion.—The rifle battalion of each, dismounted, in conjunction with that of the 2d Indiana, fought on the mountain side, in the position *H H*, during the afternoon of the 22d, and, reinforced by the rifle battalion of the 2d Illinois, commenced here the glorious action of the 23d.—When Gen. Pacheco's heavy column *a a*, *a a*, had succeeded in turning the American left, these detachments retired to the plain, and there kept up their exertions.—The mounted companies had continually their utmost endeavors to make, in repelling, with the other regiments, the onward march of this column; and in these heroic and successful efforts, they lost many of their number, and among them Col. Yell, the brave and talented commander of the Arkansas troops. He fought at their head, and was killed in the charge, not far from the trees seen in picture.

Loss of Kentucky cavalry, killed and wounded, 61.—Loss of Arkansas, killed, wounded and missing, 53.

masses, crowded in the narrow gorges and the ravines, our artillery was doing fearful execution.

"The position of that portion of the Mexican army which had gained our rear was now very critical, and it seemed doubtful whether it could regain the main body. At this moment I received from Gen. Santa Anna a message by a staff officer, desiring to know what I wanted? I immediately dispatched Brig. Gen. Wool to the Mexican general-in-chief, and sent orders to cease firing. Upon reaching the Mexican lines, Gen. Wool could not cause the enemy to cease their fire, and accordingly returned without having an interview. The extreme right of the enemy continued its retreat along the base of the mountain, and, finally, in spite of all our efforts, effected a junction with the remainder of the army.

"During the remainder of the day, Gen. Miñon* had ascended the elevated plain above Saltillo, and occupied the road from the city to the field of battle, where they intercepted several of our men. Approaching the town, they were fired upon by Capt. Webster, from the redoubt occupied by his company, and then moved on towards the eastern side of the valley, and obliquely towards Buena Vista. At this time, Capt. Shover moved rapidly forward with his piece, supported by a miscellaneous command of mounted volunteers, and fired several shots at the cavalry, with great effect. They were driven into the ravines which lead to the lower valley, closely pursued by Capt. Shover, who was further supported by a piece of Capt. Webster's battery, under Lieut. Donaldson, which had advanced from the redoubt, supported by Capt. Wheeler's company Illinois volunteers.

* Santa Anna, in his account of this battle, lays all the blame of his want of success at the door of Gen. Minon; for that general, he says, was ordered to charge upon the American force on the left, instead of doing which, he contented himself with remaining all day in position between Buena Vista and Saltillo, and in making an unsuccessful demonstration on the latter place.—Gen. Minon, on the other hand, maintains to the effect that his instructions from Gen. Santa Anna were for him to take position where he did, and fall on the "Yankees," after Santa Anna nad driven them through the pass; and he maintains that he exactly performed his orders, save as to cutting down and annihilating said "Yankees;" which failure resulted only from the fact that Gen. Santa Anna was not able, with all his force, to drive them through the pass towards him.

au ı our troops rendered it inexpedient and hazard-
to attempt a pursuit. A staff officer was sent to Gen.
ta An to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, which
s it rily completed on the following day. Our own
d wer ected and buried, and the Mexican wounded,
h ge number had been left upon the field, were
ltillo, and rendered as comfortable as circum-
ces permit.
On u ening of the 26th, a close reconnoissance was
e of the enemy's position, which was found to be occu-
only by a small body of cavalry, the infantry and ar-
having retreated in the direction of San Luis Potosi.
tne our troops resumed their former camp at Agua
enemy's rear guard evacuating the place as we
oache aving a considerable number of wounded. It
my purpose to beat up his quarters at Incarnacion early
next morning, but upon examination, the weak condition
he cavalry horses rendered it unadvisable to attempt so
a march without water. A command was finally dis-
ned to Incarnacion, on the 1st of March, under Col. Bel-
p. Some two hundred wounded, and about sixty Mexi-
can soldiers were found there, the army having passed on in the direction of Matahuala, with greatly reduced numbers, and suffering much from hunger. The dead and dying were strewed upon the road, and crowded the buildings of the hacienda.

"The American force engaged in the action of Buena Vista is shown, by the accompanying field report, to have been three hundred and thirty-four officers, and four thousand four hundred and twenty-five men, exclusive of the small command left near and in Saltillo. Of this number, two squadrons of cavalry, and three batteries of light artillery, making not more than four hundred and fifty-three men, composed the only force of regular troops.* The strength of the Mexican army is stated by Gen. Santa Anna, in his summons, to be twenty thousand; and that estimate is confirmed by all

* Volunteers: officers and men in battle of Buena Vista, 4,420; loss in killed, 263; wounded, 371; missing, 21. Regulars: number of officers and men, 493; loss in killed, 7; wounded, 55; missing, 3.

the information since obtained. Our loss is two hundred and sixty-seven killed, four hundred and fifty-six wounded, and twenty-three missing. Of the numerous wounded, many did not require removal to the hospital, and it is hoped that a comparatively small number will be permanently disabled. The Mexican loss in killed and wounded may be fairly estimated at one thousand five hundred, and will probably reach two thousand. At least five hundred of their killed were left upon the field of battle. We have no means of ascertaining the number of deserters and dispersed men from their ranks, but it is known to be very great.

"Our loss has been especially severe in officers, twenty-eight having been killed upon the field. We have to lament the death of Capt. George Lincoln, assistant adjutant-general, serving on the staff of Gen. Wool—a young officer of high bearing and approved gallantry, who fell early in the action. No loss falls more heavily upon the army in the field than that of colonels Hardin and McKee, and Lieut. Col. Clay. Possessing in a remarkable degree the confidence of their commands, and the last two having enjoyed the advantage of a military education, I had looked particularly to them for support in case we met the enemy. I need not say that their zeal in engaging the enemy, and the cool and steadfast courage with which they maintained their positions during the day, fully realized my hopes, and caused me to feel yet more sensibly their untimely loss.

"I perform a grateful duty in bringing to the notice of the government the general good conduct of the troops. Exposed for successive nights, without fires, to the severity of the weather, they were ever prompt and cheerful in the discharge of every duty, and finally displayed conspicuous steadiness and gallantry in repulsing, at great odds, a disciplined foe. While the brilliant success achieved by their arms releases me from the painful necessity of specifying many cases of bad conduct before the enemy, I feel an increased obligation to mention particular corps and officers, whose skill, coolness and gallantry, in trying situations and under a continued and heavy fire, seem to merit particular notice.

"To Brig. Gen. Wool my obligations are especially due.

state of discipline and instruction of several of the unteer regiments was attained under his command; and his vigilance and arduous services before the action, and gallantry and activity on the field, a large share of our cess may justly be attributed.—During most of the en- ement, he was in immediate command of the troops wn back on our left flank. I beg leave to recommend to the favorable notice of the government. Brig. Gen. (slightly wounded) was active and zealous throughout day, and displayed great coolness and gallantry before enemy.

The services of the light artillery, always conspicuous, more than usually distinguished. Moving rapidly over est ground, it was always in action at the right , and the right time; and its well-directed fire dealt uction in the masses of the enemy. While I recom- l to particular favor, the gallant conduct and valuable ces of Major Munroe, chief of artillery, and Captains hii n, 4th artillery, and Sherman and Bragg, 3d artil- nmanding batteries, I deem it no more than just, to ntion all the subordinate officers. They were nearly all detached at different times, and in every situation exhibited conspicuous skill and gallantry. Capt. O'Brien,* Lieuts. Brent, Whiting, and Couch, 4th artillery, and Bryan, Topographical Engineers (slightly wounded), were attached to Capt. Washington's battery. Lieuts. Thomas, Reynolds, and French, 3d artillery (severely wounded), to that of Capt.

* This gallant officer lost three cannon during the day; and the possession of these enabled Santa Anna, in his flowing dispatch, to conceal his terrible defeat, by claiming a victory. The first one was lost in the attack on the plateau by Gen. Pacheco, from the fact that the horses and cannoneers were all killed or disabled, so that it could not be brought off.—The other two were lost in the main and last attack on the centre, by the whole disposable Mexican force under Gen. Perez. Capt. O'Brien sacrificed these guns by intention; keeping the enemy in check by them, until the other artillery and infantry arrived, and the regiments of infantry concentrated, pouring a deadly fire on the massive column. The situation of the artillery is not placed in the picture, for, save the battery at A, they were continually back and forth, over the whole ground, during the day. The battery of Capt. Bragg discharged about two hundred and fifty rounds of round shot, grape and cannister; the other batteries nearly the same. The infantry regiments discharged from seventy to ninety rounds of cartridges per man, during the same time.

Sherman; and Capt. Shover, and Lieut. Kilburn, 3d artillery, to that of Capt. Bragg.—Capt. Shover, in conjunction with Lieut. Donaldson, rendered gallant and important service in repulsing the cavalry of Gen. Miñon. The regular cavalry, under Lieut. Col. May, with which was associated Capt. Pike's squadron of Arkansas horse, rendered useful service in holding the enemy in check, and in covering the batteries at several points. Capt. Steen, 1st dragoons, was severely wounded early in the day, while gallantly endeavoring, with my authority, to rally the troops which were falling in the rear.

"The Mississippi riflemen, under Col. Davis, were highly conspicuous for their gallantry and steadiness, and sustained, throughout the engagement, the reputation of veteran troops. Brought into action against an immensely superior force, they maintained themselves for a long time, unsupported, and with heavy loss, and held an important part of the field until reinforced. Col. Davis, though severely wounded, remained in his saddle until the close of the action.—His distinguished coolness and gallantry at the head of his regiment on this day entitle him to the particular notice of the government. The 3d Indiana regiment,* under Col. Lane, and a fragment of the 2d, under Col. Bowles, were associated with the Mississippi regiment during a greater portion of the day, and acquitted themselves creditably in repulsing the attempts of the enemy to take that portion of our line. The Kentucky cavalry, under Col. Marshall, rendered good service dismounted, acting as light troops on our

*This 3d Indiana was, on the morning of the 23d, stationed not far in rear of Washington's battery, *A*, save two companies of rifles, who, in command of Major Gorman, fought on the mountain under Col. Marshall.—Major Gorman also had two rifle companies, of the 2d Indiana. This 3d regiment, under Col. Lane, fought, during the day, principally on the left, with the other regiments here engaged, against Pacheco's strong column, and at the last heavy charge, together with the Mississippians and the rallied part of the 2d Indiana, moved rapidly to the plateau, *D E F*, and by their destructive fire hastened the enemy's retreat. The conduct of this regiment was of the most spirited character. The repulse of the heavy column of lancers in the morning, by these and the Mississippians, was among the most brilliant exploits of this day of continued astonishing achievements of valor and constancy. Although much exposed for the whole day, the loss of the regiment was not very severe; being nine killed, and fifty-six wounded.

left, and afterwards, with a portion of the Arkansas regiment in meeting and dispersing the column of cavalry at Buena Vista. The 1st and 2d Illinois and the 2d Kentucky regiments served immediately under my eye, and I bear a willing testimony to their excellent conduct throughout the day. The spirit and gallantry with which the 1st Illinois* and 2d Kentucky engaged the enemy in the morning restored confidence to that part of the field, while the list of casualties will show how much these three regiments suffered in sustaining the heavy charge of the enemy in the afternoon.—Capt. Conner's company of Texas volunteers, attached to the 2d Illinois regiment, fought bravely, its captain being wounded and two subalterns killed.† Col. Bissell, the only surviving colonel of these regiments, merits notice for his coolness and bravery on this occasion. After the fall of the field officers of the 1st Illinois and 2d Kentucky regiments, the command of the former devolved on Lieut. Col. Weatherford, and that of the latter on Major Fry.

"Regimental commanders, and others who have rendered reports, speak in general terms of the good conduct of their officers and men, and have specified many names; but the limits of this report forbid a recapitulation of them here. I may, however, mention Lieuts. Rucker and Campbell of the dragoons, and Capt. Pike, of the Arkansas cavalry, upon

* The coolness and intrepidity of this 1st Illinois, under their heroic colonel, could not be excelled. During the night of the 22d, six companies of it, under Col. Hardin, occupied the hill, *C*, and two companies, under Lieut. Col. Weatherford, were stationed to the right of *A*, to protect Washington's battery there. Two other companies had been detached, under Major Warren, to hold, with other troops, the possession of the city of Saltillo. When Col. Hardin led his command from *C*, upon the plateau *D E F*, to take a part in the tremendous action there going on, he commenced his gallant operations by a spirited charge of bayonets upon a heavy body of the enemy, in which—killing and wounding great numbers of them—he drove them in confusion back over a deep ravine they had crossed. Though this regiment, like the 2d Illinois and 2d Kentucky, with which it fought during the day, was exposed continually to a most terrible fire, and many of its men were wounded, yet none were killed until the last concentrated effort of the enemy; but in this, as in the subsequent pursuit, they suffered much. They captured the colors of the Mexican corps from the city of San Luis Potosi.—Loss of the regiment during the day, 30 killed and 25 wounded.

† The loss of this gallant company of Texans was very severe, in proportion to their numbers, being 14 killed, 2 wounded, and 7 missing. Well did the little body maintain the reputation of their state throughout the day.

whom the command devolved after the fall of Col. Yell; Major Bradford, Capt. Sharpe, (severely wounded), and Adj. Griffith, Mississippi regiment; Lieut. Robinson, aid-de-camp to Gen. Lane; Lieut. Col Weatherford, 1st Illinois regiment; Lieut. Col. Morrison, Major Trail, and Adj. Whiteside (severely wounded) 2d Illinois regiment, and Major Fry, of the 2d Kentucky regiment, as being favorably noticed for gallantry and good conduct. Major McCulloch, quartermaster in the volunteer service, rendered important services before the engagement, in the command of a spy company, and, during the affair, was associated with the regular cavalry.—To Major Warren, 1st Illinois volunteers, I feel much indebted, for his firm and judicious course while exercising command in the city of Saltillo.

"The medical staff, under the able direction of Assistant-surgeon Hitchcock, were assiduous in attention to the wounded upon the field, and in their careful removal to the rear. Both in these respects, and in the subsequent organization and service of the hospitals, the administration of this department was everything that could be desired.

"Brig. Gen. Wool speaks in high terms of the officers of his staff, and I take pleasure in mentioning them here, having witnessed their activity and zeal upon the field. Lieut. and Aid-de-camp McDowell, Col. Churchill, inspector general, Capt. Chapman, assistant quartermaster, Lieut. Sitgreaves, Topographical Engineers, and Capts. Howard and Davis, volunteer service, are conspicuously noticed for their gallantry and good conduct. Messrs. March, Addicks, Potts, Harrison, Burgess and Dusenberg, attached in various capacities to Gen. Wool's headquarters, are likewise mentioned for their intelligent alacrity in conveying orders to all parts of the field.

"In conclusion, I beg leave to speak of my own staff, to whose exertions in rallying troops and communicating orders I feel greatly indebted. Major Bliss, assistant adjutant-general, Capt. J. H. Eaton and Lieut. Garnett, aids-de-camp, served near my person, and were prompt and zealous in the discharge of every duty. Major Munroe, besides rendering valuable service as chief of artillery, was active and .nstru-

mental, as were also colonels Churchill and Belknap, inspectors general, in rallying troops and disposing them for the defence of the train and baggage. Col. Whiting, quartermaster-general, and Capt. Eaton, chief of the subsistence department, were engaged with the duties of their departments, and also served in my immediate staff on the field. Capt. Sibley, as assistant quartermaster, was necessarily left with the headquarter camp near town, where his services were highly useful. Major Mansfield and Lieut. Benham, engineers, and Capt. Linnard and lieutenants Pope and Franklin, topographical engineers, were employed before and during the engagement in making reconnoissances, and on the field were very active in bringing information and in conveying my orders to distant points. Lieut. Kingsbury, in addition to his proper duties as ordnance officer, Capt. Chilton, assistant quartermaster, and majors Dix and Coffee, served also as extra aids-de-camp, and were actively employed in the transmission of orders. Mr. Thomas L. Crittenden, of Kentucky, though not in service, volunteered as my aid-de-camp on this occasion, and served with credit in that capacity. Major Craig, chief of ordnance, and Surgeon Craig, medical director, had been detached on duty from headquarters, and did not reach the ground until the morning of the 24th—too late to participate in the action, but in time to render useful services in their respective departments of the staff.

"I respectfully enclose returns of the troops engaged, and of casualties incident to the battle.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your ob't serv't

"Z. TAYLOR, *Maj. Gen. U. S. A. Com'g.*

"To the Adjutant General of the Army,

"Washington, D. C."

And so ended the battle of Buena Vista, in which the volunteer troops had shown themselves equal to veterans;—and they established the truth, that it is not discipline alone that makes the soldier, but that the heroism of the heart, the pride of character, the self-reliance, and the love of country which the volunteers pre-eminently possessed, are most valuable qualifications on the battle-field.—The loss of these

volunteer regiments is given in notes below,* from the official reports.

Santa Anna, satisfied that he could not conquer Gen. Taylor, called a council of war at Agua Nueva, to which he had retired after the battle, and it was by that unanimously determined to abandon the plan of operations which had

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* MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT—KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Col. Jefferson Davis was wounded through the foot, just below the ankle, while on horseback, charging upon the enemy.

WILKINSON COUNTY VOLUNTEERS.

Killed—B. G. Pwiberville, Thomas H. Pitley, Wm. H. Wilkinson, Seaborne Jones.

Wounded—Lieut. C. Posey, very slightly; Solomon Nowman, James M. Miller, G. H. Jones, W. Spurlock, W. A. Lawrence, J. W. Donnelly, slightly.

YAZOO VOLUNTEERS.

Killed—Sergeant W. Ingram, C. C. Sullivan.

Wounded—Capt. Sharp, Henry Clark, W. H. Stubblefield, severely; Sergeant D. Hollingsworth, Steph. Stubblefield, R. G. Shooks, slightly; George Brooks, mortally.

RAYMOND FENCIBLES.

Killed—Lieut. F. McNulty, J. S. Bond, J. N. Graves, W. Seay, R. E. Parr, J. M. Alexander, R. Feltz, G. A. Cooper.

Wounded—R. S. Edwards, severely; J. Hammond, P. Rurrett, P. Sinclair, W. G. Harrison, H. A. Neely, slightly.

STATE FENCIBLES.

Killed—Sergeants Wm. Philips and James Langford, corporals Frank Robinson and Joseph Revell, Robert Jayce, William Sellers.

Wounded—Richard Clauds, A. Puckett, severely; John Kennedy, Isham C. Lord, Robert Fox, James Waugh, slightly.

MARSHALL GUARDS.

Killed—Sergeant G. Anderson, Henry Trotter, John S. Branch, A. Collingsworth, John Peace.

Wounded—Sergeant P. Martin, John Hedthpeth, severely; T. O. McClanahan, T. D. Randolph, John Bass, slightly.

VICKSBURG SOUTHERNERS.

Killed—Wm. Couch, Richard Eggleston, James Johnson, John Preston.

Wounded—Sergeant Howard Morris, James W. Conn, severely; Sergeant Wm. A. Scott, Corporal J. McLaughlin, Samuel C. Suit, J. N. Collier, John Barnes, L. H. Stevens.

VICKSBURG VOLUNTEERS.

Killed—Lieut. R. G. Mooned, Fletcher Harrison, P. Raridon, Jacob Block.

Wounded—Thomas White, dangerously; Wm. Winans, S. Edwards, Henry Lowell, severely; Dr. S. D. Carson, A. Henman, slightly.

LAFAYETTE COMPANY.

Killed—Sergeant B. Hagan, Corporals James Blakeley and M. Butler, Stephen Jones, Enos Garrett, P. Doniphan.

Wounded—James Bigley, arm lost; J. G. Simpson, Wm. Courtney, James W. Morriss, severely; Lieut. J. P. Stepford, J. F. Malone, slightly.

The Tombigbee and Carroll Companies were left in charge of the camp.

RECAPITULATION.	*Killed.*	*Wounded.*
Wilkinson county volunteers	5	7
Yazoo county volunteers	2	7
Raymond Fencibles	8	6
State Fencibles	6	6
Marshall Guards	6	5
Vicksburg Southerners	4	8
Vicksburg Volunteers	5	6
Lafayette Company	6	6
Total,	42	51

commenced, and retreat to the south and towards San
Potosi; which was immediately done, not, however,
an exchange of prisoners had been effected.
aving that general, with his shattered and disorganized
y, marching back, let us for a moment turn to the opera-
of Gen. Urrea, who, as before stated, had been sent up

KENTUCKIANS KILLED AND WOUNDED.

KENTUCKY CAVALRY.—KILLED.

tant—E. M. Vaughan.
d's company—Sergeant D. J.Lillard; privates Lewis Sander and A. J. Martin.
company—Privates J. D. Miller, B. Warren.
n's company—Privates J. Leston, John Sander, John Ellingwood.
han's company—Corporal J. A. Jones; privates D. P. Rogers, W. McClintock, J
oy.
's company—Privates A. G. Morgan, C. Jones, Wm. Twaits, N. Ranney, H. Carty
W. Bates, corporal.
ington's company—Privates H. Danforth, J. G. Martin, E. Rouston, J. M. Rowlin, John
F. Lilley.
pany—Private Thomas Weyest.
mpany—Private C. B. Thompson.
company—Private C. B. Demit
missioned officer, 1; non-commissioned officers, 3; privates, 25—total 29.

WOUNDED.

in—John Shawhan.
han's company—Privates Wm. Snodgrass, J. S. Byram, W. C. Parker, J. M. Van-
George H. Wilson, James Warford, C. H. Fowler.
y's company—2d Lieut. J. H. Merrifield, Sergeant S. Marratin
y's company—2d Lieut. J. M. Brown, Corporal James Scooley.

Price's company—2d Lieut. Thomas Conn. privates John H. Cleverlan, Samuel Evan, Joseph Murphy and Will Herndon.

Lillard's company—Privates John Walker, B. Spencer, E. W. Ruson, and Thos. Scandelt

Milam's company—John Reddish, B. F. Price, J. K. Goodloe.

Pennington's company—Privates J. S. Jackson, Thomas Brown, L. Help.

Marshall's company—Private H. E. Brady.

Beard's company—Privates Charles Sheppard. J. Sheppard, M. B. Callahan, —— Lerasay.

Commissioned officers, 4; non commissioned officers, 2. privates 26.—Total, 32.

SECOND KENTUCKY INFANTRY.—KILLED.

Col. Wm. R. McKee, Lieut. Col Henry Clay, Jr.

Company A, Mosse's—Privates Whitfield Smith, A B. Crondowens.

Company B, Chambers's—4th Sergeant Henry Wolf; Privates Maj. Updike, Wm. Black well, L. B. Bartlett.

Company C, Thompson's—1st Sergeant S. M. Williams. Privates Robert M. Baker, W Booth, Wm. Burks, John Moffit.

Company D, Fry's—4th Corporal Peter Trough. Privates Joseph Walden, Harvey Jones, Wm. Harman.

Company E, Cutter's—1st Corporal J. Q. Carlan; Drummer, Martin Randebaugh. Privates Hiram Frazer, John H. Harkins, Richard McCurdy, Hercules Snow.

Company F, Willis's—Capt. W. T. Willis. Private Harry Trotter.

Company G, Daugherty's—Privates John A. Gregory, Joseph R. Ballard, Willis Vest, Jesse J. Waller.

Company H. Joyner's—2d Sergeant Joseph King, 3d Sergeant John M. Dunlop. Privates Wm. Rhann, John Williams.

Company I, Turpin's—1st Sergeant Henry Edwards. Privates John J. Torron, Abram Goodpaster.

Company K, McBrey's—Privates Jas. Layton, Wm. Brand, James Johnson, David Davis Arthur Thacker, John W. Watson, Wm. P. Reynolds

on the east side of the mountains, to attack the American forces near the valley of the Rio Grande, and to act in the anticipated pursuit of the routed Americans of Gen. Taylor's army.

Gen. Urrea reached the main road from Monterey to Camargo, near Marin, about the 22d instant, and joining forces

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ILLINOISANS KILLED AND WOUNDED.

SECOND KENTUCKY INFANTRY.—WOUNDED.

Company A—2d Lieut. E. L. Barber, slightly; Sergeant John Minton, do. Privates Elza Morris, Samuel Wallace, Robert Winlock and James Barnett, all slightly.

Company B—1st Corporal Sandford Mayhall, mortally; private Benjamin O. Branham, severely; James Williams, W. S. Bartlett and Ameal Brea, slightly.

Company C—Adj. 2d Lieut. Wm. T. Withers, severely; 3d Corporal C. C. Sneadlay, slightly; 3d Sergeant John Wheatley, do.; privates Edward Benton, James Cahill, John Crawford and Marion Davidson, slightly; Woodson Hendron, mortally; W. D. Purcell, slightly.

Company D—2d Corporal J. Craig, slightly; privates H. Burditt, mortally; P. Hambleton, Allen S. Montgomery and Henry Vanfleet, severely.

Company E—4th Corporal John Jennison, privates Thomas Welch and John S. Vandiver, severely; privates Jasper Honk, Wm. Park, David Walker and Isaac Yelton, slightly.

Company F—Privates John Hunter, severely; Thomas J. Bruner, slightly.

Company G—Ass't Adj. 2d Lieut. Thomas W. Napier and privates Wm. Stinger and Thos. Hughes, severely; M. A. Devanport, slightly.

Company H—Sergeant J. Ward, mortally; Corporal H. Craig, slightly; privates F. Oak, mortally; F. Fox, Wm. Dalley, R. Holden, J. Willington and G. Simmons, slightly.

Company I—Privates J. Redmon, E. McCulloh and W. Blowett, slightly; E. S. Cahill, mortally.

Company K—Sergeant W. Lilliard, severely; privates B. Perry, do.; W. Waford, mortally; G. Leavy, W. Howard and J. Montgomery, slightly.

MISSING.—Private Jackson Catlett.

RECAPITULATION.—Staff, 2; killed, 42; wounded, 57; missing, 1.—Total, 102.

GRAND TOTAL.

Killed and wounded in cavalry regiment	61
" " 2d infantry "	102
Kentuckians killed and wounded at Buena Vista	163

FIRST REGIMENT OF ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

Killed—Colonel: John J. Hardin. Captain: Jacob W. Zabriskie. First Lieutenant: Bryan R. Houghton. Principal Musician: Austin W. Fay. Privates: company B, Francis Carter; company C, Merrit Hudson; company D, Augustus Canaught, John Emerson; company E, Silas Bedell, Henry H. Clark, William Goodwin, James J. Kinman, Randolph R. Martin, Greenbury S. Richardson, Samuel W. Thompson, Charles Walker; company H, Elias C. Mays, Matthew Dandy, William Smith, Thomas J. Gilbert, John White; company K, John B. Bachman, Ingharat Claibsottle, Conrad Burrh, John Gable, Aaron Kiersted, Joseph Shutt, William Vanklebarker, George Pitson.

Wounded—Privates: company D, Michael Fenton, badly; Jas. T. Edson, slightly, Francis Quinn, slightly; Potter Clemens, slightly. Company C, Corporal: Patrick Mehan, badly. Private: Jas. Robins, slightly. Company D, Sergeant: John C. Barr, badly. Private: Albert Kershaw, badly; company E, Watson R. Richardson, badly; William Stevenson, badly; company F, Job Brown, slightly. Second Lieutenant: Hezekiah Evans, slightly. Company H, privates: Jackson Evans, slightly; William Roe, slightly; Daniel Penser, badly; company K, Geo. Slack, slightly; Frederick Rekow, badly. First Lieutenant: John L. McConnell, slightly. Privates: Robins, slightly, serving with company B, 4th artillery, Washington's battery; Brown, slightly, do., Richardson, do.; Ralco, do.; Duff, do.; McLean, do. Phillips, do.

the notorious Canales, attacked a wagon train of one ıred and ten wagons, loaded with provisions, &c., for the ıy; and some three hundred pack mules, belonging to 'chants. The detachment, of about thirty Kentuckians, r Lieut. Barbour, who guarded this train, were surround- / numbers and taken prisoners; the train was captured,

INDIANIANS KILLED AND WOUNDED.

SECOND REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

d—Captain: Woodward. Lieutenants: A. B Rountree, Fletcher, Ferguson, Robbins, T. ; lleson, Atherton, Price. Privates: company A, William Kenyon; Wil- . ; oral: company C, Hibbs. Privates: Woodling, Patton, Therman, Mc- ; D. O'Conner; company H, Lortz; Couze, Cruesman, Schoolcraft; ; , Bradley, McCrury, G. Clark, Hogan, Squires; company K, Ab- M. Bonner, Kinsey, S. C. Marlow, Robert Marlow, Wilkes, Ragland, W. J, Jenkins, Hill. Company B, First Sergeant: Faysoux. Privates: Em- rock, Crippen.

ns: Coffee, Baker. Lieutenants: company B, John A. Pickett, Engle- ant: Whiteside. Sergeant: company A, J. W. Farmer. Privates: Aul- , Bird, Cooper, Cheek, Dempsey, Hutchings, J. T. Lee, Mansker, Pate, G. W s, White. Sergeant: company C, Brown. Privates: Burke, Bryant, Clarage, Foills, Fletcher, J. N. Nolland, Montgomery, Ricketts, Maxwell, H. C. Smith, ump, Lawyer, Tidd, Fisher; company E, Hill, Riley, Robinson, Wright; company H, ix, Irridges, Felameir, Funk, Gerhard, Ledergerber, Ranneberg, Talbot, Traenkle, Upp- First Sergeant: company I, Reid. Privates: Henkler, White, Murmert, Fisher, Kell, McMurty, Warcheim, Hiltonan; company K, G. T. Montage, Hamilton, Hoge, Kel- Marlow, John Ragland, N. Ramsey; company G, Wiley, McLain; company B, Scott, e. Quartermaster Sergeant: Buckmaster. Sergeant Major: Ketter.

ing—Privates: company H, Mellen, Sinsel; company G, Messinger.

COMPANY TEXAS VOLUNTEERS.

Killed—First Lieutenant: Campbell. Second Lieutenant: Leonard. Corporals: Voort and King. Privates: Clark, Donovan, Donohoe, Forche, Hazes, Godvin, Finney, McLean, Klinge and Lagston.

Wounded—Captain: Conner. Private: Freaekind.

Missing—Sergeant: Donop. Corporal: Brand. Privates: Gillerman, Bruno, Miller, Smith and Larlg.

INDIANA VOLUNTEERS—BRIGADE STAFF.

Wounded—Brig. Gen. Joseph Lane, slightly.

SECOND REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Killed—Capts. T. B. Kinder and Wm. Walker; 2d Lieut. Thomas C. Parr; Sergean. McHenry Dozier, company E; Privates Francis Bailey, Chas. H. Goff, Warren Robinson, and A. Stephens, company A; John Shoultz, J. Lafferty, A. Massey, D. McDonald. and J. T. Hardin, company B; M. Lee, W. Richardson, and J. H. Sladen, company D; W. Akin. and J. B. D. Dillon, company E; H. Matthews and J. H. Wilson, company F; H. Draper, R Jenkins, and T. Price, company H; R. Havritt, and H. M. Campbell, company I; J. C. Higginbotham, A. Jenkins, G. Chapman, O. Lansburg, E. Wyatt, T. Smith, and J. Teasley company K.

Wounded—Capts. W. L. Sanderson and John Osborn. both slightly; 1st Lieuts. S. W. Cayce, and J. Davis, both slightly; 2d Lieuts. H. Pennington, D. S. Lewis, J. Moore, and J. A Epperson. all slightly; Sergeants A. H. Potts, company D, J. Carathers and V. Vestal, company F, and P. D. Kelse, company G, all slightly; Corporals E. Macdonald, company B, and D. C. Thomas, company D, both badly; Corporals A. B. Carlton, N. B. Stevens, and J. Bishop, company F, all slightly; Corporals T. Rawlins, company G. slightly, and H. Wilson, company H, severely; Musician A. M. Woods, company D, slightly; Sergeant E. Blalock, company G, badly; Private T. Goen, company F, slightly; H. Mulvany, M. Queen, and J. McMilton, company G. all slightly; W. Adams, W. Benefiel, R. Colbert, and V. Swain, company H, all severely; J. Ingle, A. Smith, and W. D. Wier, company H, slightly; N. Rumley, company I, badly; G. McKnight and G. Wilhart, company K, slightly; A. C. Farris, company K, badly.

fifty of the teamsters massacred, and the wagons burnt; the remainder of the wagoners escaping to the mountains.

On the 23d, Urrea attacked Lieut. Col. Irvin's command of 2d Ohioans, at Marin, but retired from before the town on the morning of the 25th on the approach of Maj. Shepherd, from Monterey, with three companies of the first Kentucky

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ARKANSAS TROOPS KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Missing—Privates J. Brown and J. H. Harrison, company B; W. Spalding, company D B. Hubbard, company I.

THIRD REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Killed—Capt. J. Taggart; Privates, company A, J. M. Buskirk, W. B. Holland, D. J. Stout; company C, J. Armstrong; company D, W. Hueston; company F, D. Owens and W. C Good; company G, J. Graham.

Wounded—Major W. A. Gorman, slightly; Capts. J. M. Sleep and V. Conover, slightly Corporal R. K. Nelson, company A, slightly; Privates, company A, J. S. Levo, severely, W G. Applegate, J. Y. Davis, J. W. Pullim, and J. Knight, slightly; Corporal J. Gringrich. company B, slightly; privates, J. Faulkner, dangerously H. Hind, jr., H. C. Hoyt, D. Conroy, and T. H Bowen, slightly; company C, J. Voight, dangerously, P. Lain, M. Cole, F. Aubke, A Armstrong, J. Orchard, and G. Miller, slightly; Corporal R. Torrance, company D, slightly; privates T. Gustin, severely, J. Hinkle, J. Rochat, E. Bright, and A. Merrill, slightly; Corporal E. Weddel, company E, severely; privates, J. Brown, and M. Mathis, severely, S. Fred, J. G. Arter, and S. Stuart, slightly; company F, J. C. Burton, seriously. O. Dyer, J Inskeep, D. Hunter, D. Coughenower, H. C. Riker, and Corporal J. S. Wilson, slightly; company G, J. Meek, seriously, E. Mace, J. Patterson, and J. Cain, slightly; company H, R. Benson, and J. Kelley, severely; Sergt. W. Coombes, company I, mortally; private M. Conaway, slightly; Sergts. R. McGarvey, company K, severely, S. P. Turney, slightly; privates J. Hervey, seriously, M. Gray and Y. Foster, slightly, S. Bradley and S. Lefollet, severely.

ARKANSAS CAVALRY.

Killed—Col. Archibald Yell; Capt. Andrew R. Porter; Corporals R. M. Sanders, W. Gomberlin, and D. Stewart; privates Wm. Phipps, H. Penter, J. H. Higgins, G. W. Martin J B. Pelham, J. Ray, W. Robinson, D. Hogan, P. Williams, A. Teague, H. Wynn, and T. C Rowland.

Wounded—1st Lieut. Thos. A. Reader; Sergeant-major B. F. Ross; Sergeants J. D. Adams, slightly, G. Y. Latham, Z. D. Bogard, and H. L. Hamilton; Corporal M. L. Poplin; privates M Kelley, B. F. Nicholson, W. B. Searcy, Joseph Penter, C. Taylor, L. McGruder, J. F. Allen, M. Graham, D. Logan, A. C. Harris, J. Wilmouth, Franklin W. Brown, O. Jones, slightly, E. McCool, J. Williams, L. B. Beckwith, J. Ray, L. A. Twrouski, W. Turner; J Biggerstaff, W. Gibson, R. Arnold, and J. Lowallen, slightly; J. Johnson, and C. Sullivan.

Missing—Privates L. Settle, Jos. Green, George Norwood, and M. Parker.

REGULARS—GENERAL STAFF.

Killed—Capt. Geo. Lincoln, Assistant Adjutant General.

Wounded—First Lieut. Henry W. Benham, Engineers, and Bvt 2d Lieut. Francis T. Bryan, Topographical Engineers, slightly.

FIRST REGIMENT DRAGOONS.

Wounded—Capt. Enoch Steen, severely; privates, company E, Holloway and Anderson, severely, and Sherrod, slightly; company A, Lanning and Sweet, severely, and Waggoner, slightly.

SECOND REGIMENT DRAGOONS.

Wounded—Bvt. Lieut. Col. C. A. May, severe contusion; private W. F. Erbe, company E, severely.

THIRD REGIMENT ARTILLERY.

Killed—Private Christian F. Walhinger, company C.

Wounded—Sec. Lieut. Samuel G. French, severely; company C, Corporal Robert Garns, severely, privates Wm. Hudson, severely, Jacob Weyer, slightly; recruit Jesse Gormer, 3d infantry; company E, Ord. Sergt. Bowning slightly, Corporals Wolf and Boyle, severely, Tischer, musician, supposed mortally, Livingood, artificer, severely, privates Bel., danger

regiment, under captains Triplett, Bullen, and Kearn, two companies of the first Ohio regiment, under captains Bradley and Vandever, and a detachment of Kentucky cavalry, under Lieut. Patterson, with two pieces of artillery, who came to the relief of Col. Irvin, and the reinforced detachment returned towards Monterey.

On the 26th, Urrea, attacked Col. Morgan, of the second Ohio regiment, who, with two hundred men, was also going on to Monterey, where, all the troops that could be spared from the various garrisons in the valley of the Rio Grande were ordered to concentrate.—This attack was made with vigor, and kept up with spirit. Lieut. Stewart gallantly dashed forward, through the enemy, and overtook Lieut. Col. Irvin, who immediately turned back with two companies,—Capt. Bradley, first Ohio, and Capt. Kearn, first Kentucky,—and the action terminated in the repulse of Urrea, with a loss of about sixty. American loss, four killed, and a few wounded. Among the killed was Capt. B. F. Graham.

After this, on Sunday, March 7th, Gen. Urrea with one

REGULARS KILLED AND WOUNDED.

ously, Fisk, Kemp, McCray, Levier, Kollisher, and Gilliam, slightly, Smith and Kelsey, severely, Shane, mortally, McDonnell, dangerously.

Missing—Privates Marcus A. Hitchcock, company C, Youngs and Morgan, company E.

FOURTH REGIMENT ARTILLERY.

Killed—Company B; privates Holley, Weekly, Kinks, and Doughty; Green, recruit, 3d infantry.

Wounded—First Lieut. J. P. J. O'Brien, slightly; company B, Sergt. Queen, and Lance Sergt. Pratt, slightly; privates Puffer, mortally, Hannams, Beagle, Berrier, Floyd, Baker, Tharman, Brown, Birch, Butler, and Clark.

RECAPITULATION.

	Killed.	*Wounded.*	*Missing.*	*Total.*
Volunteers—1st Mississippi Rifles	21	51		93
1st Illinois	30	25		55
2d Illinois	47	74	3	124
Company Texas	14	2	7	23
Indiana—General Staff		1		1
2d Indiana	32	36	4	72
3d Indiana	9	56		65
2d Kentucky Foot	44	57	1	102
Kentucky Cavalry	29	32		61
Arkansas Cavalry	17	32	4	53
Regulars—General Staffs	1	2		3
1st Dragoons		7		7
2d Dragoons		2		2
3d Artillery	1	21	3	25
4th Artillery	5	15		20

Total Volunteers, killed, wounded, and missing 649
Total Regulars, killed, wounded, and missing 57
Grand Total of killed, wounded, and missing 706

thousand six hundred men attacked, near Ceralvo, the detachment of Major Giddings, first Ohio, who, with a force consisting of three companies first Ohio, under captains Bradley, Armstrong and Kenneally, two companies of first Kentucky regiment, under captains Howe and Fuller, and a body of Arkansas cavalry, under Lieut. Thompson, with two pieces artillery, under Lieut. McCarter,—in all two hundred and sixty men,—was escorting a train of one hundred and fifty wagons, and also the bearers of Gen. Taylor's dispatches, from Monterey to Camargo.—The attack was made with vigor by a much superior force, and was continued for two or three hours before Urrea was repulsed.—From the great length of the train, the enemy were enabled to entirely surround the rear-guard, and summon them to surrender; but this summons was disregarded.—Urrea was repulsed, with a loss of forty-five killed and wounded. Loss of the detachment, seventeen killed, and forty wagons taken.—(The mules becoming alarmed at the firing, were unmanageable, and rushed in among the Mexican forces on either hand, hence their loss).—Major Giddings, the morning after this gallant action, entered Ceralvo,—and, for the want of ammunition, his ammunition wagon having been one of those that the frightened mules carried among the Mexicans, and which had been set on fire by them, was compelled to wait until the 12th, when Col. Curtis, at the head of near twelve hundred men, the 3d Ohio regiment, and a part of the new Virginia regiment, came up from Camargo, by whom he was supplied, and resumed his march.

Col. Curtis continued on towards Monterey; came in sight of the enemy; halted, and prepared for battle. But at this time Old Zach. himself was coming down the road from Monterey, with the dragoons, Kentucky cavalry and Bragg's battery. Urrea found himself in an unpleasant situation, and immediately retreated to the southward by the route he had come.

If Col. Curtis had not halted, he would have forced Urrea to have fought either with him or with Gen. Taylor; but of that he was not aware at the time, and knowing Urrea's force to be some three thousand men, he wished to be fully

)ared. With Urrea's retreat, the valley of the Rio Grande
s again free from the enemy.

anta Anna continued his retreat to San Luis, thence to
city of Mexico, having induced the population to believe
t he had gained a great victory over Gen. Taylor. He
ıd the principal parties in Mexico engaged in another
lution.—He stopped this; united all; roused their enthu-
n, and that of his army, and great rejoicings took place
ughout all Mexico on account of his *victory*.

ving now given an account of all the fighting that had
n place in the winter, we will close the chapter and
in return to Tampico, where, at the end of chapter X, we
the troops of Gen. Scott embarking for Vera Cruz; and
the embarkation of our regiment, we will commence
:r XII, ending this only with the remark, that proposi-
of peace, in the meantime, had again been made by the
d States' government, through Señor Atocha, and re-
ed by the Mexican. Señor Atocha had been conveyed to
ı Cruz, in the revenue cutter Forward; had landed under
er of a flag of truce, on February 9th; he proceeded directly
the city of Mexico with his dispatches; arrived there on
the 13th, and laid them before the Mexican government.—
He was, on the next day, ordered to leave the city, and, near
Jalapa, to await a reply; which, in a few days, was sent to
him, being a decided negative.—He left Vera Cruz on the
26th, and embarking again on the Forward, hastened back
to Washington.

List of the troops of Santa Anna's army, as they left San Luis Potosí, to attack Gen. Tay lor, as given in the Mexican journals of the day:—

January 26, 1847—the Sappers and Artillerists, with 19 guns of heavy calibre	650
January 29—1st, 3d, 4th. 5th. 10th and 11th regiments of the line, and 1st and 2d light troops	6,240
January 31—4th light troops, mixed, of Santa Anna. 1st Active of Celaya, do. of Guadalajara, do. of Lagos, do. of Queretaro, do. of Mexico	3,200
Total, departed from San Luis	10,090
Troops which Gen. Parrodi conducted from Tula, with three pieces of heavy calibre, with their munitions	1,000
Cavalry on the march	6,000
Artillery " " "	250
Division under Gen. Mejia	4,000
Grand total of troops sent against Gen. Taylor	21,340

CHAPTER XII.

MARCH 8TH. Nothing of interest had occurred during the few days that we have dropped the regular accounts of the journal. Some of the regulars, induced by the promises of the Mexicans, had deserted, and also one of our men had done the same. This scamp's name was Hill.—He joined the regiment at Matamoras, and was a member of Capt. Goodner's company. He has been mentioned before, in this work, as an interpreter. He was thought by many to be the same Hill who is so highly spoken of by Waddy Thompson as favored by Santa Anna.* Capt. Newman's company, of our regiment, had made a scout into the interior, beyond Altamira, after these deserters, and overtaken four of them, belonging to the artillery, bringing them back to town, where they were confined for trial.

The force designated to remain as the garrison of Tampico, was composed of part of the Louisiana regiment, stationed at the fortifications at the upper part of town, near the military hospital, and the Baltimore battalion, which was at the lower part, at the canal bridge, and three companies of regular artillery, near the Plaza. The troops of the differ-

* There was something mysterious about this young man from the first. He was always anxious to obtain information with respect to the troops, and at every town he made an immediate acquaintance with the alcaldes, which his intimate knowledge of the Spanish language enabled him to do.—In his unguarded moments he had communicated, from time to time, the facts that he had for many years resided in Mexico; that a wealthy Don had adopted him for a son; that he had resided at the cities of Mexico, Puebla, and San Luis Potosi; and his general conduct left no doubt, after he had deserted, that he had been with us only as a spy.—He wore off an officer's coat, thus making it appear to his former friends, the Mexicans, that he had held an office with us; and we afterwards heard that Santa Anna, on his return, gave him a captaincy.

ent brigades had been leaving as fast as vessels arrived, and now it was our turn, though as the horse transports had not come, we were to go as foot soldiers.

March 9th. This was a busy day with our regiment. In the morning, early, the bugles called each company into line; the rolls were run over, and eight men were selected from each company to remain with, take care of, and accompany the horses when they should be embarked;—the remainder were ordered to put up their saddles, bridles, horse-blankets, sabres and holster pistols securely, and mark them, to be placed in boxes and sent with the horses.—Each man of the regiment took with him his rifle, or carbine, and cartridge-box, only.

Breakfast was soon over, and now came much preparation; much inquiry for the men detailed to remain; each requesting and imploring these to take good care of their horses left behind; their long-tried steeds, who, for thousands of miles, had safely borne them thus far in the campaign.

At ten, A. M., the companies were formed, the tents were struck, and with our little baggage, we took our march into town. Arriving there, we remained in the square by the market a few moments only, and then marched down to the wharf and entered the surf boats prepared for embarking and disembarking the troops;—each boat would carry sixty men.* These were then rowed off to the steamboats, that lay ready to receive us. The first battalion was soon on board, crowded and jammed together. The one that company G was on was a propeller, and moved along slowly, though with much puffing and noise.—Both boats got up steam, and started down the river together.

We soon came opposite to our camp; the crowd of horses was there, though but few tents were left—only those for the men remaining. These collected together in groups on the ore, and raised a shout as we passed, which we returned; very man looked for his own horse on the bank, and ed at him, as on we passed for the bar.—The other boat

* These were sent from the United States, especially to embark and disembark the ps;—were of peculiar construction, and very large.—For view of one, see frontis-ce, "canal in castle."

passed us on the river, and got out much before us; and while she was making her way to the distant ships, that lay far out, almost on the very horizon, we only had come near the bar, and began to feel the waves a little as they rocked us. In a short time we were over it, and our little steamer, puffing and blowing, rolled and pitched in the breakers, and many of the men, who were crowded so thickly upon her decks, became dizzy with the motion, and their faces were pale with sea-sickness, while they held on to the rigging.—Our vessel made more noise than ever, but went so slow, that how she had ever reached the coast of Mexico, became a wonder to us.

The other steamer had all the men she carried, with their baggage, on the ship before we came near her, and had commenced the return; but in half an hour we came up also, near to her as she lay at anchor. She was the Essex, of Boston, a noble vessel, of eight hundred tons burden. She was high above the water;—her lofty masts and lengthy spars were in perfect trim and order; her numerous ropes were drawn in straight lines. She had been freshly painted without, and her color was bright. She rolled gently at her heavy anchors, in the swell that came in from the Gulf. Our little steamer came along side of her, and made fast, and the men commenced climbing up her sides.—The baggage and arms were passed up, and in half an hour everything was on board, and the crowd of men were looking strangely at every object around them, not knowing which way to move.

The sailors of the ship were engaged in getting the baggage and arms down on the lower deck, and in showing our men their berths, all arranged for them; but many were so confused with the strange scene around them, the long rolling of the ship, and the busy movements of the seamen, that they found all their baggage removed and piled up below, before they were aware of it. The ammunition was placed in the magazine, the deck cleared up, and everything put in order. There were four companies of us now on this ship, with their officers, the remaining company of the first battalion, Caswell's, having gone before. The second be

talion went on board the ship Desdemona, lying about a mile from the Essex. Four other ships lay at anchor within a mile around, having on board tke 4th and most of the 3d Illinois regiments.

March 9th. Last night, the ship rolled heavily on the waves; and it was difficult for our men, crowded together, to pass one another, up and down the hatchway ladders, or to walk the unsteady foundation, either on the upper or lower deck. They turned pale and sick, especially below, where their heads were rendered giddy, by seeing everything, apparently, move around them. Blankets were thickly spread on the upper deck, each with an occupant, vomiting, and thinking he was about to die.—When offered breakfast, they refused it, with a shake of the head, indicating extreme disgust. They wished themselves on land; and would, when up, lean on the bulwarks, and gaze most wishfully on the low coast they had left, and which was visible in the distance.—The other ships, in the offing, were rolling and pitching in the same way; and on looking at them with a spy-glass, we saw many on their crowded decks, leaning over the bulwarks, and "casting up their accounts."—Sea-sickness is most unpleasant, and many think they will surely die from it.—One man on board was declaring, last night, that he could not possibly live till morning; but still he is alive, and a little better. It never killed any one yet; but, on the contrary, is said to be highly beneficial.

The steamboats have been bringing off, this forenoon, the second battalion of our regiment, to the ship Desdemona, mentioned yesterday. Col. Thomas and Major Waterhouse are with them; while Lieut. Col. Allison is in command of us; though, at the present time he cannot command himself, being laid up in his state-room with sea-sickness.

The day was calm until noon, when a little breeze from the south-east sprang up; and to our gratification, the captain of the ship gave the order to heave up the anchor.—"Man the windlass!" shouted the first officer of the ship, a burly, weather-beaten, humorous-looking, old sea-fowl, with a voice like a speaking-trumpet. "Man the windlass!" shouted the second officer, a younger tar, as he heard the

order.—"Aye, aye, sir," "aye, aye, sir," answered the seamen, as they seized their handspikes, and jumped to it; and it was soon slowly revolving, bringing in the heavy chain cable, the clanking of which on the deck was pleasant to us all, for it told us that we were about to proceed to sea.

Soon the ponderous anchor was broken from its hold on the bottom; then came the orders, "Hoist the jib!" "loose the top-sails!" and while some of the seamen did the first, others ran nimbly up the shrouds, and soon sail after sail, above and below, were hoisted, sheeted out, and exposed their wide surface to the breeze, which filled them; and the large ship, under her press of canvass, leaned over to the wind, and gathered way through the billows, which broke and parted at her bows. The anchor was now brought up to its place, and we stood out to sea.—The decks were cleared up; the loose ropes, that had been used in "getting her under weigh" (as the sailor's term is, for raising the anchor, spreading the sails, and putting the ship in motion to the breeze), were coiled up. The seamen took their stations, and all was at once reduced to the sea regulations, of order, form, and discipline.

Two of the other ships got under weigh, at the same time. The ship Sharon was a little later than ourselves, in getting her anchor up; and as we passed her, the troops, with which she was crowded, gave us three cheers, to which we heartily responded.

In an hour we had lost sight of the land, and the scene was but the blue of the sky above, and the darker blue of the water below and around.—The waves now were larger, and the ship rolled more; and many that had hitherto been well, became sea-sick, and came up on deck, unable, from their giddiness, to remain below. Those who were sick at the anchorage, now became worse; and those who were well, sought their berths, and laid down to sleep.

March 10th. Early this morning, all crowded upon deck, each one wishing to see the sun rise from his bed of distant waves, and to breathe the fine air of the sea, after having been crowded in the confined atmosphere below, only relieved

by the draft of freshness brought by the wind-sails, so arranged as to send a current down.

Many of those sick yesterday are getting better, and are eagerly inquiring for coffee, bread, meat, &c.; while some look worse than ever. They appear to feel most melancholy, as they lie upon their blankets upon the deck.—With those who are well, the greatest good humor and sport prevails; they have many odd remarks to make at the new scenes presented to them.—When the seamen are engaged in their duties and passing to and fro amid the lofty rigging, our men look up at them and often call out to them, with some queer expression, which is highly amusing to the old tars. The captain of the ship is indulgent towards their capers, and laughs heartily at the droll remarks. Capt. Welch was solicitous for the comfort and convenience of all; and seeing many with nothing to engage their attention, he brought to them all the lighter reading of his library, and distributed histories, novels, and romances, with a liberal hand.

March 11th. This day we have had light winds from the south-east, ahead, and we have stood out into the gulf, and back towards the coast; and this evening, are about twenty miles from the Island of Lobos, where our colonel has orders, discretionary, however, to report to the officer in command.—The wind is very light, almost calm; and the lofty ship rolls, and the sails flap against the masts and rigging, with a short, irregular motion, most disagreeable to those who are sick; who wish, from their hearts, that she would keep still a single moment.—The day has passed away pleasantly with all others. Many are enjoying the light breeze, who were yesterday laid up in their berths. The bulwarks, or sides of the ship, and the topgallant forecastle, or small, high deck at the bow, have been crowded with men, leaning over the side, observing the blue water passing behind, or extended in its vast expanse, bounded only by the distant horizon, with here and there the figure of a ship, so far off that they looked only like pillars of white; or else watching the flying-fish, which sprung from the water, with their wings outspread, and dashing along the undulating surface, disappeared as suddenly as they rose; or they crowded up the

lower rigging, to catch a view of a huge shark, that rolled his body at intervals, above the waves, displaying the large fin on his back, as he slowly moved along, as if conscious of his power; now coming near us, and then receding; while his attending pilot-fish approached, and examined everything thrown from the ship. Some were much interested at the frolics of a large number of porpoises, that gamboled around the ship, leaving us with extraordinary speed, and returning as swiftly, crossing and recrossing each other amid the foam at the bows, then again dashing away, full of life; in each successive appearance they were greeted by a shout from the crowd. Little birds, blown off from the land, that had kept upon their fluttering wings until nearly exhausted, came to us to rest, and save themselves, alighting on a rope, or on any person's head.

The men caught a small shark, and he, for a time, took their attention.—His broad, shovel-shaped nose; his eyes, standing so far on the sides of his head; his skin, rougher than sand-paper; his singular tail, and his mouth far under his head, with his sharp teeth, rendered him an object of curiosity. One after another turned him over and over, and at last some of them, with "Bull Killer" and "Skin Horse" at the head, determined to eat him; which they did, amid the jeers of the others, declaring, however, that he was first rate.

Many listlessly threw themselves on the decks, and laughed and chatted quietly for hours.—Towards evening, all was a burst of fun and frolic. One of the men turned orator, and mounting on the elevated hatches amidships, gave a long harangue to the listening crowd.—Went into a description of his past life;—then branched off into an account of the difficulties and inconveniences to which all ardent lovers of liberty, equality, and social drams, were subjected to in the campaign, &c.—Then changing his ground, he discussed the questions of the tariff, the distribution of the public lands, the annexation of Texas, and the present war; then assured his audience that he came to the war for the same reason as did many of the officers, not from any particular love for fighting, but to be able, hereafter, to gain popularity; said that in

this he should succeed; that he was sure of being sent to the legislature of Tennessee when he returned, and from there was equally certain of going to congress;—that then he should do much for his native state.—But his main effort should be the extermination of the abuses existing in the present system of distilling liquors; a martyr in the cause of which, he said, he believed he should yet yield up his life. He exhorted all the men to fight bravely when they arrived at "Peter Cruz," as he called it, and not, by cowardice, to disgrace their mothers;—he said that for his part, he should fight well, and then he was sure of being cordially received by his patriotic old mamma when he returned; and that after the first congratulations had passed, the old lady would say to his younger brother, "Here, John, take the jug and run quickly down to the store, and get a gallon of the best whisky for Zed: for he used to love it mighty well before he went to the wars, and I reckon he loves it yet."—This speech lasted for an hour and a half; and such a flow of words, and often eloquence of style, had the speaker, (a man of great natural talent and rare ability), that the deck was crowded with listeners, both officers and men, who, with loud laughter, cheered him continually during its delivery.

At sunset, the barometer in the cabin fell rapidly, and fearing the approaching change of weather that it indicated, Capt. Welch ordered the topsails closely reefed, the jib hauled down, the top-gallant sails furled, and the main-sail clewed up, bringing the ship under short sail; but, as yet, there was no indication in the sky of any change.

Friday, March 12th. Last night, at one o'clock, a norther came down upon us, verifying the prediction of the truth-telling barometer. The sails were filled, bellying to the blast, and the ship drove on through the waves, which soon rose high, curling and breaking in foam. With the wind on her quarter, under short sail, she ran till morning, at ten miles an hour. Her motion of rolling and pitching now became more violent, and, urged by the wind, driving the foam from her bows, she rose upon a wave and dashed forward, and downward, as it passed by and broke ahead. She rolled, and rose up on the next, as it came on, again to plunge for-

ward and settle down for a moment in the trough of the sea; while the wind blew with a rustling, whistling, moaning noise—now increasing in shrillness and intensity, as the ship rose high on the crests, and then lessening for a moment, as she settled in the troughs. The men, as they came up from below, could not walk forward or aft, save by catching at the ropes, the cooking-places, water casks, &c.; and they looked around, dizzy and bewildered.—The centre of the ship, between the fore and mainmasts, was occupied by the long-boat first; and in front of that was the galley, or house of the cook, containing a large cooking-stove, copper kettles, &c. On each side of the long-boat, were two wooden frames, or large fire-places, lined with brick, with a grate of iron across;—these were for the soldiers to cook, divided into their different messes.—Now the men, crowded round these, caused much merriment to the seamen, as they endeavored to make coffee, and cook their pork.—Every surge of the ship sent them back and forth in a body, against one another;—from the fire-places and casks, on one side, in a moment they were heavily thrown against the bulwarks on the other.—Some were grumbling, some laughing, and some swearing—especially those who slipped on the deck, as the ship pitched, and came down, with heels up, and elbows in the water that ran about in the scuppers; their coffee-pots were upset, and their bread and meat were sliding round on the deck. It was a job for them to go even to the water casks; they caught hold of one another, and of the rigging, and seized their chances, between the rolls and pitches, to jump along three or four feet, to catch again; many were at the sides, holding on, and looking wistfully and sourly at the cooking places:—these wanted their coffee, but they thought it more than it was worth, to try to make it at such a time as this; though the seamen glided along, at their various occupations, without difficulty: for it was their own life, and habit enabled them to step as securely on the unsteady deck, or on the ropes of the lofty yards, and masts above, as our men would on their native hills and mountains.

After those who had succeeded in getting their breakfast had finished it, and those who had not, had satisfied them-

selves with dry crackers, raw fat pork, and cold water, they retreated to their berths, to forget, in sleep, the unpleasantness of their present situation.

The wind blew strong from the same quarter all the day, the same scene continuing until about four o'clock, when the gale began to lull, and the billows somewhat to subside; and the motion of the ship became more easy, though at times violent—occasionally throwing a half dozen men from one side to the other; or some unlucky wight, who had stepped on the upper part of the ladder to descend to the lower deck, from his foothold, sending him down the steps, bumping on each, to the deck below, on which he was invariably sprawled out, greeted in his coming by shouts of laughter, with all kinds of exclamations, from the numbers around—themselves safely stowed away in their berths, there secure, and not being willing to venture out of them.—The wind continued to lull, till, at sunset, the ship became steady enough for all to come above, where they amused themselves much until after dark, when they turned in again;—and now, having got well of sea-sickness, they had a time of sport, singing, laughter, jokes and mimickry, in the darkness below.

Saturday, March 13th. We continued to run, having last evening tacked ship to the south-westward, under easy sail. In the distance were two ships, and a brig, standing on the same course with ourselves. This morning the wind was from the north, but was light. At eight o'clock, we saw the land on the starboard bow;—at eleven, having stood in nearer, we found that we were directly opposite Alvarado, thirty-three miles south-east from Vera Cruz. We came in near enough to see the fort with the spy-glass, and the flag-staff on it, and the road which led over the hills into the town, and a large dark, waving mass of Mexican troops, apparently cavalry, upon it. The town itself was concealed from our view.

This place has been twice attacked by our squadron, but not taken; the vessels not being able to get over the bar.—The view of the coast was clear and distinct, for a long distance, to the south-east and north-west. To

the south-east was visible the summit of the mountain Tuxla, said to be an active volcano.—In the distance, to the north-west, was the point Anton Lizardo.

As soon as our position was ascertained, the ship was braced sharp up to the wind, and stood to the north-east; the other vessels followed our example. After standing out some hours, she was put upon the other tack; and, coming in sight of the coast again, at six, P. M., we found that we were directly north of Alvarado, ten miles; but now, to our astonishment, the norther, which we had thought breathing its last, sprung up again in power, and blew so hard that this was no place for us, for the land lay directly to leeward; and the captain put the ship directly out to sea, on a north-eastern course. The wind blew stronger in the course of the evening, and whistled shrilly through the rigging;—the ship pitched and rolled in the sea that was raised.—All of our men went below early to their berths. The gale increased as the night drew on; blew more furiously after dark;—a heavy sea arose, and the driving ship labored hard;—the caps of the waves broke over her.—Towards morning, the close-reefed maintop-sail, with a loud report, burst from its bolt-ropes; another, however, was quickly sent up, which stood out the gale.

March 20th. Another week had our noble ship been driving about, tost by the tempestuous winds, and unable to reach her desired port. We had fallen in with the ship Desdemona, on which was our second battalion, and with several other vessels, all endeavoring to make the port of Vera Cruz. The norther had driven us all far southward, and the wind, though it had lulled away, still blew from the former quarter; our efforts to beat against it were almost unavailing.—Our men lined the sides and deck of the ship, in listless impatience to arrive at the scene of conflict.

At one o'clock, A. M., to our great joy, the north wind had entirely ceased, and a light breeze sprung up from the south-east, which was favorable to us. The ship was immediately put on the course for the coast, and sheet after sheet of sail was spread on her lofty masts. The other ships, which were scattered for miles around, on the distant horizon, did the

same, spreading all their canvas to the favorable wind. After sunrise, the bows and lower rigging of the ship were crowded with our men, straining their eyes over the vast expanse of water ahead, to catch a glimpse of land; but hours passed without a word being heard from them.—At eight o'clock, an old salt, belonging to the ship, who had followed the sea for forty years, came up on the fore-castle deck, looked a moment, and then discharging a huge quid of tobacco, hitching up his duck trousers, and half rolling himself round, so as to face the quarter-deck, called out, in a loud voice, "Land O!" The sound brought every man to his feet.—"Where away?" shouted the chief mate, who was near the cabin.—"Two points on the starboard bow," growled out the old seaman.—But still we could not see the least trace of it, during half an hour's nearer approach. The low, blue coast then became visible, but it was enveloped in mist, and only partially discernible.—The ship still continued to approach directly in towards it; and, after a while, flashes could be perceived, to light up the mist, at regular intervals. Now, with great interest, all strained their vision to bring something more in view.—In another half hour, the heavy booming of cannon could be heard.

At ten o'clock, we had approached so near as to hear distinctly the reports, and shortly after, the fog dispersed, and revealed the scene, in the clear sunlight, most beautiful and intensely interesting.—Before us, and to our right, in the distance, was the heavy castle of San Juan de Ulloa; it was wrapped in clouds of white smoke, that rolled away from above its large extent; the bright flashes darted out from its bastions, and the Mexican flag waved gracefully above it.—Between the castle and ourselves, the expanse of water, within the reefs which were close to us, was calm and tranquil; to the left of the castle, and beyond it, was the city of Vera Cruz, with its numerous domes and spires, in full and distinct view; in its extent, surmounted by so many of these it appeared to be a beautiful place; and wholly unlike any city we had ever seen. The left side of this was also obscured by the volumes of white smoke, which gracefully rose over and among the spires and domes.—To the left

of the city and castle, the coast was a succession of low sand-hills, which appeared bright in the morning sun; they run far off to the southward, losing themselves on the distant horizon. Near these, to our left a little, but yet in front, was a large fleet of our vessels of war and transport-ships; their forest of tall masts, so closely standing together, were surmounted by gay flags and streamers.—They were lying just out of effective reach of the guns of the castle.—Still farther to the left, and almost opposite to us, was the more distant anchorage of Anton Lizardo, where many ships were lying.

On the north of the city and castle, the low range of sand hills extended in the distance, until lost to the view.—Two small islands, and several reefs, or shallow places of coral rock, on which the waves were breaking sullenly, lay between us and the anchorage, which now we were steadily nearing. Of our army nothing could be seen; being all hidden by the sand-hills, at the left of the city. But as we came nearer, we could observe its position, from the clouds of smoke and dust, raised there by the exploding bomb-shells, that were thrown from both castle and city. We heard their reports, nearly equal to those of the artillery that sent them; but no answering cannon could be heard from our forces.

In coming into the harbor, the whole view presented to the eye was most interesting, and rendered exciting by the continued cannonade. It was of one of those scenes which, at first view, strike the mind of the beholder with such a vivid and distinct impression, as will ever afterwards impress it upon his recollection.—While all, crowded on the ship's bows, bulwarks, and in the rigging, were gazing at this extensive view, their eyes wandering from object to object, we were steadily drawing near; sail after sail was furled, and shortly after, the ship moved in among the crowded fleet at Sacrificios Island; the anchors were let go, and she swung round to her heavy chains; the sails were all furled, and the voyage was ended.—Every man was ordered to collect his arms and baggage, and be ready to leave the ship at a moment's notice.

Shortly we were approached by a small four-oared boat,

in which was the harbor-master, who, as he came alongside, informed the captain, that on account of the use of the surf-boats, we could not be landed until the morrow; and observing the impatience of the men at this, told us, that there had not yet been anything done, in the way of answering the fire of the city and castle; that eleven days before, on Tuesday, the 9th instant, all the troops then here, about seven thousand, had landed at once, in magnificent style; but that the continued norther, which had kept us at sea, had prevented the landing of the cannon and mortars necessary; and that it would yet be two days before these could be planted, to begin operations.—Informed us, that Gen. Worth's division had taken position nearest to the harbor; that Gen. Patterson's was next, back of the city, and that Gen. Twiggs' was at the water's edge, on the other side; and that the city was thus completely invested, and the trenches were made within eight hundred yards of the walls.—Told us that the remainder of our brigade, 1st and 2d Tennessee, together with the 1st and 2d Pennsylvania, and Gen. Quitman's, the South Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia, and the Rifle regiment, had so far, done the skirmishing and fighting, driving the Mexicans within their stronghold; and that the 2d Tennessee, under Gen. Pillow, after charging up a steep hill, on a large body of Mexicans, in the rear of the city, as they drove them off, found themselves on the top in full view, and within a short range, of the city walls and batteries; they planted their flag, and in answer to their three loud cheers, they received the first fire of the Mexican batteries of the city, which had since been kept up.—That a continuous storm of balls and shells, from the city and castle, swept like hail, over our lines; but, from the troops being hidden in the trenches, the loss of life on our part as yet was small.

He spoke in the highest terms of the generalship of Scott, of his masterly plans, the exactness with which he worked them out, and their effect in saving the lives of his men.—Said the city and castle were doomed: with such a general as Scott, and such men as he had,—that fall they must;—that now, with ourselves and the other troops in the harbor

there were about thirteen thousand five hundred men under his command.—He then took his leave, warning the captain to look out for the renewal of the norther, for the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere indicated that the furious wind was not yet done. The barometer, in the cabin, told the same tale; so the ship was moved into a better position, under shelter of the small island of Sacrificios, and both anchors dropped, and a great length of the heavy chains given out.

We now had leisure to observe the scene around us; and the bulwarks were crowded with men, looking round at the large fleet of vessels; among which were several British, French, and Spanish men-of-war, and several steamers; our own fleet of vessels of war,—numbers of large ships, from which many boats were passing back and forth, with troops, cannon, mortars, ammunition, shells, shot, provision, &c., landing them on the beach, to the left, about a third of a mile distant. This beach, for a mile up its extent, or until it came within reach of the guns of the castle, which was about two and a half miles in front, was lined, under the sand hills, with tents, occupied by the quarter-master's men, and temporary store-houses, for the protection of the articles landed. The whole length was covered with piles of these stores, and was crowded with men. When brought near to the vision by a spy-glass—which revealed upon it a most busy scene—it appeared like the levee of a vast commercial city.

The continued cannonade from the castle drew our attention to that fortification, and we observed a large vessel lying under the protection of its guns; on inquiry, we found that she was a French barque, which had run the blockade, delivering to the castle a full cargo of excellent powder and shells; and was now awaiting her chance to get out without capture. Many a curse had been bestowed upon her by our naval officers and men; but she was now in a situation in which they dared not interrupt or approach her.

The island of Sacrificios, near us, too, was an interesting object: for upon it the Spaniards, under Cortez, first landed, more than three hundred years since, when about conquer-

ing the empire of Mexico.—Here they found that human victims were yearly offered in sacrifice to the heathen gods of the Mexicans;—hence they gave the present name, Sacrificios, to the island. A heathen temple was on it then, and, of late years, several subterranean apartments have been found in its little extent, and many curious sculptured specimens of earthen and stone ware, manufactured with great skill by the ancient Mexicans, and used in those sacrifices of men, have been brought to light.

After night had set in, we remained upon deck to witness the light, flashing continually from the guns of the city and castle, and the brilliant red glare of the congreve rockets that rose, passed over, and exploded; but at length, wearied, we retired below to sleep.

Sunday, March 21st. We had gone below last night at a late hour, and having the information we had received to converse upon, we did not immediately retire to our berths. Many of the men sat in groups on the lower deck, with their candles giving a flickering light upon the tiers of rough berths in the middle of the ship, and on either side, in which, in rows above each other, many had gone to rest;—the ship being quiet and still on the water, for the first time since we had come on board. Before we dispersed to our berths, the norther again rushed down in power from the open sea upon the coast, city and fleet.—The ships swung around to its force, and the furious wind soon raised a heavy sea, which, notwithstanding the protection of the island and reefs to seaward, ran so high as to give all the heavy vessels much motion.

The wind increased through the night, and on coming on deck in the morning, a wild scene was before and around us, far different from that of the day before. The wind was coming in from the open sea, and the mountain waves, rapidly following each other, were dashing in a terrific manner on the reefs, which protected us from their violence. The water about these appeared white with foam.

On the reef to the seaward was the wreck of the French
e, that, last evening, had been so quietly lying under
ns of the castle. She had endeavored to get out, but

being chased by the steamer Hunter, ran aground;—the steamer also shared the same fate, as well as a schooner that had endeavored to come in. The crew of the barque were in a most perilous situation, for she was a total wreck;—every mountain billow dashed over her broken frame;—her deck was ripped off; her foremast and mainmast were gone;—from her mizenmast was flying a signal of distress, their flag at half mast. The French man-of-war immediately, in the violent gale, sent boats to rescue the crew, who, in the intervals between the waves, could be seen with the spy-glass hanging to the timbers.

"Served her right," said the captain of our ship, as he took his spy-glass from his eye; "but,' continued he, "they can well afford to lose the ship, after making as much as they have by running the blockade."—"But, captain," said one of our officers, as he took the glass and directed it towards the wreck in the distance, "her money was probably on board of her."—"Oh no!" replied he; "they were not so foolish as to risk the loss of that; probably they have sent it off by the British mail steamer, which our government, perhaps too fearful of offending John Bull, have allowed to run back and forth continually during the blockade."—And so we found it afterwards:—the vessel was lost, but the money was safe.

In the fleet of vessels around us, every exertion had been made by each to hold on during the stormy night; most of them, like our own, had done so; but three had parted their chains, and had gone ashore, where they now lay, with every wave dashing over them. On one, which had filled with water, were the seamen in the rigging, and a crowd of men on the beach, endeavoring to rescue them,—which was finally accomplished, with the loss of two lives, as we afterwards learned. A beautiful white-bottomed brig had gone on bows foremost, and was hard up on the sand.

In the distance, in front, the firing from the castle continued unabated, but the wind was so furious, and so moaned and whistled in the rigging, and the dashing surf on the reef was accompanied with so loud a roar, that both combined prevented us from hearing a single report of the heavy artil-

The smoke from each discharge blew away in an in-
t, instead of lingering in graceful volumes above it, as
esterday.

lo more artillery or stores could be landed, for the boats
e not able to come to the fleet;—many of them were thrown
by the gale on the beach:—so, seeing no prospect of
; landed this day, and knowing, that in such a wind,
ng was doing on shore, we contented ourselves with
hing the furious war of the elements, and the deadly
of men visible above it. Listlessness no one could
with such a grand scene, upon so magnificent a scale,
it now presented to them.—The lofty mountain of Ori-
, near an hundred miles distant in the interior, could be
by its white top of snow.

ring the forenoon the scene continued of furious
d with a c sky; of rapidly chasing waves within the
; of rollin essels riding out the gale; of the beach,
ed with foam; of the heavy surf of the sea thundering
the reefs to windward and upon the shipwrecked ves-
, and of the cannonade from the castle and city.—In the
rse of the afternoon the wind began to abate, and the boats to run, although it was still dangerous for them; but the necessity for cannon, mortars, shells and shot, was pressing on shore.—The flag was hoisted at our foremast head, in token that we were ready to go, but it was so late that no boats came for us; and so, disappointed, we again went below, and endeavored to pass away the time as easily as possible. With our ships of war was much ceremony and firing salutes during the day, on account of change of commanders —Com. Perry taking the place of Com. Conner. Night came on, and with it the brilliant scene of rockets and bomb-shells from the enemy.

Monday, March 22d. This morning the wind was from the south-east, and the boats had been passing to and fro from daylight, and the greatest activity was seen among them and on the beach, which was, for its long extent, almost black with the crowds of soldiers, seamen and laborers, at their va-
ties Early in the morning, to our great joy, we saw
ie heavy surf boats, each manned by twelve sea-

men, coming towards us and the Desdemona, near, on which was our second battalion. They came alongside, and sixty of us went at a time, in each, towards the beach, where, when we struck the sands, we leaped into the water, holding up our guns, and soon stood upon the shore amid the crowd, close by the stranded vessels.—The boats made other trips, and in an hour or two the whole regiment had left the two noble ships that had so safely brought them, and were again on the land, in the midst of a noisy, apparently confused, extensive scene, up and down the beach, which can be imagined, but not easily described.

During the time occupied by the boats, as they returned to the ships for the remainder of the regiment, we that had landed threw ourselves on the sands, and, interested in the busy scene around us, passed the time pleasantly, awaiting their return.—The waves threw up many articles from the wrecked barque on the reef; pieces of her timbers and furniture were scattered along the shore. Seeing a large object floating about in the billows, some of the men stripped off and swam to it, and found it to be a hogshead of wine.—With a whoop they announced their prize, and many jumped into the water, and it was soon rolled ashore, the head knocked in, and a merry, noisy crowd of us gathered around it.—Every canteen near was filled; and every one had a draught of the fine liquor that the waves had thrown up, as if to "treat" us on our landing at Vera Cruz.—A cask of porter soon followed, but that was taken possession of by the officer of regulars stationed near.—Then came another object, and they dashed in for that. On getting it out, it was found to be a box of shoes. These were sold by the rescuers at twenty-five cents per pair. They were gone quickly.—Something else was seen, and the swimmers buffeted the rolling surf, and brought to shore a couple of boxes of ground pepper, in papers. The pepper was found to be but little injured. This was distributed gratis among the messes.—Broken kegs and rolls of butter, mixed with sand, came up; but, on account of the sand, not much attention was paid to it. Some "cute" chaps, however, silently collected it. and at night, placing it in camp-kettles,

ted it; the sand—which was clean—sunk to the bottom,
they had plenty of first rate butter: a great rarity.—
se were pronounced "smart," by their comrades.—Many
r things came; and, after the regiment had gone, some
he regulars dashed in, and, in place of a box of goods,
ught out a dead man—one of the shipwrecked seamen.
e regiment had landed upon the beach. It was formed
marched up to the encampment of Gen. Pillow's brig-
in the investing lines, to the rear of the city; leaving a
l guard, to protect the tents and baggage remaining.
this guard the author was detailed; and, there being no-
g to do, he easily obtained the opportunity to stroll
nd.—And now, reader, will you, in imagination, accom-
him?

the first place, you stand on the flat, sandy beach,
, from the breaking waves on the right, (as you look
oward the city), is about one hundred yards in width, to
base of the fantastic shaped sand hills on the left.—
se, by the wind, are thrown up like snow-drifts, in every
pe and form, from fifty to two hundred feet high. They
a parallel with the beach, all the way up towards the city;
and the whole extent of this, thus bounded, is crowded with busy life.

Near us are the vessels which have been driven ashore.—They are endeavoring to get off, having all sail backed to the wind; and heaving at their anchors, placed out in the deep water.—You observe, to the right, the harbor spread out; the large fleet at anchor; the busy boats, going and returning; the horse transports, throwing horses and mules overboard:—these are swimming ashore, and are caught by men stationed along, up and down the beach.—On the distant horizon you perceive many vessels, which are coming here, and departing hence.—On the left, you see nothing but the bare sand hills, and the camp of a company of infantry—the picket guard in this direction.

In front you witness such a crowd and bustle, for a mile or more, that you can make nothing of it: so in that direction we will walk; but first notice that the beach, after stretching up that distance in a straight line, takes a sweep off to

the right, and then all of it is bare; for in this course it comes directly under the range of the guns of the castle, which you see still further up. There are no tents or men upon it there, save, in the distance, three horsemen, which you observe going up with a white flag.—Do you notice, that on the heavy battlements of the castle, the firing has ceased?—the smoke rolls away from it, and a corresponding white flag is run up on the staff, near to the national ensign. You observe, too, that the firing ceases from the city, and all is still.—The bearer of the flag is Capt. Johnson, of the engineers; he is accompanied by a bugler, to sound a parley, and an interpreter. He is bearing from Gen. Scott a summons to Gen. Morales,* the Mexican commander, to surrender the city,—the castle he asks not for; but proposes,

* SUMMONS OF GEN. SCOTT TO GEN. MORALES.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
Camp Washington, before Vera Cruz, March 22, 1847.

The undersigned, Major General Scott, General-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, in addition to the close blockade of the coast and port of Vera Cruz, previously established by the squadron under Commodore Conner, of the Navy of the said States—having now fully invested the said City, with an overwhelming army, so as to render it impossible that its garrison should receive succor or reinforcement of any kind; and having caused to be established, batteries competent to the speedy reduction of the said City—he, the undersigned, deems it due to the courtesies of war, in like cases, as well as to the rights of humanity, to summon his Excellency, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the City of Vera Cruz, to surrender the same to the arms of the United States of America, present before the place.

The undersigned, anxious to spare the beautiful city of Vera Cruz from the imminent hazard of demolition, its gallant defenders from a useless effusion of blood, and its peaceful inhabitants, women and children, inclusive, from the inevitable horrors of a triumphant assault, addresses this summons to the intelligence, the gallantry and patriotism, no less than to the humanity of his Excellency, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Vera Cruz.

The undersigned is not accurately informed, whether both the city of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, be under the command of his Excellency, or whether each place has its own independent commander, but the undersigned, moved by the considerations adverted to above, may be willing to stipulate, that if the city should, by capitulation, be garrisoned by a part of his troops, no missile shall be fired from within the city, or from its bastions or walls, upon the Castle, unless the Castle should previously fire upon the city.

The undersigned has the honor to tender to his distinguished opponent, his Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Vera Cruz, the assurance of the high respect and consideration of the undersigned,

[Signed] WINFIELD SCOTT.

town is surrendered, not to fire on the castle, provided it does not fire upon the city. It is not known what this summons will have; as Gen. Morales is said e a brave and accomplished officer; but we will soon ut.—As it is now about two o'clock, P. M., and the offi- carrying the flag has instructions to return within two , and will not be back in less than that, let us pursue walk.

ter passing the stranded vessels, and the landing horses, ee the stores of all kinds, large piles of corn, oats, l, pork, &c., are being taken off by the wagons, to the missary's and quartermaster's stations. We notice a lred or two drowned horses that are washed up by the s; these were from a wrecked transport, off the harbor. bserve landing, great numbers of ten inch shells, which n and laborers are rolling up on planks, laid along water;—look at these shells; they are round ..ouow; have one circular hole in them; by looking into you perceive the solid iron is nearly two inches thick; the shell,—can't do it well—too heavy. Observe what ..e of them are here;—beyond, what quantities of cannon shot. You see about fifty men carrying from the large boats square copper boxes of powder, up to the magazine, which is rudely built of rough plank at the base of the sand hills.

Here are several mortars landing; you observe that they are short and very heavy; set on a stout timber bed; their mouths are slanting up, and you can almost stand in one; look into it,—it is very thick and strong; it has a chamber below for the powder. They are hoisting one of these cumbrous, destructive pieces, upon a heavy wagon frame, and in the night it is going up to the trenches, to be placed in position.—Lying beyond, are four Paixhan guns; each one weighs two or three tons;—see how heavy, how large; the balls they carry weigh sixty-eight pounds each, and a crashing they make, when they strike;—here is a large pile of these shot. These cannon are to go up to the batteries also. —Here are large piles of wagon-bodies, axles, tongues, and bows, and hundreds of men are fitting them together, for they are all wanted now.

Farther up, we witness crowds of seamen, naval officers, quartermaster's men, and soldiers, all at work, as quickly as they can spring to it, in the landing and taking care of so many heavy articles, all needed immediately.—There are a number of men fitting upon the mules the new harness, which, in boxes, is near in large quantities.—Here stand a row of wagons, loaded with the heavy shells, to start after dark for the trenches; there, powder-wagons, the same; here a row of mules, packed with barrels of bread, tents, and mess-bags, are quietly going on towards the camp, around the city.—There come a drove of wet mules, just landed, dashing along, and driven towards the yard, which is farther up.

Along the beach are many small boats from the men-of-war and the transport-ships; many landing sutler's goods, &c., and men are taking them up to the store tents, that are thickly stowed one to another, under the sand hills, each with a crowd of men around, buying. High and dry, here and there, you see the huge form of one of the surf-boats, which the storm drove up. There are thirty, or more, of these so placed; and as they are all wanted, and nearly all injured, you observe gangs of ship-carpenters knocking and banging away at each.—Up a little further, brass cannon and howitzers are landing, and the soldiers are attending to them as they come.—Officers, both army and naval, wagon-masters, quartermasters and commissaries, mounted, and on foot, are in the scene, giving orders, &c.—Let us look into one of the sutlers' large tents, and see the style in which he has to stow his goods;—all in confusion, boxes upon boxes, around, and above his head, leaving a little area in which he stands to sell.—You have to keep a look-out every moment, or you will be run over, in the busy scene; the noise of so many operations going on, confounds you.—What a jabbering, cursing, commanding, shouting, and noise mingles from the long extent of the beach, and is drowned in the heavier roar of the waves.

You may travel much, reader, but it will be a long time before you see such a noisy, active, various, crowded scene as that on the beach below Vera Cruz now. Look around upon it up and down: you see land and water; you observe

ships, brigs, schooners, steamers, launches, surf boats, long boats and small boats; you perceive artillery, munitions of war of every kind, stores of all sorts, wagons, mules, and horses; you witness officers, soldiers, seamen, sutlers, wagoners, ship carpenters, wheel-wrights, laborers, and loafers, crowding, winding and turning among one another, and between and about the high piles of stores, shells, cannon balls, goods, &c., &c., from the brink of the dashing waves to the sand hills.—Look again, for it is worth seeing.

Passing on, after a long walk, we come up to the head of the busy scene, and to the point where the beach takes a long turn off to the right, going towards the castle and city. It will not do to go further upon it, for we might get our heads blown off, if the firing re-commences: so we will turn to the left, along the road which has been made among the sand hills, towards the camp.—The sand now is deeper, and hard to travel through. The marquees of the quartermaster and commissary departments are standing thickly on each side of the road, and the bare hills are thrown up like huge snow drifts above them. Around, in the little valleys between these, some of which are covered with short grass, are the camps of that portion of the troops that are near Gen. Scott's quarters; which are over the next sand hill, to our left.—The road is crowded with soldiers, laborers, seamen, horses, mules and wagons, going to and returning from camp; and there are many loose *burros*, whose owners have fled from our neighborhood, and these are left to pick up their living;—they are caught and rode by the sailors, who cut a queer set of capers upon them.

Let us leave the road, and turning to the right, climb up the huge sand hill and look around. As we go up, you observe our tracks far behind us, appearing precisely as though they were made in snow; and you see the surface of the hill is blown into thousands of little ridges and waves, like those that the wintry storm at home piles up on the snow-drifts.

Arrived at the top of the hill, a beautiful and extensive view presents itself. Before us is the city; on the right of it, the castle; between us and the city, is the succession of sand hills, which, however, there, are mostly overgrown with

musquit bushes. On our right, we see the beach we have left, the fleet at anchor, the islands of Sacrificios and Verde, and beyond them, sweeping around the castle in front, the broad blue gulf. The castle is quiet, and the white flag of truce is still flying from above it. The city is silent also; —no smoke is seen; no report heard.—Our trenches, that run along between the city and ourselves, cannot be discerned, being concealed by the musquit chapparal on the hills intervening;—not a living person can be seen in that direction, though the trenches are full of soldiers, artillery and infantry, of Gen. Worth's division.

None of our camps can be seen from this height; they are all in the valleys and among the hills behind us, and stretching round to our left, until Gen. Twiggs', the farthest advanced, is upon the edge of the water, to the north-west, and the city is thus completely invested;—no one can go in or come out, save foreigners, who have been allowed, until to-day, to leave the city and go on board the men-of-war of their respective nations. But to-day, Gen. Scott has stopped that privilege, of which few have availed themselves; the greater number, with the consuls of England, France, Prussia and Spain, at their head, believing that the city is so strong and well armed that we cannot take it, and that the heavy stone buildings are impervious to bomb-shells; and if we should attempt to carry it by storm, that we would be cut to pieces: —and in this last they were not far wrong.

In the city before us, and around the walls in the heavy forts, are nearly five thousand men, besides the inhabitants, well armed, with near two hundred cannon and mortars; and in the castle to the right are more than a thousand men, with more than two hundred heavy cannon and mortars, with plenty of water and provisions, they say.

But see:—down comes the white flag which has been flying on the castle, and we see the horsemen, with the flag of truce, coming back along the beach.—What can be the answer to the summons?—Look at that white smoke that darts out from the city wall, followed by the thundering report: see the ball throwing up that cloud of dust near the trenches. —That gives us the import of the answer.—See another from

the same fort, and shortly another; but none are directed towards the horsemen, who, with the white flag, come rapidly down towards us;—they dash along the beach, by the base of the hill, and, taking the road by which we left, a few moments' gallop brings them to the quarters of Gen. Scott.

Let us look back over the hill, towards those.—Hardly a moment has elapsed, before another horseman leaves there at full speed; does not, like the others, go up the beach.—He has no flag.—He comes to the foot of the hill, and passing around it and among the others, is lost to our view, as he moves directly towards the trenches. Let us look; he undoubtedly carries the order to re-commence firing, for several mortars are there ready.—Every moment seems an age of suspense. That single battery of the city is still in operation, and its balls plow up the earth.

But see:—from the tangled distant growth of chapparal between us and the city, a large volume of smoke shoots up and rolls out; another, and still others follow. Hear their stunning reports, together with the noise of the shells, as they pass over into the city. The first few burst in the air; —their sharp peals are like sudden claps of thunder.—The city opens from all the batteries in reply. Witness the volumes of smoke rising from the castle, and the booming of artillery is incessant.

Turn around to the right;—see, gracefully approaching, five slender schooners on the water, and with them two steamers;—they take their positions. They are what is called the Mosquito Fleet, and each one carries heavy guns. (Their position, taken this evening, is placed on the right of the picture, opposite page 536). See the smoke rising from them;—how rapidly they fire.

Now, a grand scene is before us.—Seven large mortars and four six-inch cohorns, smaller, but destructive, from the trenches or batteries Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are at work, and seven heavy guns from the musquito fleet; while so many are opening in reply from the castle and city, that we cannot keep the account. But the iron storm of shot and shells,

ting, plowing, and throwing up clouds of sand and dust,

and near, are doing but little damage to our troops or

batteries, for they are all in the long narrow trenches, under the ground.

Scott has not, in his arrangements, allowed any detachment to expose itself to the destructive fire that would so quickly annihilate them. Every advance near them has been made by digging at night, like moles, unseen, slow, but sure.—See the shells from the fort in the city, nearest the harbor, burst round the vessels.—Here is an officer who is directly from Gen. Scott's quarters. He informs us that Gen. Morales sent back a reply to Gen. Scott, refusing to surrender the city, and stating his determination to defend it to the last.*

His action he has now commenced in good spirit.—The scene is such that you could remain and gaze with interest unabating for hours; but night is approaching, and the author must return to his post. Let us descend the hill to the road;—there we learn that Capt. Vinton, commanding the batteries, was killed a few moments since, by one of the enemy's shells.—Turning to the crowded beach, we find it still busy as before, though now it is near dark. Three heavy mortars are hoisted on the wagon frames, and these, with the wagons containing shells, are about starting out for the trenches, as they cannot now be seen in their approaches

* REPLY OF GEN. MORALES TO GEN. SCOTT'S SUMMONS.

[TRANSLATION.]

Vera Cruz, March 22, 1847.

The undersigned, commanding general of the free and sovereign state of Vera Cruz, has informed himself to the contents of the note which Maj. Gen. Scott, general-in-chief of the forces of the United States, has addressed to him, under date of to-day, demanding the surrender of this place, and castle of Ulua; and, in answer, has to say, that the above named fortress, as well as this place, depends on his authority, and it being the principal duty, in order to prove worthy of the confidence placed in him by the government of the nation, to defend both points at all costs, to effect which he counts upon the necessary elements, and will make it good to the last;—therefore, his excellency can commence his operations of war in the manner which he may consider most advantageous.

The undersigned has the honor to return to the general-in-chief of the forces of the United States the demonstrations of esteem he may be pleased to honor him with.

God and Liberty.

(Signed) JUAN MORALES.

To MAJOR GENERAL SCOTT,
General-in-chief of the forces of the United States, situated in sight of this place.

there.—Following the beach down, as we came up, through the multitude, who seem to forget that there is any such thing as rest at night, we at last come to the stranded vessels, and near them are the guard fires, made of pieces of the wreck washed ashore. Will you, in imagination, stay with us longer?—If so, sit down on the sand around the fires, and take with us a tin cup of hot coffee and a piece of hard bread, with a piece of fat pork.—We would offer you more, if we had it.

Gaze around: how wild and dark is the scene;—the troubled waves dash at our feet, and sparkle in their foam: the roar of their breaking is continual. The wind is cool, coming off the water.—See how many lights are visible in the crowded fleet of vessels to our right, and what a number more are up the beach.—Observe how singularly our camp fires light the sails of this brig, that is ashore so near by us that her bowsprit is almost over us.—What a ghastly flickering they throw around, and illumine the rough faces of the men who are seated about you.—Are we not a hard looking set, with our long mustachios and longer whiskers, and rough garbs, illumined by so wild a light?—But your attention is drawn away from these things, which, although strange and interesting, cannot keep your eyes from the magnificent scene that is still going on towards the castle and city.—Observe the bright flashes there, as they for the instant light up the battlements of the castle, and render the heavy volumes of smoke above it luminous against the surrounding darkness. See the same from the vessels: one instant by the light you perceive the whole outline of the vessel, her masts, and spars, and smoke, and then all is dark, but again illumined; above the whole, describing long arcs of circles high in the air, see the bomb-shells rising over and falling, shown in their courses by the fuses, which twinkle like bright red stars. —Observe that flash; notice the shell thus rising;—count seconds: one, two, three, four,—it is still rising,—five, six, —it takes its long sweep,—seven,—it is coming down,— ' 'it, nine,—it has fallen.—How heavily must that iron mass hundred pounds have fallen from such a height as that. ook, the flash of the explosion brings out in view, for an

distant, the domes and spires among which it descended.—The report you cannot distinguish from the mingled roar of the whole. Several shells, from both sides, are in the air at the same moment; and, in their high sweeps, they cross each other in their lines of light.—After gazing at the scene, you may turn from it; yet you will be drawn to look again.—But the night wears away, and on the cold beach around you, the soldiers, spreading their blankets, and wrapping themselves up in them, seek repose, careless of the morrow's fate.—This sleeping on the wet sea-beach, with the cold wind upon you, and with a single blanket only, for bed and covering, with the dashing waves at your feet, and the reports of artillery to lull you, you will not choose; and as the author is obliged to take it so, and from continued exposure it comes easy, too, he bids you, reader, good-night.

Saturday, March 23d. Will you again accompany the author during the day? for in the various and important events, so rapidly taking place, it is difficult to keep up with them; and now, every day is an age in the life of one who sees them.—From the same spot we left last night, on the beach, look with him around you;—the cannonade and bombardment have kept their continual thunder for the whole night, until about an hour since. The landing of shot, shells, powder, cannon, and stores, has not ceased; fatigued men have been replaced by fresh ones, and all is yet going on. Another vessel has arrived, during the time, with thirteen additional mortars, and quantities of shells, which are landing.—Now there is a quiet in the storm of war; the scene around is beautiful and grand. The castle and the city are noiseless; the little fleet, that have done such service during the night, have hauled off from their position, and are resting, as it were, near the heavy ships of war. The batteries are also quiet.—The sun rises from his ocean bed, and his rays brighten up the magnificent stone buildings of the city and the imposing battlements of the castle; the Mexican flag, of green, red, and yellow, floats in the morning air from the lofty staffs above them; while from every mast in the crowded fleet, the stars and stripes flow out in the light breeze.—The mountain of Orizaba, with its lofty, snow-capped summit, is distinctly

visible inland; but this only foretells the renewal of the norther, notwithstanding the calmness of the scene at present. —The scene is beautiful of nature's quiet, but it is soon to be broken; for, see, the signal flags are run up on the commodore's ship. These are responded to by the musquito fleet, of the seven small vessels; which immediately move out, and fall in a line opposite the castle, and about a mile from it. —It is a dangerous position.—Look at them, as gracefully they lay, each with its large flag waving above.—There goes the smoke; and again, again, and again; the loud reports reverberate along the sand hills, in the still, morning air. Their shells burst in and about the castle, but that seems to notice them not.—"A little puppy, barking at a bull-dog," says a volunteer, seated on the sand, and with us watching them.—Still they fire, and are enveloped in their smoke; now a slight wind takes that off over the water. But look! all along the battlements of the castle, dart out sheets of flame and clouds of smoke;—around the vessels the water is thrown high, in perpendicular columns of dashing spray; how thickly the balls fall near them; but the vessels are so small, that, at the distance, they are hard to hit; amid the terrific hail of iron that is pouring upon them, they still keep up their fire.—The batteries open on the land, and throw their shells into the city. The three mortars, that went out last night, are added to those in operation before. The peals of all are continual; the ten-fold number of cannon along the city walls, reply in their thunders; and in the immense volumes of smoke that rise from all, and hang over and among the domes, the destructive scene closes in.—But observe, one of the schooners ceases her fire; the steamer goes to her, and making fast, tows her rapidly away. She is badly struck; see, her mainmast totters.—You look round, at the splendid fleet of frigates and sloops of war, with the line-of-battle ship, Ohio, at their head, and each with their heavy guns protruding in bristling rows from their sides, and with gay streamers from their tall masts, and you ask why they do not go to the relief of the little vessels that are in such a dangerous situation.—They know better than to do it.—The castle is not now as it was when the French, by accidentally

blowing up one of its magazines, took it, when it was already almost dismantled. Then its powder was so poor, that the shot would not go through the sides of the ships; only nineteen of its guns were in a condition to be worked, and the garrison were all unprepared for an attack: but that catastrophe had learned them a lesson; and having had the whole summer to prepare, they have now put the impregnable fortress in its proper state. Its guns are good, its powder excellent, its garrison strong, and it is folly for our large vessels to approach it.—See, the signal of recall is hoisted on the commodore's ship, and the little flotilla haul off as fast as possible;—they have had enough, and will not try it again.

As the guard of our regiment are now going up to the camp, let us follow; leaving, for the present, the beach at this point, and passing up through the busy crowd, to the road, striking off in that to the left and winding among the bare sand hills, upon which not even a bunch of grass can find root;—passing over these, and through the little valleys between, we come to hills of thick chapparal, through which the road has been cut, and a mile and a half distance from the beach, brings us out to a plain, upon which is a winding lake of shallow water; at the extremity of this plain from the town, directly towards which it runs, is the old, ruined castle of Malibran; and in the rear of this, we find our regiment encamped, with some of the 2d Tennessee and Illinois infantry. In a building near, are the headquarters of Gen. Patterson. (*A view of this old ruin may be seen opposite page* 528).—We find that most of our regiment have been hard at work all the night, in hauling the sixty-eight pounders, from the beach, through the sand and over the hills, to a new work, called the Naval Battery, or battery No. 5, which is erecting in the chapparal on a hill, not far from the city walls; of the construction of this, the Mexicans, as yet, are not aware; it will play heavily upon them, for it is to mount six guns, three of them being sixty-eight, and three thirty-two pounders.—The men, after their work, are stretched out in their tents asleep, unmindful of the continued connonade, that is thundering upon the air. Some few are on the old ruins, looking

with interest upon the smoke-enveloped city, which is before them, up the plain; though the general will not let many show themselves at a time, lest they should provoke the cannon balls of the enemy, for we are directly under their fire. —We find that a prisoner was taken this morning, who says, that during the night our shells were most destructive within the city. And now, reader, the author can accompany you no farther to-day, not knowing at what time the regiment, or part of it, may be called upon for more active service.

—At noon, on this day, according to the indications in the morning, the norther sprung up again, and blew with great force; throwing the sand in the trenches, blinding the eyes of the artillerists, more than the gunpowder smoke from the mortars, and impeding the operations much; almost stopping the work on the new batteries, Nos. 4 and 5.—It also raised the waves in the harbor so high, and dashed them so on the beach, as entirely to stop the passage of the boats, and the landing of mortars, shot, and shells; and, for the want of the latter, the mortars, which had thrown them so incessantly into the city during the night and the forenoon, were now obliged to slacken their fire. This falling off seemed to encourage the enemy, who, from the castle and every fort, fired with renewed energy;—for the norther was not at all inconvenient to them, being at their backs, and the high buildings of the city broke its force; neither was there any sand within the walls, to trouble them; but without, it rolled in driving clouds into the trenches.—The smoke of the combat now was blown off as it issued from the mouths of the cannon, and all was clear above the city and castle.

As the excitement of the army, during the whole day and the previous night, had been highly raised, they were now, even to every soldier, fretted and displeased at the slow, languid manner in which our batteries were obliged to fire, for the want of shells, and on account of the furious driving sand; and at the rapidity of the discharges of the enemy's artillery, so cheered by the depression of ours.

In the mean time, the storm increased, drove many of the surf-boats upon the beach, and entirely stopped the busy scene there, before described; prostrated the sutlers'

store tents, and sent all the laborers over the sand hills, for shelter.—Night drew on, and still the norther continued unabated; the castle and the forts of the city were lit up by the continual discharge of their artillery; and the numerous shells seemed to ride out towards us, borne on the careering tempest; while only occasionally did our opposing shells rise up, and, breasting the wind, fall over from their long sweep into the city.

After dark we had an alarm of an attack in the rear, as we had had the night before; and as we knew that there were some two thousand lancers near by, there was much bustle and preparation made to receive them; but the alarm proved false.—About nine o'clock, our shells set fire to some of the buildings within the walls, and they burned with a lively flame, fanned by the stormy wind, and gave out a bright light, that glared on all the buildings, domes, and spires above, bringing them into strong relief against the dark sky beyond, and, with the lurid flashes of the artillery below, presented a scene of terrific grandeur. Then the fire burned down, and only black smoke arose from it, and all was gloomy and dark, save the flashes of the guns. We turned away from the strong blasts, in which we had been standing, gazing at the grand appearance, and, chilled through, sought our tents, where, thickly stowed to one another, and wrapped in blankets, we became comfortable, and lay quietly listening to the rushing wind and the ceaseless roar of the cannon, and dozed quietly off to sleep, when suddenly came an order from Gen. Pillow, for four companies of the regiment to march to the beach, and drag up one of the sixty-eight pounders, for the naval battery. We passed down, and by the long rope attached to the heavy timber wheels, under which hung the weighty piece of artillery, we tugged and pulled, and, in our endeavors, sweat and blowed with it, as we passed over the sand hills up to the camp, and then on to the battery, which, by the roundabout way we had to go, was nearly three and a half miles. It was the toughest sort of work; and, as we approached the place of the battery, had to be done in the stillest manner possible, to avoid discovery; the bushes concealed the place from the view of those in

the city. By hard labor we got it there late in the night, and it was soon hoisted upon its carriage, and stood with its four companions, with their long black muzzles projecting through the embrasures in the embankment, which was thickly laid up of bags filled with sand; the sides of the embrasures were covered with raw hides.—One more gun was lacking, which had been brought, by another detachment, as far as the camp at Malibran, but as the morning approached, it was stopped for the present; its carriage and plank platform, like the others, were ready for it, and we regretted that it could not be brought on; for by Gen. Scott's orders, not a shot was to be fired from the whole battery, or the least indication of its existence given to the Mexicans, until every gun was in position; for this battery, when known to them, from its elevated position would draw upon itself a heavy fire. It was to be manned entirely by seamen from the navy, which had furnished the guns, though detachments from the brigades of generals Pillow, Shields and Quitman, had erected the battery. —The naval officers and seamen were impatient for the other gun; for, without it, the battery would have to remain silent during the next day; and they had already brought the shot and ammunition.—So busy and hard at work had we been during the night, that we had scarcely noticed the firing, which from our side had almost ceased, and from the enemy had greatly slackened; nor had we perceived, till our task was accomplished, that the norther had spent its strength, and was now dying away.—Leaving the battery, with its five guns in position, in charge of the seamen, we were dismissed an hour before day, and finding our way back in the darkness to Malibran, we quickly stretched ourselves in our tents, and were soundly asleep.

Wednesday, March 24th. The fire, which had been slackened off before daylight, as mentioned, was renewed by the enemy with vigor, and all his batteries were served with great rapidity, and shot and shell fell in showers over our lines. Our own, though keeping up the fire, did so slowly, for want of shells; but every one of these fell within the city, and did fearful execution, as we learned from some deserters escaped from there last night.—The naval battery being

much needed, and the ammunition for it, as said before, being ready there, while that of the mortars was scarce, and the only remaining gun to be mounted in it being at Malibran, in front of the quarters of Gen. Patterson, Gen. Pillow, after examining the road, determined to run the risk, and take the gun to the battery in open day; being urged to it, by the slackening fires of the mortars, and the vigorous cannonading of the enemy. This was a hazardous undertaking; for, after proceeding over the hills about three-fourths of a mile, the way lay for several hundred yards, up along the side of the level railroad, in view of, and directly in front of one of the forts of the enemy, on the walls, the guns of which could bear directly down the road, and rake it for a mile.—Gen. Patterson, seeing the risk on one side, and the advantage, if successful, on the other, simply repeated to Gen. Pillow the order of Scott, that the guns should be carried during the night, and remarked to him, that if he undertook it, that it would be on his own responsibility. Pillow, after noticing that the battery to which he would be exposed was almost constantly enveloped in smoke, from its rapid firing, and as the wind had ceased, judging that such a movement as he contemplated, would not be thought of, or watched for by the enemy, determined to carry it into execution; and, ordering out a heavy detachment, the gun was taken over the hill to the railroad. Now came the trying time; the road was level; steep hills of chapparal were on one side of it, and the railroad on the other, and immediately in front, in the city wall, was the dreaded battery.—The detachment, with the gun, rapidly advanced up the road; the battery continued discharging its cannon at the trenches on the right, and still the clouds of smoke settled over it; once or twice this smoke blew away, so that it was clear for a moment; but the enemy there not dreaming of so bold a move as an advance uncovered, up the railroad, paid no attention to the view of it. Again the battery was enveloped, as the gun advanced; it reached the road to the right, up the hill; turned into it; was concealed by the chapparal; was undiscovered, safe, and soon at the battery, to the great joy of the brave naval officers and the seamen, who had given up all hope of

opening the fire of the work until the morrow.—It was soon placed in position; the chapparal in front, on the brow of the hill, was quietly cut down, and, to the astonishment of the Mexicans, so elated at the slackening fire of the mortar batteries, this opened its six pieces, with a terrific and well-directed discharge of its heavy shot; which, especially the sixty-eights, made the stones and mortar fly from the buildings and walls—they crashed through blocks at a time, and a different aspect was placed upon the day. All the Mexican batteries, that could bear, immediately turned their fire upon the new and destructive work; which, now under the command of Capt. Aulick, second officer of the naval force, sent the heavy shot with such effect among them.—This it kept up for the remainder of the day; in the afternoon, under the command of Capt. Mayo. In a short time after it opened, four sailors within it were killed, two badly wounded, and Lieut. Baldwin slightly. The dead were taken off, down to Malibran (*see picture*).—The battery was much torn to pieces by the shot of the enemy.

The storm having now subsided, the landing of shot, shell and mortars was resumed with spirit; and all the afternoon the beach presented the busy scene before described, and the utmost efforts were made to supply the mortar batteries, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, under the direction of Col. Bankhead, called Worth's batteries, with shells, so much needed by them.

At eleven o'clock, A. M., our shells set fire to some buildings in the city, and dense volumes of black smoke arose on the air, contrasting with the white volumes from the artillery below, along the walls, and increasing the grandeur of the scene.

The Mexicans fought with great gallantry and bravery;—their artillery was served in such a way as to excite the admiration of our officers, who universally remarked that it could not possibly have been better done; and the only reason that their powerful fire was not more destructive among us, was the most excellent arrangement of Scott, for the defence of the men.—They tore the heavy embrasures of the naval battery, at which only they could get a chance, completely to pieces. The fire from that battery had been di-

rected much against a fort opposite to it, called St. Barbara, —by our men called the "red fort," from the color of the buildings behind it.

The Mexican flag above this fort was cut down by a ball. —Our troops in the battery and trenches stopped firing for a moment, and raised three cheers all along, the sound of which rose above the bombardment. The Mexican officers and soldiers jumped down on the outside of their fort, seized their flag, and, amid the heavy balls that again flew among them, held it to its place until it was lashed.—This gallant act excited the astonishment of our men.

The fort to the eastward of it, or to the right as we face the city from the south, called by us, from its position "the railroad fort," fired most accurately. One gun, a twenty-four-pounder, was known by its peculiar sharp report, and the artillerists so managed it, that the balls, rapidly following one another, struck the naval battery, entering the embrasures, and never missing farther than two or three feet. Our men called it "spiteful," and named it the "spit-fire."

Another fort still farther to the east, along the walls, called by our troops the "white fort," was close by the "Gate of Mercy," or principal entrance of the city; (for a view of part of this fort, see plate of "Gate of Mercy," opposite page 566). It was very active, and had not suffered much; the naval battery not having any opportunity to pay its respects to it, having enough to do to answer the fire of the forts of St. Barbara and the "rail road fort." A mortar was between these two forts, by itself, and threw shells without intermission, sometimes at the trenches, sometimes at the naval battery, and sometimes over towards our camps at Malibran. One of its shells fell directly into the narrow trenches, about two o'clock, and stopped under the mouth of a mortar which had just been loaded, and its heavy shell lifted into it; instantly exploded, wrapped the mortar in flame, ignited its charge, thus sending its shell high in the air, to fall into the city; in the same instant tearing the heavy mortar, which could not have weighed less than two thousand pounds, from its firm timber bed, breaking the strong iron clamps that confined it, and sending the whole into the air,

out of the trench, and forty feet back from it.—Most fortunately, the exploding fragments of thick iron passed up, instead of horizontally in the trenches, thus saving the lives of scores of men.—Some of the small pieces mortally wounded one man, and severely three others.—several slightly. Lieut. Arnold—who commanded the mortar, that thus, after doing its duty, by a continual fire for two days and nights, (beginning on the afternoon of the 22d), had most unceremoniously been thrown out of the trenches,—narrowly escaped with his life, and was left without a gun.

This was but an ordinary example of the force of an exploding shell, but they are much more destructive when falling in a confined place—such as the interior of a building. What, then, must have been the effect in the crowded city, into which, though the firing last night and this day had been slow, the mortars have, in these forty-eight hours, thrown over two thousand of the ponderous missiles. These, from their high sweeps aloft, have descended with irresistible force on the stone tops of the buildings, passing through them and all the floors, and exploding below;—or else falling into the streets and crowded squares, spreading death and destruction among soldiers and inhabitants, men, women and children, in one common sweep. But that is not all—for the musquito fleet has thrown in over a thousand more;—not so heavy, but yet averaging sixty-two pounds each; and most destructive are they in explosion and powerful in force, in their descent from their high elevations, in which they appeared almost to touch the lower clouds. And not only these, but the naval battery, this day, so far, has thrown nearly three hundred sixty-eight pound and thirty-twos, direct shot, which have produced a terrible effect.

Yet there is not the slightest appearance of surrender or slackening of the enemy's fire.—With a strong and efficient garrison, a massive built city, and the best fortifications in, around, and near it, on the continent of America; with a most complete and heavy armament, and the utmost abundance of material of war—they seem determined to carry out the promise of Gen. Morales, to defend the place to the last; their flags yet wave out in defiance, supported by their

RUINS OF MALIBRAN.

ceaseless artillery.—They have probably fired about five cannon or mortars to our one; or, during the two days, so far, near fifteen thousand shot and shells, besides an enormous number before our batteries commenced. The plain and the hills are covered with balls and fragments of shells, and the ground is torn, blown, and plowed up in every direction. The awful, constant roar of this artillery, and the sublimity of the scene, the reader can hardly imagine.

Fort Santiago, on the water's edge, is a fine work, and its guns are most excellently managed. The magnificent castle in the distance belches forth its thunder, and sends its heavy shells over the lower part of the city, into our lines, without intermission.

Now, reader, leaving this thunder of the artillery and gathering volumes of smoke, to relieve our minds, let us turn our attention to the more quiet scenes of camp at Malibran, represented on the opposite page.—This old building that you see, still strong in its ruins, was once a splendid place. It was constructed more than two hundred and fifty years since, by a Spanish count;—was occupied by his descendants, as a palace, for several generations;—then went to ruins, and so remains.—The walls, which surrounded the grounds, are now broken;—some of them can be seen in the picture. That in the foreground, that runs around the lake, is nearly entire; it has several round holes in it, which are earthen jugs set in: for, to help out in the material of building, in this section, the former inhabitants set rows of jugs, each filled with earth, in the walls, and plastered them around with mortar and stone, and from their shape and situation, they were strong and firm. Now, many of them are broken into, and the sand has run out.

The water in front is part of the lake, which extends back towards the city; for, in this picture, we are supposed to stand upon the wall, which ends in the water, with the city behind us.—Several sentinels are standing around the building; in the ruined arches of this are yet perfect stone rooms;—these are the quarters of several of the officers. On the top of the ruins rises a singular and large species of ivy, which grows like a tree, finding no earth for its roots, which

insinuate themselves in every crevice of the stone, and run up and down the sides of the ruin, within and without, clinging with great tenacity.—The dead and wounded are brought in from the batteries, which are pealing away behind us.

On the hill, to the right, are the tents of some infantry companies, while behind the building, and on the left, crowded together, are those of our regiment, and two companies of the second Tennessee. On the little hill over the tents, are a number of our men looking above our heads in front, at the bombardment. The top of the old ruins would be crowded with these also, but Gen. Patterson has forbidden the men to go up there, because they draw the shells of the enemy, who are ignorant, as yet, that this is his headquarters. These are in the building to the right, but little of which can be seen. The muskets of a company are stacked before it, and a sentinel is on post by them. On the left of the picture is an officer, coming at full speed from the headquarters of Gen. Scott, bearing orders to Gen. Patterson.—Two sailors are riding little *burros* that they have picked up, and are exciting much sport.

In the camp, the men are variously employed:—most of them are now up, having been asleep at times during the day, exhausted by the hard labor of last night and the night before, in the batteries.—Parties of them have been out towards the interior; have had a skirmish with a scouting party of Mexican lancers in our rear, and repulsed them, killing some few, and now have returned, loaded down with fresh beef that they have killed, and vegetables from the gardens of the ranchos around, from which the families have fled; they are engaged in cooking, and have entirely forgotten the horrors of the bombardment that is raging, and are laughing, joking, telling tales, and enjoying themselves finely.—They were just now interrupted by one of the larger shells thrown from the city, which came with a loud noise, and caused them to dodge about the tents in an amusing manner; but the falling shell burst in the lake, and the pieces flew, amid the smoke and mud, with sharp, long, singing sounds, far on every side, but fortunately touched no one.

e stop and appear serious for a moment, as they look

at the mangled dead that lay under the arch of the buildings. One had a horrible appearance, that struck them particularly;—he was a stout, muscular man, of perhaps forty years of age. A cannon ball from that excellent gun, with keen report, that has been mentioned, had entered the embrasure, striking him fairly on the right breast, tearing a terrible hole through him, and taking his lungs through his back.—He was dead in an instant.—His countenance had an expression of mortal agony upon it;—his blear eyes gazed upward.—The wound was obscured with dirt and sand; his hands were clenched, and his bloody hair streamed back.

Two, that lay immediately along side of him, however, had smiles on their countenances, and one appeared to be in a sleep, with pleasant dreams, if we might so express it: for he was not mangled or torn.—He was neatly dressed, was young, of fine form and handsome countenance. A small piece of a bursting shell had entered his head, above his ear. He had bled but little, and died so quickly, that the laugh that he was giving utterance to, excited by an odd remark of his comrade, as they were assisting to fire the heavy cannon, was yet depicted on his countenance.—That comrade, too, had the same expression, as he was killed at the same instant; but he was most horribly mangled:—one piece of the shell had taken off the back and side of his head; the brain was all out of the bloody skull, and sand was stuck thickly within, while the long hair that covered the remainder was stiff with blood and dirt.—Another piece had struck his right shoulder in front, and had torn and mangled the shoulder, arm, breast, and ribs, in a hideous manner. The long strips of skin, of bloody, hanging flesh, of white sinews, ends of bones, and protruding vitals, with the torn clothing among them, and sand within him, was revolting to the eye; and the laughing features seemed to mock the terrible, mangled expression of death.

The batteries of the enemy increased in rapidity about sunset, and kept up vigorously; and, after dark, ours began to answer them more rapidly, for they had shells on hand; and, as large trains of wagons now went to them, conveying part of the immense quantity that had been landed during

the day, after the cessation of the norther, there was no fear of their exhausting the quantity: and they fired freely, with a continual roar.

Another fire was kindled by the explosions in the city, and burnt with brilliancy: in and around the flame, our bombs came down from the long sweeps, in which their courses had been traced by the twinkling fuses, and brilliantly, with seven roar, exploded in the midst.

At nine o'clock P M. the fire of the forts and batteries of the enemy had slackened, and shortly after ceased; and a sally of the garrison being expected, more troops were thrown into the trenches:—but the cessation proved to be from another cause:—four foreign merchants came out with a flag of truce from the foreign consuls in the city to Gen. Scott, requesting a truce and suspension of firing, to enable the subjects of the powers of England, France, Spain, and Prussia, to leave the city with their families, &c.;—the city was becoming too hot for them: and their opinion was altering with respect to the efficiency of the bombardment.—We now heard definitely of the terrible destruction within the walls.

No answer was returned this evening by Gen. Scott to this application, but every arrangement was made for carrying on the bombardment. Large quantities of shot and shells were landed from the fleet during the night, and the wagons were engaged during the same time in taking them to the batteries. Detachments of our regiment, and others, were occupied nearly the whole night, in repairing the damage done to the naval battery during the day, and in mounting the guns at a new battery, No. 4, which was between No. 5 and the mortars. These guns, two sixty-eights, Paixans, and four twenty-fours, were all got ready, and amply supplied with ammunition; and, at a late hour, the men detailed to work, after having filled and placed up two thousand bags of sand, returned to camp, and threw themselves down to sleep.

Thursday, March 25th. Early this morning Gen. Scott sent back his answer to the communication of the consuls of

gland, France, Spain and Prussia, which he received last

night.* As this was a decided refusal to their request, no delay was made in the progress of the bombardment. The fire had slackened off during the night on both sides; but directly after daylight, Gen. Worth's batteries, 1, 2, and 3, mortars and cohorns, (smaller mortars), commenced the fire with great rapidity, having now plenty of ammunition and shells. The new battery, No. 4, finished last night, opened in fine style, and fired most rapidly, while the naval battery, thoroughly re-fitted, was not behind, in pouring its heavy shot with the others, upon the devoted city. Already had great distress arisen within the walls.—Those who were at work in the darkness, on the naval battery, spoke, this morning, of the continual shrieking and wailing that rose from the city, on the stillness of the night, after the firing had ceased; but now that distress rapidly accumulated: for three shells to one, and double the shot, were going in.—

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* ANSWER OF GEN. SCOTT TO THE FOREIGN CONSULS.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
Camp Washington, before Vera Cruz, March 25th, 1847.

The undersigned, Major General Scott, &c., &c., had the honor to receive (late last night) the memorial signed by the consuls of Great Britain, France, Spain, and Prussia, in the city of Vera Cruz, requesting that the undersigned would grant a truce sufficient to enable the consuls and the subjects of those powers, together with Mexican women and children, to leave that city, now under a close siege and blockade.

The undersigned deeply regrets the lateness of this application, for up to the 22d instant, the communication between the neutrals in Vera Cruz and the neutral ships of war, lying off Sacrificios, was left open, mainly to allow the neutrals an opportunity to escape the horrors of the impending siege, of which the undersigned gave to the consuls every admonition in his power.

In respect to a truce, it must be evident, on reflection, that the undersigned cannot grant one, except on the application of the governor or commander-in-chief of Vera Cruz, accompanied by a distinct proposition of surrender. In the meantime, the siege will go on with increased means and rigor.

That the unavoidable distress of the women and children in the besieged place had deeply engaged the sympathies of the undersigned, before one shot or shell had been fired by him in that direction, he begs to refer to the accompanying copy of his summons, addressed the 22d instant, to his excellency the governor and commander-in-chief of Vera Cruz. His excellency chose to consider the castle of San Juan de Ulua, as well as Vera Cruz, to be included in that summons, and expressed his confidence in his ability to make a successful defence of both.

The undersigned has the honor to tender to the consuls of Great Britain, France, Spain, and Prussia, the assurance of his high respect and consideration.

(Signed) WINFIELD SCOTT.

To Messrs. GIFFORD, GLOUX, ESCALENTE, and D'OLRIVE, &c., &c., Vera Cruz.

Ten large mortars, six smaller ones, six sixty-eight pound cannon, three thirty-twos, and four twenty-fours, were served in the most rapid and efficient manner.

All the Mexican forts redoubled their energies, and from castle and city shot and shells were thrown in immense quantities. The scene became intensely interesting.—The air was filled with missiles; the roar of so much ordnance in operation was deafening, nor was there the slightest intermission.

On this morning fatigue parties were set to cutting brush and making fascines, or bundles, with which to fill the ditches, in the final storming of the forts and city, with which Gen. Scott intended to close up the combat, if the city surrendered not.—All that were off duty crowded upon the sand hills, far and near, to view the scene, such as they had never before witnessed.—The day was warm and pleasant, and the air clear.—To get a good view, the author, with several others, proceeded towards the beach, turned to the left among the sand hills before he reached that; crossed several of these, and stopped on the top of one from which the best view could be obtained of the whole scene; and there was sketched the picture seen on the opposite page.

Imagine yourself, reader, on this hill at this time, and the whole, though in the distance, and partly obscured by smoke, before you: but you can see enough of it: you are east of the city, and about a mile from it.—The lines showing the course of the shells are imaginary: for, in the day time, the shells themselves could not be seen, and in the night, could only be perceived by the twinkling of their fuses. You see, over the letters *H* and *I*, the steamer Vixen, and one of the small schooners of the musquito fleet, in the position they occupied on the afternoon of the 22d, when the bombardment commenced; the other steamer, and four schooners, are still farther to the right.—You observe (over *G*) the water battery of the castle; and, on the left of that, the castle itself, over *F*; in the distance, a vessel is out far beyond it. She is going around to Gen. Twiggs' position, which is out of view to the left of the picture;—the water there comes

in a bay, and this vessel, to get to them with provi-

VERA CRUZ, DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

sions, &c., is forced to go far off, to avoid the guns of the castle.

On the left extremity of the castle is the light house, which is high ;—on the opposite quarter is an upper building :—the flag-staff rises there, with the Mexican flag upon it. You observe that the fire of shells is kept up from the main castle, and from the water battery also.—The strength of the whole has been alluded to.

There is a shallow bank or reef of coral rock, which makes out from the right of the water battery some distance, called the Gallega shoal; this prevents vessels from approaching it in that direction.—The vessel that you perceive, is beyond the extent of that. The castle is about one thousand yards from the city.—The water that you notice between them, is deep enough for the largest men-of-war; and, in times of peace, the whole space is filled up with vessels.

To the left of the castle, and nearer to you, at the south-eastern corner of the city, over *E*, you see the fort of Santiago, with a flag above it;—this is strong, and the guns of it are now busy. To the left of that is another flag, at the custom house. To the left of this, over *D*, and nearer to us, is the commencement or eastern extremity of the trenches; and over *C* is the cemetery, with its chapel in the centre.

Gen. Worth's mortar batteries, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, are in the trenches, which run parallel with, and close to the walls of the cemetery, beyond them. The volumes of smoke arising from these obscure the city. To the left of this is the smoke of the new battery, No. 4, which has been mentioned as finished last night. Farther to the left, over *A*, is the naval battery, sending out its peals and volumes. Over *B* is the Mexican fort of St. Barbara; over No. 4 is the "railroad fort;"—the "white fort" is near the tall spire in the centre of the view.

To the left of the picture, between you and the naval battery, is part of the plain upon which the surrender of the Mexican arms afterwards took place, and at the lower part of this is the lake spoken of. In the foreground, you witness a detachment of infantry, going to the batteries.—You observe the hills of sand, some of which are bare, and

some covered with chapparal.—Many of the men, that are off duty, are standing on the sand hills, gazing at the scene, while the castle has honored them with the presentation of a thirteen inch bomb-shell, which has fallen on the little plain before you, close to that group of men, who were going to join their comrades on the hill, but who are now running away from the shell which has come among them; one is endeavoring to scramble up the steep side of the opposite sand hill.—You perceive no troops, save those going to the trenches; for these in the latter, and in the batteries, are all concealed from your view.

You can obtain a more correct and definite idea from this engraving, of the position and appearance of Vera Cruz at this time, than you could from a dozen pages of description; and from this same hill can also have a definite point in your mind, from which to judge of the position of the camp and fleet, not laid down in the picture: for, as you stand upon this hill and face the city, the sea is to your right hand, and the island of Sacrificios, the busy beach, and the fleet of ships laying off from it, is also to your right, as it were over your shoulder,—partly behind you. Directly in your rear, among the hills, are the camps of Gen. Worth's division, and Gen. Scott's headquarters. Behind you yet, and over your left shoulder, are the numerous valleys, in which are encamped the division of Gen. Patterson, or the brigades of generals Shields, Pillow, and Quitman;—these go far off to the left; and beyond them, and on the left of the city also, is the camp of the division of Gen. Twiggs, extending to the water's edge, at a little place called *Vergara*.

On the beach, between you and fort Santiago, over the hill between *E* and *F*, is a small point, concealed from your view, called *Punta de Hornos;* and is the place where, afterwards, the capitulation was signed by the American and Mexican commissioners.—Now, reader, you have a correct idea of the situation of the city, castle, trenches, cemetery, batteries, fleet, beach, positions of troops, &c., &c.

The unabated fire of the batteries and mortars, and the forts and castle, continued for the whole day, and the scene was terrific;—no change took place until 3, P. M. Many

were killed and many wounded in the trenches;—and among them, Midshipman Shubrick was instantly killed in the naval battery, by a round shot;—within the city the destruction was most terrible.

At that hour, an alarm was raised of an attack in the rear, by a large body of Mexican lancers, who repulsed Col. Harney, with his dragoons, and one company of our regiment of cavalry, Capt. Caswell, who had attacked them; and that officer, in command, now sent in to Gen. Scott for reinforcements and artillery, stating the force of the enemy to be two thousand men, with two cannon. Gen. Pillow was ordered to detach a force from his brigade, which was immediately done, by sending four companies of the first Tennessee infantry, under Col. Campbell, four of the second Tennessee, under Col. Haskel, and four companies of our own, dismounted cavalry, and two pieces of artillery, under Lieut. Judd.

And now, reader, as the author has to go with his company, he will leave you for the present, to witness the bombardment, by which the city is suffering every moment, in a terrible manner, remarking only, that the foreign consuls, that so treated with contempt the previous warnings of Gen. Scott,* and chose to remain in the city and take their chance, and who sent the flag of truce last night, are now in a most uneasy position, and are endeavoring to induce Gen. Mo-

* COPY OF SAFEGUARD.

Gen. Scott, a week before the bombardment commenced, sent to each of the consuls a "safeguard," as, in such cases, is authorized by the articles of war. The copy of one of these safeguards is here given:—

"Whosoever belonging to the Armies of the United States, employed in foreign parts, shall force a safeguard, shall suffer death."—*55th Article of War.*

SAFEGUARD.—By authority of Major General Scott, General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, the person, the family, and the property of the French Consul, residing in Vera Cruz, his house, and its contents, are placed under the safeguard of the army of the United States. To offer any violence or injury to them is expressly forbidden; on the contrary, it is ordered that safety and protection be given to him and them in case of need.

Done at the headquarters of the army of the United States, this 13th day of March, 1847.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

By command of Major General SCOTT.
H. L. SCOTT, *A. A. A. G.*

rales to surrender the place, sending him, this evening, the answer they received this morning from Gen. Scott, accompanied by the communication given in the note below.*

We had an exciting and quite interesting fight this afternoon.—In the morning, Col. Harney, with the dragoons under Capt. Thornton, and Capt. Caswell's company of our regiment, under the immediate command of Major Sumner, was ordered by Gen. Scott to the southward, it being reported that a large force of the enemy were near us. The gallant colonel and his command fell in with the enemy at a stone bridge over a lagoon, called *Puente de Moreno*, and a fight ensued; but as the force of the enemy was large, and their position too strong for him, reinforcements were sent for. We marched out at a quick pace, partly across chapparal hills, and then across small prairies, about nine miles, and went immediately into action, up and down the bank of the lagoon in the chapparal, and commenced firing at the bridge.

The dragoons were drawn up in the rear. The firing became very sharp; but, from the thick chapparal, together with the smoke, concealing our men, was not very effective upon us; but the balls cut the twigs and branches over and among us at a great rate, whistling loudly. The artillery fired grape shot at the fortifications that the enemy had thrown across

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* ADDRESS OF THE FOREIGN CONSULS TO GEN. MORALES.

The undersigned, Consuls of the different foreign powers near the Mexican government, have the honor to address the general commanding the state of Vera Cruz, a copy of the reply which they have received from Gen. Scott, commanding in chief the army of the United States of the North, to the request which they made to him for a truce, to permit their respective countrymen, as well as the Mexican women and children, to leave the city of Vera Cruz.

More and more afflicted by the disasters which this place has suffered during three days of bombardment, and desiring to accomplish, to the end, the duties of humanity imposed on them by the mission which they have received from their governments, and by their own personal feelings, they beseech Gen. Morales to have the goodness to interpose to Gen. Scott his support to a request so reasonable as theirs.

They have the honor to renew to His Excellency the Commandant, Gen. Morales, the assurances of their respectful consideration.

(Signed) T. GIFFORD, *Consul of Her Britannic Majesty.*
A. GLOUX, *Consul of France.*
F. G. DE ESCALANTE, *Consul of Spain.*
HENRY D'OLEIVE, *Consul of His Majesty the King of Prussia.*

the bridge, and after some twelve or fifteen rounds, knocked it down, and the order was given to charge; and then, with a wild yell, that resounded far and near, we rushed towards the bridge in an irregular manner, the men of the three regiments becoming all mingled together.

The enemy retreated, run, broke, *vamosed*,—the lancers going at full speed up the road, and the infantry taking the thick chapparal in every direction. Some were overtaken and killed; and we pushed on in a trot after the main body of lancers. The dragoons being brought up by Capt. Thornton, passed by, overtook them, and killed many more.

After four miles' chase, we were halted by Gen. Patterson, who seemed to be in his right element, and extremely pleased with the spirit and conduct of the troops. He took off his hat, as he rode by us, after the pursuit was done, and, carried away by his enthusiasm, raised himself in his stirrups, and, as he swung his hat around, called out, "*Hurrah for Tennessee!*" which compliment, of manner and expression, from him, who commonly was so stern and silent, was immediately responded to, with three loud cheers for Gen. Patterson.—He rode along, with an approving remark to each company as he passed it.

It was nearly dark when we commenced the return to the camp before Vera Cruz, about thirteen miles distant. The ranchos on the road, near the battle-ground, were all deserted.—The men took from them the chairs, blankets, &c., and, as the inhabitants were hostile, fired the buildings, as they returned.—The dead were brought in across horses, and the wounded on litters.*—We had lost but few, and killed some fifty or sixty of the Mexicans,—would have killed more, had

* KILLED AND WOUNDED AT MADELINE BRIDGE.

Killed—James H. Nicholson, corporal of company F, in action at Puente de Moreno, March 25th; —— Hopkins, private, company H, 3d artillery, same place and time.

Wounded—Lewis Neill, 3d lieutenant, adjutant; Joseph Marshall, private, company B; —— Jones, do., 2d dragoons, severely; Hugh Gavin, private, Capt. Cheatham's 1st Tennessee, slightly; M. Foy, W. Ailes, privates, company A; D. Vann, do., company C; G. Woodly, do., company H, 2d Tennessee, slightly; Thomas Young, guide, slightly; W. T. Gillespie, company B, Lewis Geisele, company C, John Smith, company K, privates, 2d dragoons, slightly.

they fought longer; but they had enough, and could not stand the wild charge.

Thus ended the spirited little battle of "Madeline Bridge," as it is called, or of *Puente de Moreno;* and here we are back, in fine spirits, but exceedingly exhausted. It was nearly midnight when we reached the camp. We found our batteries firing slowly, while those of the enemy were all silent. And so, reader, as we are about to throw ourselves down to sleep, we bid you good night.

Friday, March 26th. At two o'clock this morning, the batteries re-commenced upon the city; but only a few guns were fired from the enemy in reply to the numerous shells that rose, passed over, and fell within, more rapidly than before, several new mortars having been added to those in operation yesterday.

Another norther came down upon us, immediately after the firing commenced. This gale blew with more violence than any which had preceded it.—It whistled across the hills and plains, deadening the noise of the mortars.—As soon as it was light, the fatigue parties were again set to work, making fascines and scaling-ladders for the final assault;—but, directly after sunrise, a flag of truce came from the city gates. The order to cease firing was sent to the batteries, by Gen. Scott.

We now found, what we were confident of yesterday, that the bombardment had been productive of the utmost desolation within the walls, tearing the buildings to pieces, and sweeping hundreds,—soldiers, citizens, women and children —into a common grave.—We learned that the destructive effects, sometimes of a single shell, had been tremendous:— that one had fallen, crashing through the stone side of a building, and exploded within, where a meeting of the citizens was being held, and killed and wounded scores of them in one bloody pile.—That the distresses of the citizens and private families could not be described;—that whole families had perished by a single shell, that, in the same instant, by its explosion, had tumbled in the floors, roofs, stone and mortar, of their shattered mansions, upon their mangled bodies. —That there was safety nowhere;—that the heavy stone

roofs, so much relied upon, were futile in defence: for the ponderous shells, from their height, had burst down through, crashing to the ground;—that they had torn up the pavements, sending stone and iron in destructive showers through the streets.—That the churches were not safe;—that the altars of these, around which the frightened women had collected to pray for deliverance, had, in some instances, been the places where they were torn and mangled by the shells, that, loaded with destruction, crashed through the roofs.—That the round shot were terrific in effect, but the shells, from their falling in every part of the thickly crowded city, were far more so.—That last evening, so terrible had become their situation, the citizens united with the foreign consuls in application to Gen. Morales, and the soldiers to the same added their requests, being unable to stand longer against the murderous fire.—That, driven to desperation, part of the garrison formed in the night, on the outside of the city walls, to attack the batteries that were so destructive to them; but not enough, to be successful, could be induced to join it, as they were well aware that the trenches were strongly defended, though the men therein could not be seen.

Gen. Morales, not wishing to surrender, and to save his word, under color of sickness, resigned his command during the night, and thus devolved it upon the next officer, Gen. Jose Juan de Landero, who, at this early hour, hastened, by a flag of truce, to stop the horrors that were recommencing. —By this flag he sent the letter seen in the note below.*

* GEN. LANDERO TO GEN. SCOTT.

I have the honor of transmitting to Your Excellency, the exposition which has this moment been made to me by the Srs. Consuls of England, France, Spain and Prussia, in which they solicit that hostilities may be suspended while the innocent families in this place, who are suffering the ravages of war, be enabled to leave the city, which solicitation claims my support; and considering it in accordance with the rights of afflicted humanity, I have not hesitated to invite Your Excellency to enter into an honorable accommodation with the garrison, in which case, you will please name three commissioners, who may meet at some intermediate point to treat with those of this place upon the terms of the accommodation.

With this notice, I renew to Your Excellency's attentive consideration,

God guard Your Excellency, &c.,

On account of the sickness of the commanding general,

[Signed by] JOSE JUAN DE LANDERO

The batteries remained silent, but everything was in preparation for a renewal of the fire.—The storm was now raging with the utmost fury, and many of the vessels in the fleet at Sacrificios were unable to hold to their anchors; and as their chains parted, they went ashore on the beach.—Twenty-seven ships, brigs and schooners were thus ashore before night, with the waves dashing over them. This wind blew with such a hurricane force that no boat could float in the tremendous surf;—even the line of battle ship, Ohio, that lay proudly moored at the head of the fleet, was forced to send down all her upper masts and yards, and she appeared almost dismantled.—In consequence of this violent gale, the commander-in-chief found it impossible to communicate with the commodore of the naval forces, as he wished to do upon this application of Gen. Landero; and, after waiting some hours, he appointed his commissioners, and sent to the Mexican general the answer seen in note.* The time

* GEN. SCOTT'S REPLY TO GEN. LANDERO.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
Camp Washington, before Vera Cruz, March 26, 1847.

The undersigned, Major General Scott, General-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, has had the honor to receive a communication on the part of His Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Vera Cruz, signed by the Senor General Landero, in which it is proposed to the undersigned, that he [the undersigned] should appoint three commissioners to meet an equal number to be appointed on the part of the city of Vera Cruz, to treat of the surrender of that city and its dependencies, on terms honorable to the garrison of the same.

The undersigned, not doubting that the proposition was made in good faith, has promptly given orders to all his batteries to suspend their fire upon the city of Vera Cruz, which cessation of fire will be continued, unless after a delay of thirty minutes, any Mexican battery shall continue or renew its fire upon the batteries or the lines of the army before Vera Cruz.

The undersigned hastens to name, on the part of the United States of America, three commissioners—generals Worth and Pillow, and Col. Totten, Chief Engineer, all of the said army—to meet an equal number of commissioners to be appointed by competent authority, to treat of the surrender of the city of Vera Cruz and its dependencies, on terms honorable to the garrison. And the three commissioners named above will, in that delay, repair, under a flag of truce, to Punta de Hornos, there to await the arrival of the corresponding commissioners on the part of Vera Cruz.

It is expected by the undersigned that the commissioners will proceed, at once, to treat of the business jointly submitted to them, without unnecessary interruptions, and that the negociation will be concluded early in the present day.

The undersigned has the honor to tender to the Senor Gen. Landero the assurances of his high consideration and respect.

[Signed] WINFIELD SCOTT.

for a reply was restricted to thirty minutes.—Now was there the utmost curiosity in every regiment and company, to know what was going on ; and even at every tent, the only subject of inquiry or remark was concerning the passing flags of truce, and present events.

Generals Worth and Pillow, and Col. Totten, proceeded up the beach to the buildings at the point Punta de Hornos, under the guns of fort Santiago. In a short time, three Mexican officers, with another white flag, issued from the lofty arched gateways of that fortress, and approached the same spot. Many polite salutations now passed, as though the parties had been most intimate friends for their whole lives, and only lived to be agreeable to each other.—The Mexican officers brought out Gen. Landero's reply to Gen. Scott, which is placed below.*

The preparation for the assault still went on. The landing and transportation of shells, shot and powder, was stopped on account of the norther, which drove the waves in furious breakers over nearly the entire beach ; and, so sudden and strong was its effect, that immense quantities of stores were overflowed and spoiled.—In camp, we crowded in our firmly pinned tents, to avoid the cold wind ; and thus the remainder of the day passed.—The commissioners returned at evening, not having come to any agreement, save to meet again in the morning.

Saturday, March 27th. This was a lovely morning :—the norther had ceased, and the sun shone pleasantly. Everything was quiet in the city, batteries, and camp.—The commissioners met again at *Punta de Hornos*, and the entire day

* GEN. LANDERO TO GEN. SCOTT.

Vera Cruz, March 26th, 1847.

In virtue of your Excellency's having accepted the proposition for an accommodation, which I made in a dispatch of this date, and in conformity with a reply which I have just received, I have the honor to inform you that I have named, on my part, Colonels Don José Gutierrez Villanueva, Don Pedro Miguel Herrera, and Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers, Don Manuel Robles—to whom I have committed competent powers to arrange the said accommodation, having the honor to add herewith a copy of said powers.

I renew to your Excellency the assurances of my high consideration.

God and Liberty.

[Signed] JOSE JUAN DE LANDERO.

s spent in their deliberations.—Let us, therefore, reader,
e a look into the trenches—pursuing our walk from the
d hill, in the foreground of the picture, across the hills and
leys towards the cemetery, or *campo santó*, as the Mexicans
m it.—As we pass over the hills, and come near, you are
nished in seeing how the ground is torn up by cannon
bomb-shells: the large balls lay thickly scattered
ınd.—Many holes, each of size sufficient to bury a horse,
blown out, by the explosion of the shells that there de-
ıded. Large and small fragments of these shells are scat-
d everywhere about. The Mexicans have thrown shot
ı shells enough to kill a hundred thousand men; and yet,
e our movements been directed by the gener-
ıtt, that our loss is very small.—We approach the
ıetery—pass around the left hand corner, and enter the in-
ure through the lofty arched gateway.—On going in, we
struck with the appearance of destruction there exhibited:
walks and the graves are torn up, and skulls and bones
scattered around, by the nı erless shells thrown here
m the city and castle; the enemy thinking that part of
our force was within it. The walls of brick, plastered over within and without, are riddled with so many large holes, that it was useless to attempt to count them; and the brick and mortar from these, had been driven over the whole ground.—Here is an entire shell, whose fuse did not ignite the charge;—it is in the ground, and you see but little of it.—The chapel, which is in the centre of the cemetery, is about forty feet square, with a brick dome, also plastered. You see this chapel in the picture.—Around the building is a wide, raised platform, of chequered marble, enclosed by a light balustrade of masonry, which is mostly torn to pieces; the marble slabs are broken and thrown up by the shells.—Within the chapel we observe a fine sculptured structure of white marble; it is broken, and covered with the mortar and pieces of brick that have fallen from the dome above, and the sides of the house, as the cannon shot have coursed through it again and again. The large door of the chapel, towards the city, has over a dozen cannon shot holes in it.—The marble floor is covered with rubbish; and the wardrobes for the fu-

neral trappings and dresses for the priests, are splintered into thousands of fragments.—The eastern wall of the cemetery, or the right hand one seen in the picture, is of such thickness as to be divided into four rows of cells like ovens, above each other, on the same plan as is adopted in New Orleans.—In these cells are the bodies of the more wealthy placed.—You observe that the cannon shot, coming slanting from the city, have opened the ends of many of these, and left the corpses and skeletons exposed. It is not a pleasant sight to view them.—You perceive that they were buried in their ordinary clothing.—Do you notice that pair of feet, with boots on, sticking nearly out of the hole made by a cannon ball that ranged along, opening a dozen or more of these sepulchres?—Many of the soldiers are peeping about in the cemetery, and looking into these cells; but the sight of death, or his mementos, are nothing to them:—hardened, careless, and indifferent by habit, the appearance of dead men produces no more effect than that of so many dead animals.—Hear that dare-devil, humorous looking volunteer, as he calls out to another: "I say, Bill, don't you believe these chaps thought the resurrection day had come, when that 'ere cannon ball raked open their holes? D–n–d if I don't think they were getting ready to sing, 'Hark! from the tombs.'" So little is human life valued by the older soldiers, that no one is affected by these sights.—Some, of the new regiments that have just come out, walk round, and appear serious; but they, too, will be equally careless after a while.—But let us look at the marble slabs that close the vaults which have not thus been rudely broken into. We see that many of them are finely sculptured. Observe this one, of black marble, on which Life is represented as a fragile vase of beautiful flowers—Death as a wolf, who jumps upon it; and it is falling over, to be crushed under his tread.

Having seen enough of the interior of the *campo santo*, let us go out by the gate by which we entered, and a few steps bring us to the farther wall, under which run the trenches.—Here are piles of balls and shells lying on the edge of them, and near are several small brass cohorn mortars, which have the English crown upon them, and the letters G. R.—*Geor-*

gius Rex (King George). These were taken at the surrender of Burgoyne, during the revolutionary war, and are yet good as ever; and, after being used in the last war, against their former masters, are sent here to fight Mexicans with.—Look into the trench: it is six or seven feet wide—eight or nine where the mortars are placed. You perceive the embankment is thrown towards the city; and, in the deep trench thus sheltered, you do not wonder that the troops have been so secure. Look along in it:—you see it full of infantry, seated, patiently awaiting the issue of the negotiations for a surrender. You observe the numerous black mortars on their beds, ranged along, with the match-rope slowly burning by each: and piles of loaded shells are near; while the artillerists are leaning on the destructive pieces, chatting and laughing, ready, at any moment, again to send the ponderous missiles into the city.—Let us go down into the trench: it is quite a jump; and now we are in among the crowded men.—Look at this mortar before us, which, firmly placed in its bed, is on a platform laid down for its support; its muzzle slants upward. Take out the wooden mouth-piece, and you see the shell lying in there: it is heavy, and required two men to lift it in. You perceive that four small wedges are placed around it, so that it does not press tight to the interior of the mortar; for, if it did, the fuse, which is on the upper side, would not catch as it went out; but the wedges causing a small space to be left, the flame from the charge wraps around the shell as it is sent out, and fires the fuse, which burns as it goes.—You observe that the fuse plug is of wood, large enough to fill the hole in the shell, being about an inch and a half thick at the larger end, and tapering to an inch; being, when whole, about nine inches long; it has a small hole drilled lengthwise through it.—This hole is filled with the fuse combustible, which is black and hard—appearing something like the lead in a pencil; and is about as large as a common pencil itself. The tapering plugs are marked into inches and tenths, so that they may be accurately sawed off to the length they are required to burn. If the shells are to go but a short distance, a small quantity of powder is put into the mortar, and the fuse is cut off in proportion; so, for

a greater distance more powder is added, and the fuse is left longer. So well have our artillerists done this, that of the thousands of shells* they have thrown into the city, very few have burst before they had crashed through the buildings; and almost every one, then, has immediately exploded. —Let us pass to the mouth of this magazine near, which is a deep hole in the trench, covered with a slanting double roof of plank and timber, upon which are three tiers of large bags, filled with earth or sand, to protect it from the bombs of the enemy. Near the magazine door, in which set the powder-men, are a number of shells, loaded, with their fuses driven in them. These men inform us that they filled every shell with three pounds of first-rate powder, and that the mortars were at first loaded with two and a half pounds, to send the shells to the walls; then two and three-quarters, three, three and a half, three and three-quarters, and at last four pounds were used for a charge; and that these different charges were used at the same time, in order to distribute the deadly missiles over the city,—thus bringing all within it into the same terrible condition.

Turning to the left, we follow along the crowded trench, and, working our way by the mortars, shells, and through artillerists, and supporting infantry, we soon come to battery No. 4. We find no shells here, but abundance of the heaviest kind of shot;—the large cannon stand on the high platform, with their muzzles sticking out of the embrasures towards the city, into which they have already vomited so many destructive missiles.—We find the artillerists here ready to renew the firing; the infantry are stretched out, some asleep,

* Shot and shell thrown into the city of Vera Cruz, during the bombardment, on the evening of 22d, the 23d, 24th, 25th, and morning of 26th March, 1847:

WORTH'S BATTERIES, NOS. 1, 2, 3, 4.

3000 ten inch shells	99 lbs. each,
500 round shot	25 " "
200 eight inch howitzer shells	68 " "

NAVY BATTERY, NO. 5.

1000 Paixhan shot	68 lbs. each.
800 round shot	32 "

MUSQUITO FLEET.

1200 shot and shell, averaging	62 lbs. each

Making in all, 6,700 shot and shell, weighing 463,600 lbs.

others engaged in conversation, wondering whether they will have another chance at the city.

When leaving this battery, we pass still farther to the left; we come out of the trenches on the plain; crossing that, as well as the railroad, we ascend the hill, on the top of which is the naval battery, over *A* in the picture.—This hill, like many of the others, is covered with a species of musquit, of which the sharp thorns are several times as large as the twigs on which they grow; and they are so singular, that the author has placed below a drawing of a small twig, bearing them.

TWIG OF MUSQUIT: SPECIES FOUND NEAR VERA CRUZ.—NATURAL SIZE.

After climbing the hill, and working through the thorny chapparal, we arrive at the naval battery.—Here, too, the heavy cannon were all loaded and aimed, ready to fire the moment hostilities may be re-commenced. The seamen that man this battery are in groups around, as are the supporting infantry. The sailors are having much sport to themselves, and wish that the "bloody Mexican land-lubbers," as they call them, may hold out a little longer, to give them a chance; for this battery has a change of seamen every twenty-four

hours, and those now at it have not had an opportunity of firing).*

We notice that the battery is much torn to pieces: for, from its situation, being so high and exposed, it has drawn many of the shot from all the forts, and well has it answered them. On its opening, the Mexican batteries directed most of their fire at it, for nearly the whole day;—but this had been foreseen, and it had been made very strong.

From this we can look directly into the town; but nothing appears there to be in motion, save the bodies of Mexican soldiery, who are parading about to the strains of their martial music, or else thickly crowded in the shattered forts, busy in repairing them with bags of sand; but the battered buildings above and around them cannot be so repaired; they present, when viewed with the glass, an appearance of utter destruction.

And now, reader, we have endeavored to give a particular account of the batteries, as well as of the occurrences of the siege, though thousands of circumstances accompanying it must, for want of space, pass unrecorded. At five, P. M., the capitulation was signed by the commissioners, and we learned that the city was to be given up on Monday, the 29th.—

* The naval forces which had been so long before this place had, during the bombardment, manifested the greatest desire to have a part on shore, and this battery had therefore been assigned to them; it was manned in turn by detachments from the vessels. These vessels of war now before the city were—

Ship of the line	Ohio, Capt. Stringham,	74 guns.
Frigate	Raritan, Capt. Forrest,	44
"	Potomac, Capt. Aulick,	44
Sloop	Albany, Capt. Breese,	20
"	John Adams, Com. McKinney,	20
"	St. Marys, Capt. Launders,	20
Steamer	Mississippi, Commodore Perry,	10
"	Princeton, Commander Engle,	9
"	Spitfire, Commander Tatnall,	8
"	Vixen, Commander Sands,	8
Brig	Porpoise, L. Com. W. E. Hunt,	10
Storeship	Relief, Lt. Com. Bullus,	8
"	Supply,	8
"	Fredonia,	8
Steamers	Petrita, Hunter, and Scourge,	—

Schooners (musquito fleet) Bonito, Petrel, Reefer, Tampico, and Falcon,—

The terms on which the city and castle were surrendered are given in the note below.*

March 28th. We have endeavored to find out the loss of the Mexicans within the city, during the terrible bombardment, but it is not known to themselves; of course it can never be definitely ascertained by us. Their calculations of it vary from twelve to fifteen hundred.—Our own loss, killed and wounded, during the regular operations of the siege, falls a little short of eighty, all told. The names of those that fell at Puente de Moreno have before been given. The list of the others is contained in the note on page 556.

Beside those mentioned, there were, also, Midshipman Shubrick and fifteen seamen of the navy, killed and wounded. —With so little loss of life amid such terrible and long-con-

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PUNTA DE HORNOS, (without the walls of Vera Cruz), Saturday, March 27, 1847.

Terms of capitulation agreed upon by the Commissioners, viz:

Generals W. J. Worth and G. J. Pillow, and Col. J. G. Totten, chief engineer, on the part of Maj. Gen. Scott, General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, and Col. Jose Gutierrez de Villaneuva, Lieut. Col. of Engineers, Manuel Robles, and Col. Pedro de Herrera, commissioners appointed by Gen. of Brig. Don Jose Juan Landero, Commander-in-chief of Vera Cruz, the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and their dependencies, for the surrender to the arms of the United States of the forts, with their armaments, munitions of war, garrisons and arms.

1. The whole garrison or garrisons to be surrendered to the arms of the United States, as prisoners of war, on the 29th inst., at ten o'clock, A. M.; the garrison to be permitted to march out with all the honors of war, and to lay down their arms to such officers as may be appointed by the general-in-chief of the United States' army, and at a place to be agreed upon by the commissioners.

2. Mexican officers shall preserve their arms and effects, including horses and horse furniture, and to be allowed, regular and irregular officers, as also the rank and file, five days to retire to their respective homes, on parole, as hereinafter prescribed.

3. Coincident with the surrender, as stipulated in article 1, the Mexican flags of the various forts and stations shall be struck, saluted by their own batteries, and immediately thereafter the forts Santiago and Conception, and the castle of San Juan de Ulua, occupied by the forces of the United States.

4. The rank and file of the regular portion of the prisoners to be disposed of, after surrender and parole, as their general-in-chief may desire, and the irregular to be permitted to return to their homes. The officers, in respect to all arms and descriptions of force, giving the usual parole, that the said rank and file, as well as themselves, shall not serve again until duly exchanged.

5. All the *materiel* of war, and all public property, of every description, found in the city, the castle of San Juan de Ulua and their dependencies, to belong to the United States; but the armament of the same (not injured or destroyed in the further

tinued discharges of artillery, has Gen. Scott thus taken the city of Vera Cruz and the strong castle of San Juan de Ulloa, that even now, on the ground, we are surprised at the result.

Most anxiously are all throughout the camp waiting for the approach of to-morrow, which shall place us in possession of these formidable strong-holds.

March 29th. This has been a day of triumph to the American army, which will long be remembered by every one whose fortune it was to witness the imposing scene.—The morning was calm and tranquil, the sky clear, and the sun rose in unusual splendor; not a breath of wind was there even to display the flags, with which the shipping was decorated, or those which hung over the castle and forts of the city. No sound could be heard from within the walls. Our

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prosecution of the actual war) may be considered as liable to be restored to Mexico by a definite treaty of peace.

6. The sick and wounded Mexicans to be allowed to remain in the city with such medical officers and attendants and officers of the army as may be necessary to their care and treatment.

7. Absolute protection is solemnly guarantied to persons in the city, and property, and it is clearly understood that no private building or property is to be taken or used by the forces of the United States, without previous arrangement with the owners, and for a fair equivalent.

8. Absolute freedom of religious worship and ceremonies is solemnly guarantied.

[Signed in duplicate.] W. J. WORTH, *Brig. Gen.*
GID. J. PILLOW, *Brig. Gen.*
JOS. G. TOTTEN, *Col. and Chief Eng.*
JOSE GUTIERREZ DE VILLANUEVA.
PEDRO MIGUEL HERRERA.
MANUEL ROBLES.

Capt. Aulick, appointed commissioner by Com. Perry on behalf of the navy, (the General-in-chief not being able, in consequence of the roughness of the sea, to communicate with the navy until after commissions had been exchanged), and being present by Gen. Scott's invitation, and concurring in the result and approving thereof, hereto affixes his name and signature.

J. H. AULICK, *Capt. U. S. N.*

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
Camp Washington, before Vera Cruz, March 27, 1847.

Approved and accepted:

WINFIELD SCOTT.
M. C. PERRY,
Commander-in-Chief of U. S. naval forces in the gulf of Mexico.

VERA CRUZ, *Marzo* 27, 1847.

Aprobad y aceptado:

JOSE JUAN DE LANDERO.

batteries and trenches were still manned with their full number of troops and seamen, and the guns remained loaded. —At an early hour the drums were beat in the encampments of Worth's and Patterson's divisions, and all their troops mustered to take part in the ceremonies of the approaching surrender.—The author, to obtain the best view of the whole, left the camp and took his position on the naval battery; which, though a little distant from the plain below, on which the Mexican army were to march, yet commanded a fine prospect of the city, the castle beyond it, and the fleet at Sa-

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LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED AT THE SIEGE OF VERA CRUZ.

UNDER GENERAL WORTH.

Killed—J. B. Vinton, Captain 3d artillery, on the 22d March; John Huffner, private, company B, 2d artillery, 26th March; Nicholas Burns, private, company B, 24th March; ——, musician, 21st March.

Wounded—James Foster, Sergeant, company G, 3d artillery, March 23d, severely; W. B. Hunt and Emile Voltarat, privates, company B, 2d artillery, 24th March, slightly; Adolphe Malhe, John Golding and Wm. Henderson, privates, company D, 2d artillery, 22d March, the two last named slightly, the other his left arm shot off; Ernest Krunse, Owen Boate, William Carthage, Joseph S. Hayden and Archibald McFadger, privates company F, 2d artillery, the first on the 20th and remainder on the 24th March, slightly; Martin Dignant, private, company G, 2d artillery, 22d March, slightly; S. D. Schuetzenback, private, company A, and Edward Fleming, private, company I, 8th infantry, 23d March, slightly.

UNDER GENERAL TWIGGS.

Killed—Wm. Alburtis, Brevet Captain 2d infantry, March 11th, by a cannon ball; Wm. R. Blake, Sergeant company F, 4th artillery, March 15th; Robert T. Cunningham, private, company A, mounted riflemen, March 11th.

Wounded—W. B. Lane and Edward Harris, Sergeants, company D, mounted riflemen, March 24th, severely; John Teluna, private, company E, mounted riflemen, March 24th, severely; Frederick Warren, private, company C, mounted riflemen, March 24th, slightly; Henry Niell, slightly, and Thomas Weller, severely, privates, company B, mounted riflemen, March 11th; John Rose, musician, company B, 1st artillery, severely: James Stephen, private, company F, 4th artillery, March 14th, severely; Spencer, corporal, company D, 2d infantry, March 11th, severely.

UNDER GENERAL PATTERSON.

Killed—John Miller and Gothlet Reip, privates, company G, 1st regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, the first on the 17th, and the latter on the 25th March.

Wounded—Lieut. Col. J. P. Dickinson, South Carolina regiment, severely; private Ballad, severely, privates Coke, D. Phillips, and Hickey, slightly, all of South Carolina regiment; Q. M. Sergt. B. F. McDonald, severely, Sergt. Jos. King, slightly, privates T. J. Scott, severely, Henry Lanbeck, slightly, John G. Eubank, severely, all of Georgia regiment—all on 11th of March; Sergt. John Henson, company E, 1st Pennsylvania regiment, March 9th, slightly; privates O. Burden, Wm. Vandenbark, and Andrew Keamer, company I, Jas. Stevens, company J, all of 1st Pennsylvania regiment, private Fry, company D, 2d Pennsylvania regiment—all on 11th of March, slightly; private Mark Fose, company A, 2d Tennessee regiment, 25th March, slightly; private John Hubbard, company A, 1st Tennessee regiment, during bombardment, slightly; Sergt. R. Williamson, company C, 1st Pennsylvania regiment, 11th March, slightly; private Daniel Harkins, company A, 1st Pennsylvania regiment, (on picquet), slightly.

In addition to these, were killed on the 28th, of the New York and Pennsylvania regiments —Rev. W. H. T. Carnes, Robert Jeff, George W. Miller, Benjamin Fane, —— Hardin, William H Kearney, and several others, whose names are not ascertained, were lassoed, shot, stabbed, and all horribly mutilated, by the enemy.

crificios, as well as the whole extent of the plain from the city walls, back as far as Malibran.—The different regiments, with their colors flying, moved upon the ground about nine o'clock, and formed in two long lines, facing each other, a mile or more in length. At the head of these lines, about half a mile from the walls, were placed the rocket and howitzer company, under Capt. Talcott, with its six small field pieces, so as to rake the foreground, in case of any treachery; the matches were lighted, and the men were ready for such an event. The mounted dragoons were drawn up in the rear of Worth's line, and a large detachment of seamen from the navy were near. The music bands of the army were at their stations, but were wholly silent.—The view of these large bodies of troops, thus placed, was in itself of much interest.—Gen. Worth was conspicuous at the head of his column, from his brilliant uniform and long, waving plume.—The sea-breeze shortly began to blow gently, and the numerous banners floated gaily in it.—At ten o'clock, precisely (according to the terms of the capitulation), a single light volume of smoke burst out from the castle, and rolled off over the water. The report announced that all was ready. Immediately the Mexican bands within the city struck up their loud music, and with drums, fifes, clarionetts and bugles, swelled the concert. As they finished, the fort of Santiago commenced a salute of artillery, in honor of the Mexican flag still waving above it. As the last cannon of this was fired, the flag was hauled down, and at the same moment descended all the others, which had been flying at different points above the city. The gates were thrown open, and the head of the Mexican army emerged therefrom, accompanied by loud music, and battalion after battalion swept out under their banners; they appeared soldier-like, as they moved towards our lines, with shouldered muskets and free step, while the rays of the sun glanced upon their bright arms. Their movements were made with precision and concord. Their officers paid the same attention to these, as though they had been on parade. Some of the regiments were clothed in brilliant uniforms of green, trimmed with red; others in blue, trimmed also with red; others in light

dress, nearly white, with red pompons; and, taking them altogether, they made a much more imposing display than did the same number of our troops in their plain blue.—First came the column of regulars; then followed the National Guard. Crowds of women came out, loaded with baskets, children, household furniture, and almost every other conceivable article. These camp-women, thus burdened, followed contentedly, and seemed more like the slaves than the companions of the soldiers. They waited on them, bringing them water, &c. Most of these were by no means attractive in their appearance, although some were indeed handsome in countenance, and with good forms.—The platoons of regulars moved on with a free step, to their music, and coming to the space between our lines, were halted, wheeled into line, and, at the command, stacked their muskets regularly, and hung over them their bayonet-scabbards and cartridge-boxes; their numerous colors, drums, and musical instruments, were alike placed down; and then, at the renewed order, the disarmed platoons moved off and gave room for other columns and other bands, which still were pouring from the city gates. This scene continued for two hours, during which no music but that of the Mexican bands could be heard. Not a word was said by the American troops to the disarmed bodies, as they passed down the lines towards Madeline. After the army came a miscellaneous crowd of citizens, officers, priests, and camp-women; wounded and sick soldiers; and in the throng were carts, each drawn by three mules abreast, containing the women and children of the officers; also, *literas*, a kind of covered box, with shafts each way, supported by a mule before, and another behind; in these were entire families. Other carts were loaded with various articles, and many mules were packed with bulky bundles. None of these things were interrupted, but all were allowed to pass without hindrance;—every soldier had something besides his full knapsack; and every camp-woman was loaded like a mule. The officers themselves were on fine steeds, splendidly caparisoned. One officer seemed to have much money, for it took four soldiers to carry the litter containing it upon their shoulders. Every officer retained his sword; and one

company of soldiers, in number about forty, marched down the lines with their muskets shouldered, not stopping to stack them. They, by previous arrangement, had been permitted to retain these, in order to guard a gang of convicts, who had been confined in the castle, and were now taken with them.—Toward the last of the long procession came a body of dismounted lancers, dressed in their uniforms of green. These laid their escopetas and lances on the ground, and in regular order followed after the dense crowd that had preceded them.—On the countenances of the soldiers, notwithstanding the firm step and martial bearing, with which they swept down the plain, could be seen an undefined expression of doubt and anxiety, especially as they came before the artillery of the rocket and howitzer company, which bore upon them, looking threateningly.—A bare sketch of the vast crowd that continued to pour out from the gates, is all that can be given in this compass to the reader.

The officers generally were fine-looking men, of light complexion, and exceedingly polite in their manners; saluting our generals with their drawn swords, as they passed. The soldiers were of every grade of color.—When the rear of the conquered army had emerged from the gate, three companies of the 3d and 4th regiments U. S. artillery, with their field-pieces and colors, commenced the march for the gate, without music, passing along the column of Mexicans, who with shouldered arms were still advancing. They soon arrived there, and passed through; one company going down to take possession of Fort Santiago, the other to the Castle. —Shortly after, the whole of the Mexicans laid down their arms, and the throng of stragglers that followed, had passed on.—As yet not a sound of music had been heard from our lines. Our troops were motionless, and a few moments of suspense took place.—All eyes were directed to Fort Santiago, watching for the appearance of the American flag.—The musquito fleet of the two steamers and five schooners, could be seen to glide gracefully in between the city and castle.—Suddenly the flag looked for arose to the top of the staff, and unrolled its stars and stripes to the breeze, and, at the same instant, the guns below it, which had been

their thunders against it, spoke out as clear for its
nounced that the city was ours.—Simultane-
w discharges, came a full salute from the field-
on t plain, another from the batteries, still another
m quito fleet in the harbor, and one also from
war at Sacrificios. The first glimpse of the
d out, was the signal for all to fire together;
gled roar appeared to shake the hills. The
was completely enveloped in smoke.—When
charge had ceased its thunders, the bands of
ic commenced, and the strains of "Hail Columbia," rose
ower on the air, and the enthusiasm of the American
y was aroused to its l st pitch. Gen. Worth's divi-
was put in motion: goons, artillery and infantry,
pt by, to the quick and national air of "Yankee
dle;" and thus they en the city.
e impressive scene close the entrance into the
s of the heavy column.— other troops were marched
to their encampments and dismissed, and the general
mations of all were of the eve its of the day, and the
nder expressed was, whether they should ever see the like
again.

The Mexicans had all gone, and the surrounding country was full of them, as they pursued their various courses, —some north, some south,—carrying in every direction the news of their defeat.—At the gates of the city were immediately placed sentinels, to prevent the entrance of any more soldiers,—Gen. Scott being fearful of disturbance or disorder. Many of the soldiers, however, anxious to see the city, entered, through the breaches battered in the walls. On approaching these, we were struck by the preparations that had been made for defence against an assault:—deep holes were dug along in three parallel lines, with lance heads set in the bottom;—a thick growth of prickly pear was within these. At every distance of two hundred yards, the solid stone forts stood out from the walls. We entered into the "railroad fort."—Six heavy cannon were there;—piles of shot lay near each; the rammers, sponges, &c., were laid across them, as the artillerists had left them in the morning.—

Blood had stained the whole place, where the Mexican soldiers had fallen at their posts;—bags of sand had been placed upon the breaches of the walls.

We passed out of this, inside of the battered city wall, along the wide avenue between that and the buildings, to the next fort,—or the "red fort," as we called it,—which had done so much injury to our batteries, and received so much in return. Six heavy cannon of brass, cast in Spain a hundred or more years ago,—in 1707, 1750, 1694, &c.,—were here;—the cannon shot, rammers, &c., lay as in the other, and with them several large boxes of congreve rockets, and piles of grape and canister shot. Some of these guns had been injured by our fire, and the battlements of the fort were torn down, but had been rebuilt, during the intervening time, with bags of sand. Large stains of blood were on the whole area.

Turning from this, we passed down to the fort of Santiago. This was much larger than the others; was battered, but not so much as the city wall or other forts.

We turned into the streets, and a scene of destruction and desolation was before us.—Bombs had fallen thickly, making, in their descent, large holes in the pavements; and the explosions that had followed, had thrown the ragged pieces of iron, and the round paving stones, through the sides of the buildings, doors, and windows, tearing and crashing all before them. Very many had fallen, too, upon the stone and tiled flat roofs, which had failed to protect the interior: for the ponderous shells had torn and descended, through the rooms and the floors, to the basement. The effect of their explosions was terrible.—The floors, and in many instances the stone walls, were lifted, crashed, and all fell in—a mass of timbers, plank, plaster, stone and brick—upon the mangled inmates.

The streets were covered with heaps of broken walls, plaster, and brick; heavy pieces of exploded shells were scattered in and about their deep, torn out beds.—In all the southern part of the city the heavy cannon shot had ranged in straight lines, doing terrible execution;—whole sides of stone blocks had fallen before them. The interiors of some

of the churches were ripped and torn in a scene of confusion and destruction difficult to imagine. The chequered marble floors were thrown up, the images were broken and scattered, the plastering tumbled in; and in one, a shell had taken off the head of an image of Christ upon the cross.

We were looking within the walls of a fine, two story, lofty building, and observing the complete havock made by a bomb, when a Mexican woman came by, (the first that we had seen within the walls: for the streets were nearly deserted). Throwing up her hand from under her reboso, and fixing her eyes upon us, with a wild and terrified look, she exclaimed, "*Muchas bombas Americanos! mui malo, mui terrible!*" (multitude of American bomb-shells! very bad, most terrible!)—and, after gazing upon us for a moment, with grief and terror depicted in her countenance, she passed on.

The owner of a large store invited some of us to follow him into the second story of his buildings. In a room, on the shelves, a great quantity of China and Liverpool ware had been stowed. Many large and splendid looking-glasses had been hung up around. On one side of the apartment had been a range of costly furniture,—tables of the richest mahogany and rosewood, secretaries and sideboards, with black and white marble slabs on their tops; Grecian chairs, &c., &c.

Into this costly collection a heavy bomb, breaking in an instant through the thick roof, which the owner had fondly believed to be proof against them, had descended and exploded; and the complete destruction of everything, with the fallen quantities of plaster and stone, could not be justly described. We were struck with amazement. The owner contemplated the scene for a moment, and pointing upwards to the large hole, through which we could see the blue sky, claimed, "*bomba!*" and throwing his hand around towards aps of property, so shattered in an instant, repeated, *o malo! mucho malo!*" and shook his head despond

city had been well prepared to resist an assault. parapet walls of the houses, around the roofs, had piled higher with sand bags. Ditches had been dug in

every street, and embankments placed before them, with cannon pointed over them. The streets, near the city walls, were barricaded with posts ten feet high, set in the ground. Quantities of hand grenades, or small bombs, to light with a a match, and throw down upon troops in the streets below, had been carried up to the tops of the houses. And we found that, in addition to the force within, every citizen had been fully armed from the public arsenal, thus nearly doubling the force for defence.

But their calculations were destroyed by our shower of bombs, against the effect of which there had been no protection. They were miserably disappointed in the manner of attack; and now, some of the English and French, who had remained within the city to witness the slaughter of our troops, in the expected assault, and who had suffered most grievously in their families and property, by the shells and shot, had the impudence to complain most bitterly of it, saying that Gen. Scott, when directing them to leave the city, did not inform them that he was going to bombard it; as if they expected our general to tell them and the Mexicans the plan of his future operations. They refused to leave the city when they might have done so; and, undoubtedly, many of them had anticipated the pleasure of popping at us from behind the parapet walls of their high stone buildings, or dropping hand grenades, to burst among our troops in the streets below;—they remained at their own peril.

Gen. Worth was immediately appointed governor of the city and castle, and entered upon the discharge of his duties. —Ten thousand rations of bread, rice, beans, and meat, were ordered to be distributed among the poor of the city, who crowded to receive this unexpected bounty, given by those, who but a day or two before, were destroying them by hundreds.

The vessels were removed from the anchorage at Sacrificios, to the harbor of the city.—The custom-house was opened, and business commenced.—A Mexican printing-office was hired, and a newspaper, styled the "Vera Cruz Eagle," soon made its appearance. The rancheros came into market, with

visions and vegetables to sell; the burreros with their sses, to resume their business, of bringing in wood, al, &c.—The stores were re-opened; and many American stablishments were added, the goods of which had, until n, been on board the vessels in the harbor. Immense antities of stores were landed in the city, and placed in urity.—The castle and city were thoroughly cleaned up, rubbish taken away, and the citizens, finding themves secure in person and property, began rapidly to reild and repair their immense damages. The fondas, or houses, were opened; the religious services, in their eat variety, were carried on; one of the first of which was *funcion*, or religious thanksgiving, to show their gratitude the saints, that their city had been surrendered to "los nericanos," before it had been entirely destroyed, and its nabitants cut off by the terrible *bombas*.

The inhabitants who had fled, began to return; and in s than a week Vera Cruz was in a more brisk and thriv- g state, as it regarded business, than it had been for years. American soldiers, who garrisoned the forts and castle, were found to be less oppressive than those of their own nation.—Money was plenty, labor wanted; a market for everything, their lives and property safe, their religion respected, and in its ceremonies Gen. Scott, himself, took a part, much to their surprise and gratification; and no one would have judged the Americans and Mexicans, that were now mingled, buying and selling from each other, to have been, but a few days before, deadly enemies; but so it was.—Such stores of goods and merchandise had been sent by the vessels, that anything needed, could be bought almost as cheap as in New Orleans.

The camps of the troops of Worth's and Patterson's divisions, were brought up near the city. Gen. Quitman's brigade, of the Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina troops, with Lieut. Steptoe's artillery, were sent off to take Alvarado, about thirty miles to the south-east; while a powerful naval force, under Com. Perry, of the frigate Potomac, the steam frigate Mississippi, the sloop-of-war St. Marys, the steamers Spitfire, Vixen, Water Witch, the brig Porpoise,

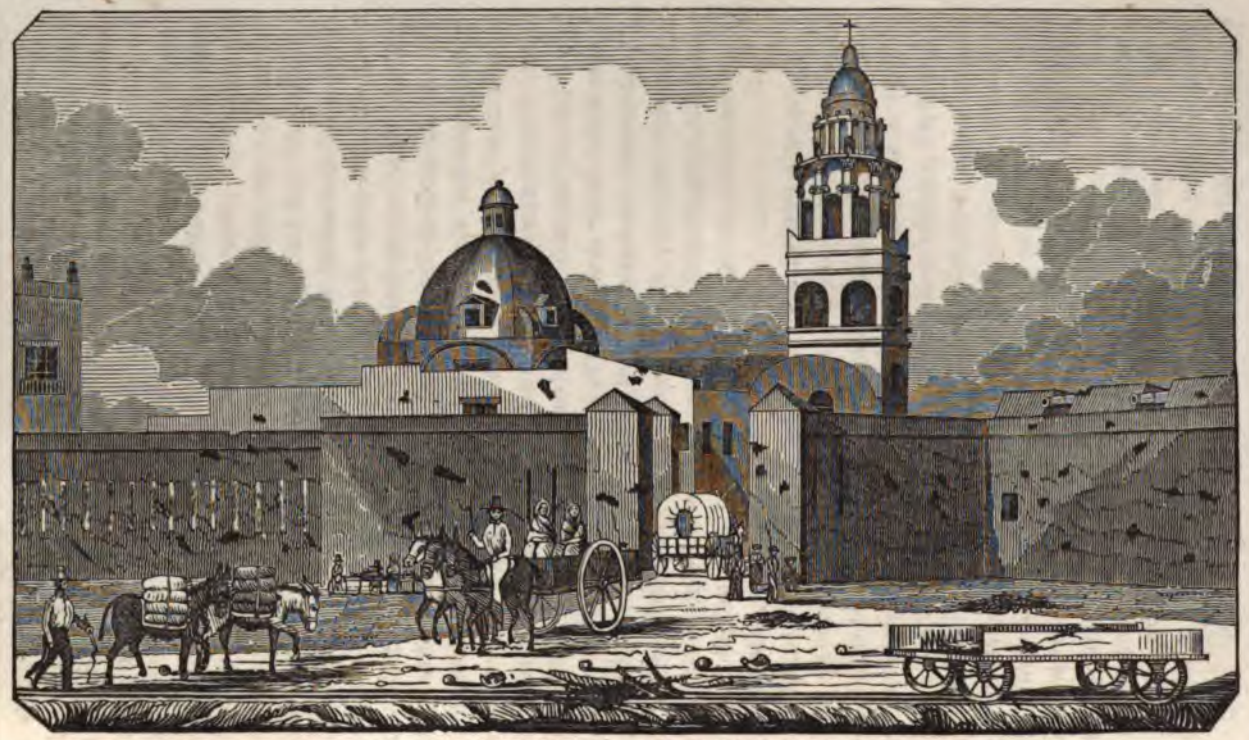
one bomb-ketch, and the five schooners of the musquito fleet, sailed to make, in conjunction with Gen. Quitman, this third attack on Alvarado.—But Com. Perry having sent the little steamer Scourge, Lieut. Hunter, to lie off the port, that officer receiving from the authorities propositions for a surrender, accepted them, and hoisted the American flag over the place, and also over another small town above, to the utter astonishment of the commodore and his officers, when the fleet arrived, and no less so to the army of Gen. Quitman, when they came before the place.*

Col. Harney, with his dragoons, made a descent upon the town of Antigua, eighteen miles north of Vera Cruz, and took the place, capturing a number of lancers, and much ammunition and arms.—The navy, to atone for the loss of the anticipated active operations against Alvarado, projected, and carried into execution, shortly after this, an expedition against the town of Tuspan, about one hundred and thirty miles to the north-west of Vera Cruz, defended by Gen. Cos. After some brisk fighting, they took this town, and, with its fall, the whole of the eastern coast of Mexico, bordering on the Gulf, came under the power of the United States.—But we are getting ahead of our subject.—A little to be said of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, now in our possession, and we leave this city for the next scene of action, in the interior, now approaching to the vital part of Mexico.

Vera Cruz, or "the true cross," is a closely-built city, entirely surrounded by a wall; without which is a barren sand plain, save on the south, where is a dilapidated part of its former extent, and a stone walk for pleasure, called the *Paseo*. The streets are regular and well paved, with sidewalks of smooth cement. The houses, mostly of two lofty stories, square, with court-yards within, as has been described at Tampico. There is not a garden, or a tree, or a single green

* For this act Lieut. Hunter was arrested by Commodore Perry, tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be reprimanded and sent home; which was done.—But the President of the United States, not agreeing with the proceedings of the commodore, complimented Lieut. Hunter for his conduct. The expression of public opinion was also in his favor and a splendid sword was presented to him for the act.

leaf of shrub or plant, or vacant spot of ground from the city wall on one side, to the same on the other. It is a heavy mass of stone, brick, and mortar, throughout; and is like a vast citadel surrounded by its heavy fortifications. It has a splendid aqueduct, built in 1725, for supplying it with water from the interior. It is most liberally furnished with churches; not all of which, however, are used. The oldest one, built in 1630, can partly be seen in the view opposite, taken by the author, of the Gate of Mercy, or principal gate on the southern side of the city, and the same out of which the Mexican army marched to the surrender. The reader can see there, the railroad, which runs but a few miles into the interior, made thus far by English capitalists; the car, with the cannon-ball hole through it; the road, torn up by the explosion of shells,—shot, and pieces of shell around; a *burrero*, driving in his two jacks with coal; a Vera Cruz cart, with three mules abreast;—beyond is seen the double gate, one of our wagons going in, and the sentinels there; on the left of it some tables, at which the Mexicans sell pulque, pine-apples, oranges, &c. The walls and the buildings are battered with shot, though, directly at this spot, they did not suffer very much. The shell that entered the dome of the old church above the window, did much damage in the interior, and killed several women that were praying within to the Virgin Mary. The building, seen only by its interior corner, on the extreme left, was the barracks for the troops; but it was so riddled through in hundreds of places, by our shot, as to be untenable by the Mexicans during the bombardment. On the right, are seen two guns of the "white fort." In the cart are a couple of women, with their *rebozos* drawn over their heads.—On entering this gate, you come directly into a crowded street.—The materials of which the walls, the buildings, the aqueduct, and the whole Castle are constructed, is a porous, hard, coral rock, which is obtained from the reefs in the harbor, before mentioned. Their lime, for mortar, is burnt from the same rock.—Vera Cruz has always enjoyed most of the foreign trade of the city of Mexico, and would, from its position, be a much larger city, but for its poor harbor, exposed to the northers, (being only protected from



GATE OF MERCY, AT VERA CRUZ.

their force by the reefs and castle), and its fatal yearly visits of yellow fever or *vomito*.

The castle of San Juan de Ulloa* is built on a small island opposite the city. The waves beat against its massive walls on every side but the north-east, where is a small beach.—It is divided within into three separate fortresses, with canals between, which are crossed by draw-bridges; (for view of one, see frontispiece). It is of immense strength;—the walls are from fifteen to eighteen feet thick, of solid stone;—the flat roof, supported on arches, is nearly as thick.—The area on the top of this is so extensive that thousands of infantry and squadrons of cavalry might parade upon it. There is a large plaza in the interior or main fortress.—On the top, and in the water batteries, or lower forts, the cannon are arranged along in formidable rows;—there are many sixty-eight and eighty-four-pounders among them, and several mortars. Magazines are placed in various parts of the large extent. The whole fort covers between seven and eight acres.—Its full complement of cannon is three hundred and seventy; complete garrison, two thousand five hundred men. In the plaza below, or paved square, and the courts and streets, it resembles a city, with its lofty houses around.—On the top, one is struck with its extent, magnitude and strength.

Its water tanks are filled by the rain which descends on the extensive stone area above. These tanks hold a sufficient quantity to serve the whole garrison for two years.—Its immense arches below; its subterranean apartments; its large square; its extensive canals, fine bridges, thick walls, solid roofs, and its excellent adaptation for defence, and its durability, (for one cannot see why it should not remain a thousand years), excite wonder and astonishment in the mind of the beholder. The magazines were filled with powder: its plaza piled with shells and shot.

Many of its guns are of old Spanish and French manufacture, and are beautifully carved, and most have upon them the name of Philip V, of Spain. This castle was commenced in building near two hundred and eighty years since;—has

* A disputed word—sometimes spelled "Ulloa," and at others, "Ulua."

been improved and built upon continually since, or until the Spaniards lost it;—has cost upwards of fifty millions of dollars, according to the accounts of the different expenditures; and now, with an American garrison in it, it would bid successful defiance to the navies of the world. To describe it, so as, part by part, to bring it fully before the reader's mind, would take a volume of hundreds of pages. A correct view of its outside appearance from a distance, to the south, is shown in the picture of the bombardment.

The Spaniards held possession of it eighteen months after they had lost the city opposite, and, in fact, every foot of land in Mexico, save that; and even then were starved out. The Mexicans might have set at nought all our efforts to take it, had they been supplied with provisions, and been willing to abandon the city to its fate; for Gen. Scott refused, at last, to accept the surrender of the city without the castle; and, while the garrison of the latter had laid in sufficient powder, shot and shells, for a siege of years, they had not provisions in it for more than a few weeks.

And so had fallen the city of Vera Cruz before American arms; one castle, the strongest in America; nine other forts, well mounted with artillery; over four hundred good pieces of cannon and mortars, of every calibre, and an abundance of ammunition for them; near six thousand stand of muskets, and many other arms; and five thousand prisoners, besides inhabitants.

CHAPTER XIII.

We were not allowed much rest in Vera Cruz, for Gen. Scott had determined on an immediate advance towards the city of Mexico; but he was delayed in his operations for a few days, by the want of transportation.—Mules enough could not be procured, and those sent from the United States were slow in arriving.

While these events of the investment, bombardment and capture of Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa had been carried on, Gen. Santa Anna, upon whom all the hopes of the Mexicans depended, had not been idle; but, after reaching San Luis Potosi, about the 5th of March, on his return from his bloody battle with Gen. Taylor, at Buena Vista, remained there only a few days.—Spurred on by the difficulties that surrounded him,—the actual existence of a revolution in the city of Mexico, raised by Gen. Peña y Barragan, against the power of Gomez Farias, the vice president, who held the reins of government,—by the descent of Gen. Scott upon Vera Cruz, of which he was previously aware, from the captured dispatches,—he left San Luis on the 14th of March, and attended by two brigades of infantry and one of cavalry, commenced his movement for the city of Mexico, leaving a force at San Luis, and another, under Gen. Miñon, on the road between that place and Buena Vista, to oppose any onward movement that Gen. Taylor might project. He had previously sent four thousand of his veterans, under Gen. Vasquez, to the seat of government.

His reception at the towns on his route was that of a triumphant conqueror;—deputations from Congress met him to congratulate him on his glorious achievements:—the mu-

nicipal authorities of the towns vied with one another in endeavoring to do him honor, so completely had the whole people been deceived with regard to his action at Buena Vista. New recruits, in crowds, joined his standard, eager to march against the Americans, to accomplish other glorious actions.

He arrived near Mexico on the 20th March, having, a week previous, written letters to Gomez Farias, and to Gen. Barregan, the chiefs of the opposing factions in the capital, to suspend all hostilities until his arrival; and which direction by each had been obeyed. He took the oath of office, as President of the Republic of Mexico, on the 23d, and, reconciling both the contending armies, united their forces to his own. He impressed many wagons and atajos of mules into his service, and at the head of his army quickly marched by the national road towards Vera Cruz, adding to his force the troops at Puebla, Perote, and Jalapa. At the latter place he borrowed from the alcaldes twenty thousand dollars, to pay to his force. He made a stand with his army, then swelled to thirteen thousand men, with forty-two pieces of artillery, at the pass of Cerro Gordo—a strong position, about sixty miles from Vera Cruz, and twenty-seven from Jalapa.

This pass, which had before been the scene of contest, in their civil wars, as well as in that between Mexico and Spain, had always been regarded as impregnable to an attack made by an enemy advancing from the coast, and as impossible to be turned.* The heights, here overhanging the road, already strongly fortified, he farther strengthened, and placed in position his pieces of artillery. His right was protected by a ravine of several hundred feet perpendicular depth, and his left by the height of Cerro Gordo; his front was covered with hills, among which the road lay for miles, and came up through his centre, between the heights, and was thus rendered utterly impassable. Here he waited, to prevent the advance of Scott, confident of victory, from his position, situation of artillery, and amount of force. No stronger place could have been found.—He was not obliged to wait long,

* Santa Anna's vindication, published at the city of Mexico soon after the battle of Cerro Gordo.

as the sequel will show.—In the interval, let us speak of this section of country.

The land upon which Santa Anna had now posted himself, belonged, as private property, to him. His vast estate comprehends the whole slope of the mountains, from Jalapa to Vera Cruz, near ninety miles, including, in one sense, the land of the torrid and of the temperate zones; for, as land rises, the air becomes cooler, and at Jalapa is almost like that of a perpetual spring. On the lower part of Santa Anna's estate, towards Vera Cruz, in the *tierras calientes*, or hot lands, can every rich fruit of the torrid zone be produced: oranges, lemons, limes, figs, pine-apples, zapotes, tunas, anonas, bananas, plantains, cocoa-nuts, and sugar-cane; while upon the *tierras templadas*, or temperate lands, flourish corn, cotton, small grains, and the fruits and flowers of the temperate zones. The oak, the sycamore, and the other forest trees to which he is accustomed, meet the eye of the northern soldier in every direction; the air is cool and balmy; the dreaded *vomito*, or yellow fever, that so rages in the tierras calientes, never reaches here.

On this large estate, the Mexican chieftain has three principal haciendas; one in the hot regions, eighteen miles from Vera Cruz; a stone building splendidly furnished, roomy and capacious, with marble floors, &c. This is called Manga de Clavo.—Another is near the Puente Nacional, or National Bridge, about half way to Jalapa.—The scenery around this is of the most wild and romantic character; the bridge and fort overlooking it, has been the scene of many a combat and bloody fight, between the Spaniards and Mexicans, the different factions of the Mexicans themselves, and lately between the guerilla forces and small bodies of American troops.*—

* THE NATIONAL BRIDGE.

The bluff from which this picture was taken is of perpendicular rock, about two hundred feet in height. The mountain torrent, or the Rio Antigua, as it is called, rushes against the base of this rock, and turns off to the left around it. The bridge is of solid stone, of magnificent proportions and structure; and will remain, unless forcibly destroyed, for ages.—Near the foreground of the picture, not shown therein, is another fort, the guns of which, when in position, bear down upon the bridge, and upon the road, as it descends the opposite hill. On that slope perceived, the Mexicans afterward defeated the detachment of Captain Wells, by means of cannon

A view of the bridge from the rocky bluffs on the lower side, is given on the opposite page; and the hacienda of Santa Anna, spoken of, is seen on the right, though the large village near it, is concealed by the rocks, that the artist who sketched it from the author's drawing, has piled up too freely there.

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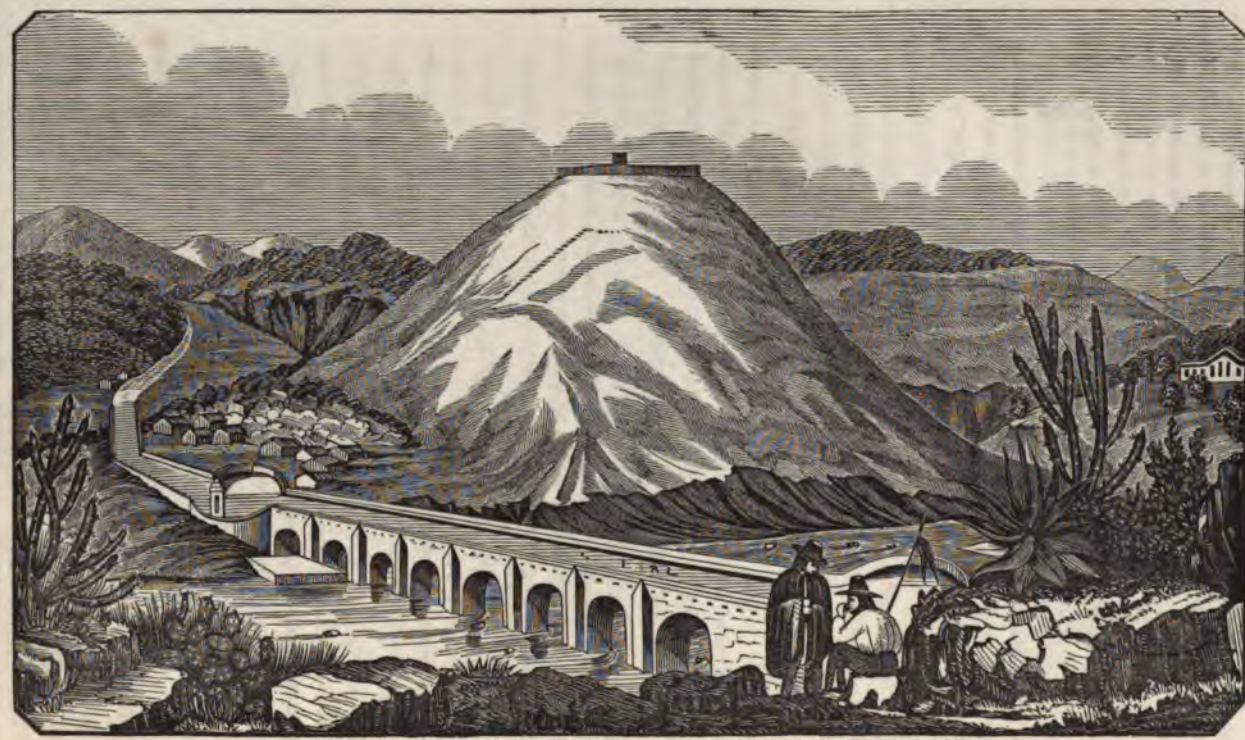
on the high fort seen on the hill, and also others on this bluff;—their cross-fires were terrible.—After that event, it was found necessary—what at first should have been done—to place an American garrison in the works. Since this, the guerrillas do not come near it. This national road has been by some travelers described as one most miserable; but this representation resulted from the fact of their starting from Vera Cruz in the night, in the *diligencia*, or stage, and going at a rapid rate; the road, in places, being out of repair, they were jolted exceedingly. The truth is, that the road was, originally, and would be now, with small repairs in paving, the best on the continent of America.—One who marches slowly along it, is astonished at the magnitude of the whole work; hills are dug down, and the valleys filled up; every water-course, and even little brook, is spanned by a magnificent bridge, which, even the most common ones, exceed, in stability and beauty, anything of the kind to be found in the United States.—Let the traveler, instead of rolling in the close coach, take his horse, and ride over the road at his leisure; descend the ravines, and pass under the magnificent arches below, and he will be astonished at the work.—The traveling public of the West are familiar with the stone arch over the canal at Louisville, Ky.; but that does not compare with any one of the arches of the splendid national bridge, seen in the view. Though from the height which you are supposed to look down upon that, these appear much lower than they really are. Every object of nature around is upon such a vast scale, that one does not perceive the immense strength and size of the bridge, until he is on or under it.—This road, when first it leaves the city of Vera Cruz, passes over the level, loose sands that surround that city; after three miles it enters the chaparal-covered sand hills; eight miles distance through these, brings one upon it to the little town of Santa Fe, in the midst of a beautiful, undulating country: eighteen miles, to Manga de Clavo, a section more hilly, wooded, green, and fertile, with many ranchos scattered about.—It now begins to ascend, and, at the national bridge, winds among wild hills, more barren and sterile; beyond this, it rises continually, ranging around the bases of the mountainous hills, until, by a rapid and circuitous rise, near Cerro Gordo it leaves the hot lands, and enters the temperate regions, but among scenery so rugged and mountainous, that there are but few ranchos or inhabitants. It continues rapidly to rise, until, at Encerro, it passes through a fine grazing country, where sheep and cattle are innumerable, in the undulating pastures, which are enclosed by stone walls, of miles in extent. Still rising, and passing through the town of Jalapa, it brings one to a most lovely country; and then pursues its course towards the city of Mexico. For its whole extent it is paved, or covered with *tunastate* rock, which, when pulverized, makes a macadamized road of the finest kind. If the pavements were repaired in some places, it would, as said before, be the best road in America The cost of it to the Spanish government was immense. The Mexicans have done nothing to it of benefit.



PUENTE NACIONAL FROM THE BLUFFS ON THE EAST.

Santa Anna's third hacienda is at Encerro, a few miles east of Jalapa, and in the temperate regions. By varying his residence from Manga de Clavo or Encerro to the other, only about sixty miles apart, on the same road, he enjoys as much variety of climate, change of scene and air, and view of the different productions of the earth, as one would find in traveling from Maine to Florida. He can suit himself. If at Manga de Clavo he is weary of the rich fruits and hot sun of the torrid zone, one day's ride takes him to the medium clime at the national bridge; or another to the healthful, temperate, grazing region about Encerro.—His haciendas are all beautiful. That at Encerro appears to be the more richly furnished; while the stock of fine wines, &c., into which our men dipped, at Manga de Clavo, showed that he had laid up much for use there.

Between Encerro and the national bridge, at the supposed impregnable hills of Cerro Gordo, as before said, he awaited with his hosts, to give battle to Gen. Scott.

Four days after Vera Cruz was taken, on April 3d, the latter general issued orders to his army to prepare for the march to the interior, stripping themselves of all extra baggage, and leaving all tents behind, save three for each company for sick, wounded, and protection of arms, in case of rain. On the 8th of April, the second division of regulars, under Gen. Twiggs, commenced the march towards Jalapa, all anxious to leave this sickly climate, before which, already, many were falling;—the hospitals were filled with sick, and the dreaded scourge, the *vomito*, began to make its appearance.*

On Saturday, April 10th, two days after the departure of Gen. Twiggs, the large division of volunteers under Gen. Patterson, followed.—These were the first and second Tennessee infantry, under colonels Campbell and Haskell, and one company of our regiment of cavalry, Capt. Caswell; the first and second Pennsylvania regiments, colonels Roberts and Wyncoop; and Capt. Williams' independent company

* There was less spirituous liquor drank at Vera Cruz than at any other town we took; the soldiers being afraid of its effects in the sickly climate, and moreover being particularly cautioned to abstain from its use by the officers, both general and inferior. Even the old soakers took but little stronger than wine; claret was freely used.

of Kentuckians:—forming the brigade of Gen. Pillow, (the remainder of our regiment being left behind, on account of our horses not yet having arrived); and the third and fourth regiments Illinois, under colonels Forman and Baker; and the New York regiment, Col. Burnett, composing the brigade of Gen. Shields.

On Monday evening, the 12th, (two days after this), Gen. Scott and his staff left, with an escort of dragoons.—On the next day, (Tuesday, the 13th), the whole division of Gen. Worth, with field artillery, followed with part of the siege train of heavy artillery.

On the same day that Gen. Scott departed, the large fleet of frigates, sloops of war, armed steamers and schooners,—in all sixteen vessels,—sailed, as before mentioned, to attack Tuspan.

On Sunday, April 18th, the remainder of the forces, Gen. Quitman's brigade, marched for the interior, bringing up the rear of the army, and leaving as a guard in the city and castle the first regiment regular infantry and two companies Louisiana volunteers. Gen. Quitman's brigade was composed of the Alabama regiment, Col. Coffee, the Georgia regiment, Col. Jackson, and the South Carolina regiment, Col. Butler, with four companies of our regiment of cavalry, Col. Thomas, the horses of the remaining companies not yet having fully arrived.—The horses of our companies, which now started, were in fine condition, having been well attended to at Tampico, and having had a short passage from thence.

The brigade marched rapidly, for we had heard of the position of the enemy ahead, and wished to be in the battle; but we were too late, for the battle was fought on this day, and our brigade had none of the work, save a little skirmishing with guerrillas along, who had killed the stragglers of the other divisions.* The mutilated bodies we found here and there on the road. In these skirmishes three of our

* These guerrillas lay concealed at every bridge, and fired upon any small parties of our men that passed.—Sergeant Tucker and four men, of the regular dragoons, came dashing into camp late in the night, carrying an express of the news of the battle of Cerro Gordo to Vera Cruz. Hundreds of shots had been fired at them; they were closely pursued to near our sentinels, and three of the men were bleeding freely from wounds received.—We were amused at one of our men, A. G. McCandliss,

men—Roach, King and Luker, of Capt. Haynes' company—were slightly wounded. We did not arrive at Plan del Rio, near Cerro Gordo, until the second day after the battle.

We had marched from the national bridge.—The day was hot and the road dusty.—As the column neared Plan del Rio, and wound over the hills, we came to a burnt rancho. Here the dragoons had had the first skirmish with the advance parties of Mexicans before the battle. Another mile brought us to a bridge crossing a creek in which were many beautiful cascades, and shortly after to another bridge, and beyond it a small plain, embosomed, as it were, in among crags and mountains.—This was Plan del Rio, and here we found encamped the second Tennessee infantry. As we approached, they came to meet us, crowding in among our horses; and the advance was almost stopped, so eager were all of us to learn particulars from them.—There was inquiry among us for this one, for that one, &c.

The answers were various:—some were safe; others had lost arms or legs, or had been otherwise wounded, while the inquiry for others was answered by their pointing to the long rows of fresh graves by the side of the road.—The enemy had been completely defeated, but many brave men had fallen in our ranks.

We visited the wounded after encampment, and then rode to the battle-ground, on which we found detachments of men piling up muskets, bringing off the wounded, burying the dead, &c., over the extended hills. We examined the ground thoroughly, and many unpleasant scenes were presented before us, of which we will speak after giving an account of the battle.

The battle-ground of Cerro Gordo is difficult to be described, on account of its being but a vast collection of massive hills, divided by deep and precipitous ravines.—No view of the whole ground can be obtained from any one place, save

who was so anxious to have a hand-to-hand conflict with these guerrillas, that he went to Gen. Quitman and begged to be allowed to go back to Vera Cruz with their little escort, thinking that they would be fired upon again. On account of the wounded men, the general permitted him to go. Although disappointed previous to reaching Vera Cruz, yet, in returning, near Jalapa, he was gratified by having a fight, and killing a guerrilla captain.

the height of Cerro Gordo itself, that rises nine hundred and fifty feet above the river, which runs in a deep ravine on its southern side.—The only way in which the author can possibly present to the mind of the reader a correct idea of the extraordinary strength of this place, and the difficulties that our gallant troops had to surmount in the attacks upon the enemy's strong works, is to draw his attention to the plan and views combined. (*See plan, page 586; view opposite, and frontispiece*).

In the first place, imagine yourself standing at Gen. Pillow's position, marked on the plan.—You are on a high hill, facing to the north-west, and you have before you the view seen in the picture opposite. Behind you is a dense growth of chapparal. In front of you are the batteries of the enemy's left,—Nos. 1, 2, 3,—running on the tops of the hills, and separated by ravines. These works are of stone.

The space between you and the batteries is very rough, of irregular stones, overgrown with briers;—the thorny musquit has been cut down, and so left: for, as the enemy expected the main attack here, every precaution was taken to ensure success in defence.—To the left of the whole picture, a little beyond the view, is the edge or perpendicular side of the principal ravine—an awful chasm, between four and five hundred feet in depth, and two-thirds of a mile in width.—Far down in this meanders the river.—Behind you are rugged, stony hills, covered with thick chapparal, and with tremendous ravines between, rendering them impassable. If you turn and look in that direction, you can see far down over their rugged tops to Plan del Rio, and the American camp quietly reposing in the narrow valley.

The national road, as you also perceive by the plan, (*page* 586), leaves Plan del Rio; runs eastwardly, up the side of the mountain base; then north, rising rapidly; then west; then north again, until, down in the valley, where Gen. Worth's position is marked, it comes within long range of the guns on the right of the fort before you. There it winds around the next hill, and takes a north-western course, directly through the "pass," where you see it is exposed in its

BATTERY NO. 2, CHARGED BY SECOND TENNESSEE REGIMENT

above it; and, after it enters the pass, to those of No. 4, which bear directly down upon it; also to those of the height of Cerro Gordo,—opposite which, you observe that battery No. 5 entirely closes the road, and its guns point directly down the pass.—From No. 4 to No. 5 is a continued breast-work on the side of the rising hill, within pistol range of the pass below.—Turn again to this picture of the batteries, and you observe part of No. 3, on the right; and, over the top of the hill upon which that is placed, under the letter X, there placed, and looking down on the road in the pass, is the position of No. 4. The hill of Cerro Gordo you observe rising above, in the distance. Observing the position of the battery No. 4, on the plan, (*page* 586), and from this picture described, in imagination proceed there in a direct line,—crossing the ravine,—leaving battery No. 3 to your right.

On arriving at No. 4, you have the picture, shown in the frontispiece before you, which was also taken after the battle: —the pass below you; the hills of Cerro Gordo and Telegrafo, in front; Cerro Gordo being to the left. Telegrafo is the hill on which the fighting of the 17th took place; and Cerro Gordo rises high, the key of the whole position. A body of our troops are placed going through the pass, toward the head, or the farther extremity, at which is battery No. 5, shown on the plan;—the guns of this bear directly along the pass, as above mentioned.

Now, reader, from your last position (battery No. 4) imagine yourself across the pass, and on the summit of Cerro Gordo, and then you look down on, and have a direct view of the whole ground, and, with the aid of the plan first mentioned, can gain a clear idea of the field of operations.—In the first place, facing to the south-east, below you is the pass, and the hill beyond it, rising from battery No. 5, and continually ascending, until it ends at batteries No. 1, 2 and 3. Still farther on, in the same direction, you look far over the mountainous hills, which are between you and Plan del Rio. To the south, you see over this hill of batteries, and observe that on its southern side it is abruptly terminated by the terrible chasm or ravine before mentioned.—

Over the ravine, you observe but distant mountains, thrown together in nature's wildest style.

Looking down from your high elevation to the west, you observe the plain, bounded by the same ravine, which, at battery No. 5, comes nearly to the road at the base of the mountain, and this road follows up the bank of the ravine to where is marked Santa Anna's headquarters;—there the road branches off, and loses itself in other hills.

Now look to the north.—At the base of the mountain is another ravine, apparently impassable;—beyond that, the rugged mountains are piled upon one another far as the eye can reach.

Now look to the east, still consulting the plan. Below you is the hill of Telegrafo;—it stretches long and high. Between it and the hill of batteries Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, the road runs up. Over this hill of Telegrafo, surrounded as it is by tremendous chasms, your vision extends far off to the eastward;—rugged hills succeed to others still lower, until, thirty miles in the distance, you observe the more level and faint outlines of the lower lands of the sea coast.

The view all around you is of the wildest of nature's work, and you wonder at the exceeding strength of this place. You see that no force can approach by the south, for the terrible ravine forbids.—You think it utterly hopeless to endeavor to come around to the north, for the ravines appear impassable.—You perceive no way to come, save directly up the road from the south-east along the pass; but if that was attempted, you perceive, from the plan, that they would be exposed to a flank fire from fort No. 2, as they crossed the valley below, and then would be annihilated as they came up the pass, by the lofty batteries, Nos. 3 and 4, and the direct fire of No. 5, added to that of No. 6, on the summit of the hill of Cerro Gordo. You can perceive no opportunity for a force ever to be able to come so near as to attack any of the works, save the batteries on the extreme south,—Nos. 1 and 2,—which may be approached by a difficult path through the chapparal on the rocky hills, marked as Gen. Pillow's route.

Well, reader, so it appears, and so Santa Anna and his

officers thought; and into that part of the line, consequently, he had placed the best troops and strongest collection of artillery; their opinion was made certain by a German,—one of our regular dragoons,—who, confident, from their position, that they must gain the victory, deserted from our troops on the night of the 17th, and passed over to them, informing them that they were to be attacked on the next morning, and that the principal effort was to be made against those batteries,—Nos. 1 and 2. On this information, Gen. La Vega, who commanded on the height of Cerro Gordo, changed places with Gen. Vasquez in command of the batteries on the hill; and every preparation was made to receive the attack. But this deserter was wrong in his idea: the main assault was not to be made there, but at the eminence of Cerro Gordo itself, in the face of all the natural difficulties that surrounded it; and his tale, therefore, and its effect in change of the Mexican movements, in strengthening these batteries, and waiting there for the main attack, was in the highest degree subservient to the glory of the American arms: for Gen. Scott, although commanding an assault to be made against these batteries, yet had from the first intended to direct his main movements to the right; and so confident was he of his plans securing the victory, notwithstanding the immense advantage of position and numerical force of the enemy, added to their overpowering number of artillery, that his orders were only directed to that end, and nothing is said in them of the possibility of defeat; but the troops are directed as to the manner of pursuit of the routed foe.*

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* GEN. SCOTT'S ORDERS PREVIOUS TO THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
Plan del Rio, April 17, 1847.

General Orders, No. 111.

The enemy's whole line of entrenchments and batteries will be attacked in front and at the same time turned, early in the day to-morrow, probably before ten o'clock, A. M.

The second (Twiggs') division of regulars is already advanced within easy turning distance towards the enemy's left. That division has instructions to move forward before daylight to-morrow, and take up position across the National Road in the enemy's rear, so as to cut off a retreat towards Jalapa. It may be reinforced to-day, if unexpectedly attacked in force, by regiments—one or two taken from Shields' brigade

Gen. Twiggs had already opened a road around, with infinite labor, and, after a hard fight on the 17th, taken possession of the hill of Telegrafo, driving off the enemy with great loss; and, on this evening, he was reinforced by Gen. Shields' brigade of volunteers, consisting of the third Illinois infantry, Col. Foreman, the fourth do., Col. Baker, and the New York regiment, Col. Burnett.

Gen. Twiggs' division slept on their arms, on the ground

GEN. SCOTT'S ORDERS PREVIOUS TO THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

of volunteers. If not, the two volunteer regiments will march for that purpose at daylight to-morrow morning, under Brig. Gen. Shields, who will report to Brig. Gen. Twiggs on getting up with him, or the general-in-chief, if he be in advance.

The remaining regiment of that volunteer brigade will receive instructions in the course of this day.

The first division of regulars (Worth's) will follow the movement against the enemy's left at sunrise to-morrow morning.

As already arranged, Brig. Gen. Pillow's brigade will march at six o'clock to-morrow morning along the route he has carefully reconnoitred, and stand ready as soon as he hears the report of arms on our right, or sooner, if circumstances should favor him, to pierce the enemy's line of batteries at such point—the nearer the river the better—as he may select. Once in the rear of that line, he will turn to the right or left, or both, and attack the batteries in reverse, or if abandoned, he will pursue the enemy with vigor until further orders.

Wall's field battery and the cavalry will be left in reserve on the National Road, a little out of view and range of the enemy's batteries. They will take up that position at nine o'clock in the morning.

The enemy's batteries being carried or abandoned, all our divisions and corps will pursue with vigor.

This pursuit may be continued many miles, until stopped by darkness or fortified positions, towards Jalapa. Consequently, the body of the army will not return to this encampment, but be followed to-morrow afternoon, or early the next morning, by the baggage trains of the several corps. For this purpose, the feebler officers and men of each corps will be left to guard its camp and effects, and to load up the latter in the wagons of the corps. A commander of the present encampment will be designated in the course of this day.

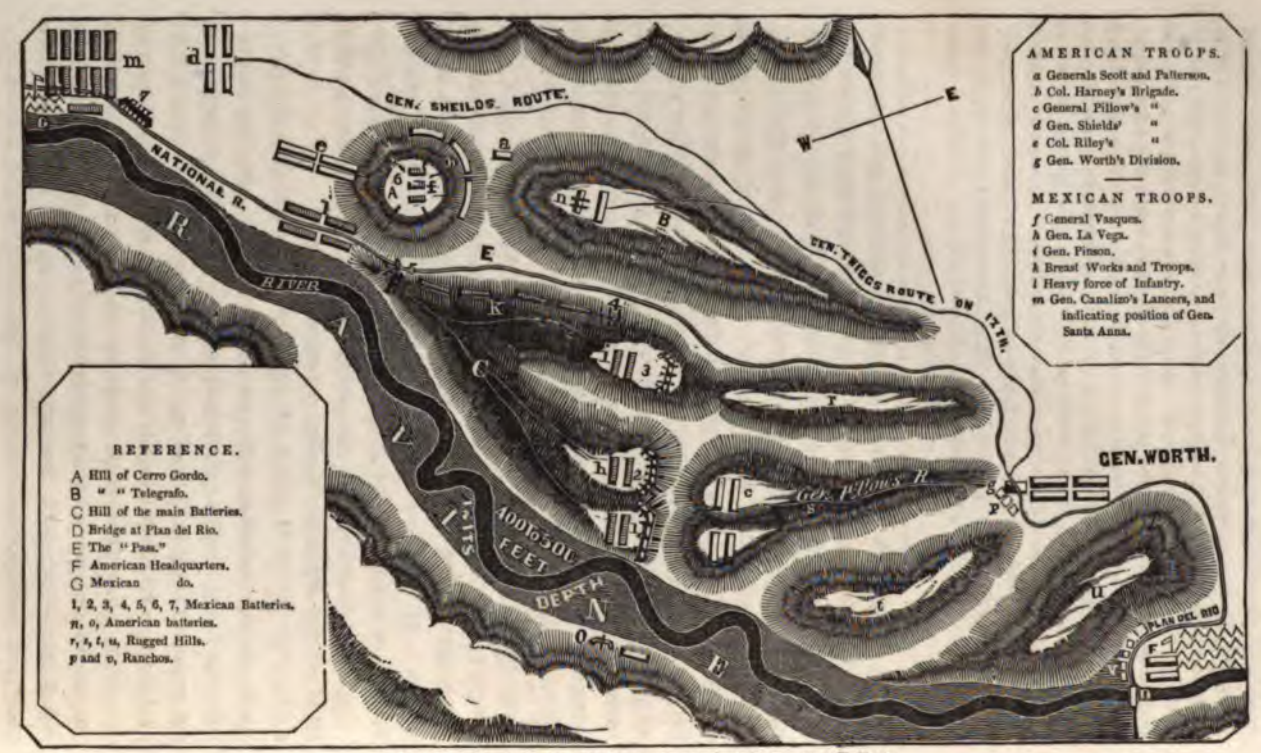
As soon as it shall be known that the enemy's works have been carried, or that the general pursuit has been commenced, one wagon for each regiment, and one for the cavalry, will follow the movement, to receive, under the directions of medical officers, the wounded and disabled, who will be brought back to this place for treatment in general hospital.

The Surgeon General will organise this important service, and designate that hospital, as well as the medical officers to be left at it.

Every man who marches out to attack or pursue the enemy, will take the usual allowance of ammunition, and subsistence for at least two days.

By command of Major General SCOTT:

H. L. SCOTT, *A. A. A. General.*



BATTLE GROUND OF CERRO GORDO.

they had so gallantly won.* In the night, three pieces of artillery, twenty-four pounders, two of them howitzers, under the command of Capt. Steptoe, and the other under that of Lieut. Seymour, were dragged up the new road opened by Gen. Twiggs (marked on the plan opposite), with incredible labor, by the regulars, the Illinoisans, and the New York regiment, and on the summit of Telegrafo placed in position. This battery commenced the action of the 18th, at seven o'clock A. M., by a heavy upward fire upon the enemy's battery, on the adjacent height of Cerro Gordo.

We will now speak of the disposition of the Mexican troops at this moment, and the arrangements made for receiving the attack.—In the fort, at the top of the hill of Cerro Gordo, were six pieces of artillery, and near three thousand men, under Gen. Vasquez; Gen. Santa Anna and Gen. Ampudia were there, also, during the commencement of the fight, but cleared themselves quickly afterward.—At the foot of Cerro Gordo, and near the battery No. 5, were about two thousand men and five cannon. On the hill of the batteries Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, were about four thousand men, and twenty-four pieces of artillery—five in No. 1, eight in No. 2, eight in No. 3, and three in No. 4. These were under the commands of Gen. La Vega and Gen. Pinson. The fact of there being artillery in Nos. 1 and 2 was unknown to our attacking force, the pieces being masked by brush, like that which lay cut down and dry before them, and there having been no opportunity of making a correct reconnoissance of the position.

* TWIGGS' ACTION ON THE 17TH.

The forces of Gen. Twiggs engaged in the battle of the 17th, the object of which was to gain possession of Telegrafo, were under the immediate command of Col. Harney;—were composed of the regular rifle regiment, Major Loring, first artillery, Col. Childs, and one company of the seventh regular infantry, under Lieut. Gardner, with the mountain howitzer and rocket company, under Capt. Talcott, and was a spirited battle, in which Col. Harney and his command conducted themselves with great gallantry and success; driving the numerous bodies of the enemy from the hill of Telegrafo, and repulsing three heavy charges that they made with a heavy force from Cerro Gordo, to regain possession. While this action was going on, Gen. Santa Anna was on the height of Cerro Gordo above, and the action was thus fought beneath his eye, and directed, on the part of the Mexicans, by his orders. By referring to the frontispiece, the reader has a full view of Telegrafo, and the hollow between that and Cerro Gordo, which, as well as the hill, was the scene of the severe fighting of this day.

At Santa Anna's headquarters, were a body of infantry and artillery, with six cannon, and four thousand lancers, under Gen. Canalizo; making in all about thirteen thousand men, with forty-two pieces of cannon.

The battle now commenced with the utmost spirit. Gen. Twiggs' three brigades—Col. Riley's, Col. Harney's (Gen. P. F. Smith, the commander, being sick), and Gen. Shields' volunteers—were already on the ground;—Gen. Pillow's brigade—composed of the 1st and 2d Tennessee regiments, under colonels Campbell and Haskell, 1st and 2d Pennsylvania do., under colonels Roberts and Wyncoop, the independent company of Kentuckians, Capt. Williams, and one company of the Tennessee cavalry, Capt. Caswell—was on the route from camp, at Plan del Rio, but having three miles to march round, before it could reach the enemy's left batteries, was not able to arrive at these until after the general commencement of the fight at Cerro Gordo, on the other extremity, although the gallant brigade was making every exertion to get there. The firing commenced sooner than had been anticipated.

Col. Harney's brigade of the 1st artillery, Col. Childs, 3d infantry, Capt. Alexander, 7th infantry, Lieut. Col. Plympton, and the rifle regiment, Major Loring, descended from Telegrafo, into the valley (*seen in the frontispiece*) between that and Cerro Gordo, and then rapidly charged up the sides of the steep mountain, upon the fort, exposed to the fire from above, and partly to that of the three pieces, seen in the foreground, which fired with fatal effect across to the mountain.

While these were attacking the hill, the 2d brigade, under Col. Riley, passed to the right, around the base of Cerro Gordo, and engaged the enemy at and near its base. At the same time, the volunteer brigade, under Gen. Shields, also passing under the base of Cerro Gordo, and crossing a ravine, moved up on its right bank, and, to the perfect astonishment of Santa Anna, vigorously attacked his headquarters, which

protected by the battery of six cannon, and supported

. Canalizo's body of lancers.

e these three brigades were thus moving, the enemy,

perceiving the movements, apparently became alarmed, lest the main attack should be in that direction, instead of on the other extremity; and a heavy body of near two thousand infantry were put in motion, to proceed across and strengthen the post of Cerro Gordo. But at that moment the heavy firing upon their left announced the attack of Gen. Pillow, and this body were immediately recalled to the resistance of what they supposed to be the main attack of the American army.* Harney's brigade, after sharp fighting and heavy loss, entered the breast-works on top of Cerro Gordo, from opposite points, and, finishing the work with the bayonet, drove the enemy down the hill, where Col. Riley's brigade was already routing the force there stationed.—Gen. Shields' Illinoisans,† with the New York regiment, charged upon the battery at Santa Anna's headquarters, and upon the lancers beyond, in a most gallant manner, that drew upon them the admiration of the whole army, and the highest compliments from the generals. Their brave and accomplished leader, Gen. Shields, fell, shot through the breast; and Col Baker, of the 4th Illinois, assumed the command. The battery was taken, and the lancers routed; Santa Anna barely escaping, by a rapid flight; and the rout of all the forces of the enemy became complete, save that upon the hill of the batteries Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. These surrendered prisoners of war.—The remainder, that fled towards Jalapa, were pursued by Gen. Twiggs, with two sections of artillery, the regular dragoons, captains Hardee and Blake, under Major Beal,

* Never, in any battle, have been a superior and excellently fortified force more completely out-generaled, and more decisively and promptly defeated in consequence, than were the Mexicans in their almost impregnable position at Cerro Gordo. Strong as was the main hill, they relied too much upon it. The very opinion of the Mexicans, that their left was the only place that could be assailed, and the formidable preparations there made for the reception of the Americans, and their confidence of being able to repulse them, proved their ruin; for although they were thus enabled to repulse Gen. Pillow, yet the attention and force to do this, thus withdrawn from Cerro Cordo and their right, lost them those positions, before the sweeping, resistless charges of Col. Harney, Col. Riley, and Gen. Shields; and their batteries on the left were then untenable, being completely commanded by Cerro Gordo.

† As the 1st and 2d Illinoisans distinguished themselves at Buena Vista, under Gen. Taylor, so did the 3d and 4th, of the same State, gain equal honors at this action, under Gen. Scott.

and the Illinoisans and New Yorkers. A scene of slaughter and capture extended for miles; the routed forces escaping in the chapparal, wherever they could, throwing away their arms in their flight.

But we are getting ahead of our account. We left Gen. Pillow's brigade arriving before the enemy's left batteries. Not ready—but the firing having already become heavy at Cerro Gordo, that general, too hasty in the movement, instantly ordered the 2d Tennessee, accompanied by Capt. Williams' Kentucky company, to charge upon battery No. 2, to be supported by the 1st Pennsylvania; and the enemy opened with artillery into the chapparal in which the arriving troops were forming, killing and wounding some, and, of the latter, the general himself, as he was riding over to the other column, the 2d Pennsylvania, supported by the 1st Tennessee, which was to attack battery No. 1.—The 2d Tennessee had dashed ahead, towards its object. A short distance brought them out into the open space, of which the covering chapparal had been cut down, and now, for the first time, all saw the position of the works here; (for, as said before, it had not been possible to closely observe them previously, on account of the strong Mexican pickets, in the chapparal, which completely prevented the approach, sufficiently near, of a reconnoitering party). Before them, for two hundred yards, the chapparal trees lay over the ground in every direction. The large rocks beneath lay piled on each other, covered with a coarse grass, which grew up between, and concealed their ragged, irregular crevices. In front, at battery No. 2, eight pieces of artillery were loaded to the muzzles with canister, and eighteen hundred infantry were ranged behind them. To the right, in battery No. 3, five pieces of artillery, within musket shot, loaded with canister, and supported by infantry, were ready to fire crosswise; on the left, in battery No. 4, were three pieces, in the same manner, to cross-fire in the other direction, supported in the same manner. Thus had they here prepared to receive the main attack of the American army.—As the column emerged from the chapparal, the glance around them upon the obstructions of the ground, and the terrible preparations to receive them, did not

daunt, in the least degree, the courage or the enthusiasm of this noble regiment of Tennesseeans, and the equally gallant company of Kentuckians;—delivering their fire at the serried, protected ranks before them, they answered the clear strains of the Mexican bugles with a wild shout of defiance, and over the rocks, brush and fallen trees, as rapidly as they could get, they dashed firmly forward with the bayonet.—The Mexican artillery in front opened upon them; the battery on the right swept them with grape, and that on the left crossed its showers of canister through their ranks, while the deadly fire of two thousand muskets poured upon them. The air was filled with the storm of iron, copper, and lead; the trees and brush flew in splinters, the rocks were shattered on every surface; and the gallant command, pressing nearly to the forts, fell like leaves before the whirlwind. Their heroic colonel, Haskell, maddened in seeing his men thus falling around him, and that the consummation of the assault with his force was absolutely impossible,—his lieutenant-colonel, major, adjutant, and most of his company officers having fallen, with his cap torn from his head by a grape-shot, his hair streaming wildly in the wind, loudly ordered his men to fall back until supported. This was done; and then the whole brigade put in columns, to attack Nos. 1 and 2 simultaneously. But now it was unnecessary—the object had been gained.* For the heavy Mexican column, that had been proceeding to the assistance of the force on the height of Cerro Gordo, was stopped in its course, and turned back with all speed, by the firing at the left; and before they could return, Cerro Gordo, the key to the whole position, had been taken; the forces there entirely routed, and, immediately after, those in the batteries displayed a white flag for surrender, and the battle was over.

The rout was complete.—Not a thing was saved by the flying enemy; all order was lost, and every one escaped in the best way he could.—There fell into the hands of our

* The reader has only to look at the view of these batteries, (page 580) and in imagination to fill up the fortifications with the crowded ranks of the enemy, to be able fully to appreciate the daring valor and unflinching bravery of this 2d Tennessee regiment, with its accompanying band of Kentuckians.

victorious army forty-two pieces of cannon, (most of them brass), many wagons and pack mules, four thousand prisoners,* six or eight thousand stand of arms (not numbered), five generals,—Pinson, Jarero, La Vega, Noriega, and Obando; (another, Gen. Vasquez, was killed on Cerro Gordo, fighting to the last); many colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and other officers (two hundred and fifteen in all); most abundant supplies of excellent powder; cannon and musket cartridges; cannon-balls, grape-shot and canister, of copper, iron, and lead; Santa Anna's traveling carriage, and his effects, including sixteen thousand dollars, in silver—a good part of which fell into the hands of the victorious Illinoisans and others; and, in fact, everything that the enemy possessed.

Santa Anna escaped to the town of Orizaba, on the foot of the mountain of the same name. The Mexican army dispersed in every direction, and the largest body was pursued sixteen miles, to Santa Anna's hacienda at Encerro,† and many were cut down.

The hopes of the Mexicans were, for the time, wholly destroyed; and, as the fruits of victory, the fine city of Jalapa

* About one thousand of these escaped, for the want of a full escort in the chapparal-lined road, between the battle-field and Plan del Rio, whither they were conducted. The remainder were released on parole, given by their officers, that they should not again bear arms against the United States during the present war.

† At Encerro, a few miles from Jalapa, the pursuing column of Illinoisans, of both regiments, of the New York regiment, and of regular dragoons, directed by Gen. Twiggs in person, was halted by Maj. Gen. Patterson, on account of the extreme fatigue of the men and horses,—many of the latter dropping dead, from over-exertion;—the miserable fugitives left of the Mexican army were unnoticed farther.—On this route, Gen. Ampudia and his staff were nearly caught: for, hemmed in by a wall, they could not escape, and they took the bold movement of advancing directly towards Gen. Patterson and his staff, who supposed that they were coming up to surrender themselves; but the wily Mexicans had no such idea: by this movement they came to a lower part of the wall, and Ampudia leaped his splendid gray horse, which he calls "Gen. Taylor," over it, followed by the rest, like a flock of sheep, and away they went. The dragoon horses were too much fatigued to pursue them, and Gen. Patterson was disappointed in capturing his supposed prize.

This gallant general had been, during the day, and for several days before, quite sick,—enough so to be confined to his bed; but, on the approach of the battle, could not be kept in by the surgeons, but joined Gen. Scott at the base of Cerro Gordo during the battle; and was in the whole of the subsequent pursuit. Gen. Smith was sick, so that he could not get out, and therefore Col. Harney had command of his brigade.

yielded, on the next day, to the conquerors; and, in two days more, the strong castle of Perote, second only to San Juan de Ulloa, followed,—having within it fifty-six cannon and seven mortars, and an abundance of small arms; and in a few days the splendid city of Puebla surrendered, upon the advance of Gen. Worth, and was taken possession of by that officer, and the road to the city of Mexico was open.*

Such was the battle of Cerro Gordo,† which, although ad-

* In less than two months after Gen. Scott had landed at Vera Cruz, he had taken nine thousand prisoners, and among them ten generals; three large cities; two famous fortresses; five hundred pieces of cannon, over ten thousand stand of arms, and an immense quantity of *materiel* of war; had routed and dispersed the Mexican armies, and driven their great general, a fugitive, into the mountains for safety.

† KILLED AND WOUNDED, FIRST BRIGADE OF VOLUNTEERS.

For the list of Tennesseeans and Kentuckians, the author is indebted to the politeness of the acting adjutant of the second Tennessee regiment.

FIRST BRIGADE OF VOLUNTEERS.—WOUNDED.

Brig. Gen. G. J. Pillow, slightly.

SECOND TENNESSEE REGIMENT, COL. WM. HASKELL.

Wounded—Lieut. Col. David Cummings, Major Farquarharson, Adj. Wilev P. Hale, (since dead).

Company A, Capt. W. G. McCowan.—Killed—Private Samuel Floyd. *Wounded*—Sergeant And. Carson, privates H. Mowry, Peter Wheeler, Aaron Dockery, Aaron Capps, S. G. Williams.

Company B, Capt. Henry F. Murray.—Wounded—Captain H. F. Murray; privates J Kent, (since dead), Moreau Brewer, Benj. F. Bibb.

Company C, Lieut W. G. McAdoo.—Killed—Private Wm. England, Geo. W. Keeny.—*Wounded*—Sergeants T. R. Bradley and E. H. McAdoo; privates Wm. Bennet, Isaac N. Graham, Lewis L. Jones, Sam'l Davis.

Company D, Lieut. F. B. Nelson.—Killed—1st Lieut. F. B. Nelson; private Chas. Sampson. *Wounded*—Josiah Prescott, Benj. O'Haver, Chas. Ross.

Company E, 1st Lieut. W. B. Davis.—Killed—2d Lieut. C. G. Gill, Serg't H. L. Bynum, privates R. L. Bohannon, John J. Gunter. *Wounded*—Privates John Gregory, A. Gregory, E. G. Robinson, B. Plunkett, John P. Isler.

Company F, 2d Lieut. A. P. Greene.—Killed—Serg't F. Willis; privates W. O. Striblin, Eph. Price, Thos. Griffin, Rob't Keirnan. *Wounded*—Serg't George A. Smith,(mortally); privates L. W. Fussell, Alonzo White, John Burrus, Christopher Johnson, James Whittington, Thos. H. Boyd.

Company G, Capt. W. J. Standifer.—Wounded—Serg't John Cowan; private James Allison.

Company H, Capt. John D. Lowry.—Killed—Serg't W. F. Brown. *Wounded*—1st Lieut Wm. Yearwood, (since dead), 2d Lieut. Jas Forest; privates James Woods, John D. Armon, George Sherman, (since dead), a free colored boy, who persisted in going into the action.

Independent company Kentuckians, from Clark county, Capt. John S. Williams, attached to 2d Tenn.)—Killed—Corporal W. F. Elkin; privates W. Durham, Alfred Hatton. *Wounded*—2d Lieut. George S. Southerland, serg't A. T. Mocabee; privates W. W. Keith, Henry Williams, Minor T. Smith, Ira Storm, Henry Brewner, Joseph J. Langston, Wm. Bruce, Willis F. Martin, James Muir, William Chism.

FIRST TENNESSEE, COL. CAMPBELL.

Killed—Private S. W. Lauderdale. *Wounded*—Captain Maulding, Adj. Heiman. Adj. corporal Johnson; privates S. G. Steamers. M. Burns, W. F. McCrory. S. W. Garnette.

FIRST PENNSYLVANIA. COL. ROBERTS.

Wounded—Privates J. Lindhurt, David Lindsay, Albert Cudney, J. R. Davis, C. F. Keyser, John Sheleen, G. Sutton, A. Lovier, D. W. C. Kitchen, D. K. Morrison.

mired, has not received its merited degree of praise; for the position of the enemy; his greatly superior force; his vast supplies; the excellent generalship displayed in the attack; the complete and sudden overthrow and defeat; the dispersion of his army; the vast *materiel* captured, and the consequences of the victory, render it one of the most brilliant

KILLED AND WOUNDED.

SECOND PENNSYLVANIA, COL. WINKOOP.

Wounded—Corporal John Smith: privates A. Roland, J. Shultz, John Chambers, Jacob Simons, Ed. Cruse, Jacob Miller, D. M. Davidson, Wm. Wilhelm, F. Somers, James Shaw, Thos. Hann, Josiah Horn.

SECOND BRIGADE VOLUNTEERS.

Wounded—Brig. Gen. Shields, severely.

THIRD ILLINOIS, COL. FORMAN.

Killed—Private Benjamin Merritt. *Wounded*—Serg't Allen, corporal J. F. Thompson; privates Andrew Browning, T. W. Haley, John Roe, Levi Card, H. Dimond, S. White, A. McCollum, S. C. B. Ellis, G. Hammond, T. Harlow, S. Bullock, J. Meliburn, John Maulding.

FOURTH ILLINOIS, COL. BAKER.

Killed—1st Lieut. George M. Cowardin, corporal H. H. Miller, private Joseph Newman.—*Wounded*—Lieutenants Richard Murphy, Charles Maltby, And. Forman; sergeants J D. Sanders, J. M. Handsby, James B. Anderson, Uriah Davenport: corporals Thomas Hissey, G. W. Nelson; privates James A. Banel, James Depen, John Walker, Wm. R. Lee, James Mahon, John Arahood, Laban Chambers, George Carver, E. Rice, James Shephard, David Hoffman, Robert Jackson, Leroy Thornley, Thomas Tennery, John Price, Joseph Tharp, Irwin Becker, J. J. D. Todd, Charles Lanning, Frederick Brancher, S. Browne, Wm. Morris

The first and second lieutenants of company F, Scott and Johnson, and eleven others in that company are also known to have been killed or wounded; but the names the author has not been able to procure.

FIRST NEW YORK, COL. BURNETT.

Wounded—Capt. Pearson; privates E. Cook, R. Hedrick, John Stiver, Henry Heveran, Christopher Newman.

FIRST BRIGADE REGULARS, COL. HARNEY.

MOUNTED RIFLEMEN, MAJOR SUMNER.

Killed—Serg't James Harlison, Corporal Danley Ware; privates Thomas J. Pointer, Benj McGee, Conrad Kuntz, Charles Wills, Wm. Cooper, George Collins, Wm. McDonald.

Wounded—Major E. V. Sumner, commanding regiment, Capt. Stephen T. Mason, first lieutenant Thomas Ewell, (since dead), second lieutenant Thomas Davis, second lieutenant G. McLean, brevet second lieutenant Dabney H. Maury, brevet second lieutenant Alfred Gibbs; sergeants Jeremiah Beck, Thomas Sloan, Carter L. Vigus, H. Louis Brown, Charles H. W. Boln; corporals Thomas Williams, Ferdinand Littlebrand, Wm. R. Leachman, Thos. Goslin, Lewis P. Arnold; privates John McCormick, W. W. Miller, John McCauley, T. J. Hester, D. Hesling, R. Ross. S. N. Bitner, W. F. Ford, E. N. Brown, John Sampson, W. W. Breedon, E. Allen, A. Evans, W. Butterfield, J. Meyers, D. Carpenter, G. W. Gillespie, John Raney, J. Windle, H. Zimmerman, James McGowan, W. A. Miller, C. Jones, W. J. Scrivener, Jas. A. Adams, George Stempson, David Bear, W. Hammersly, Samuel Gilman, John W. Robinson, Justus Freemaux, Adam Ryan, J. Hooker, L. Hooker, John Walker, H. Hill, W. Higgins, W. Forbes, Ira White, George Tucker, C. A. Alburn, H. Bell, W. H. Preston, W. Scheder, J. Lipp, J. Vorle, J. Spencer, T. Conway, A. L. Ogg, C. Bruner, F. Workman, Hiram Melvine, M. Lang, D. Ferguson, C. Foster, G. Bacurine, G. Brydong, S. Ranison, J Schraman, T. Moll, N. J. Campbell.

FIRST ARTILLERY, COL. CHILDS.

Killed—Sergeant Caldwell Armstrong; privates Patrick Casey, Daniel Doty, Amant Harzman, Charles Skinner, Joseph Wood, Francis Perrod, Michael Dailey, Griffin Budd, Samuel M. Roberts, Hugh Croley.—11.

Wounded—Sergeants J. M. Holden, (mortally), John Haymes, John Teahan; privates John [illegible]rf, Adam Kock, R. M. Huntington, Michael Griffin, James Welsh, Thomas Sullivan,

actions of the Mexican war. The least estimate made by the Mexican officers, of their loss in killed and wounded, was about one thousand; but from the number of dead, and the wounded which fell into our hands, it was afterwards universally conceded that it could not have been less than one thousand five hundred. The loss of the Americans, as seen below, was four hundred and twenty-five.

KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Sergeant S. F. Simpson, privates John Gormley, Thomas Matheron, Wm. B. Williams; corporal Ferdinand Littleward; artificer Hiram Melvin; privates Marinus Lang, David Ferguson, Charles Forster, Gotlert Barnrule, George Bridung, Konradt Fisher, Stephen Rineson, Julius Schramm, Frederick Molte, Nathaniel J. Campbell; corporal Thomas Williams; privates Patrick Anthony, Samuel Downey, Anthony Bracklin, Mathew Enganberg, George Hamblin, Michael Harley, James Keegan, Orrin Lawton, John Rooney. John A. Sloane, Wm. H. Webber, John Wooley, James Burnett, Thomas Lynes, Andrew Wright, Patrick Kane. Sergeant Thomas Geff.—43.

SEVENTH INFANTRY, LIEUT. COL. PLYMPTON.

Killed—Sergeant Robert Wright; corporal Edmund Toley; privates Wm. Myers, Lewis Bolie, J. M. Derby, John M. Seaton, John Lynch, Francis O'Neill, Isaac Dolen.

Wounded—1st Lieut. N. T. J. Dana; sergeants John Heynes, John Teahan, James M. Holden, H. J. Manson, Samuel Cline, R S. Cross, Jonathan Marsh, James Ecles, John Brayman; corporals Nicholas Bradley, John Carter, Patrick Duneghar, James Garrard, John Jones; privates Anthony Bracklin, Samuel Downey, Matthew Eugan. George Hamlin, Michael Harly, James Keigan. Orrin Lawton, John Rooney, J. A. Sloane, W. H. Webber, John Wooley, James Burnet, Thomas Myres, Andrew Wright, John Bandorf, Adam Kock, Patrick Kane, R. R. Huntington, N. Griffin, James Welsh, Thomas Sullivan, Jacob Halpin, D. McCrystal, E. Lyons, E. Peters, C. Elliott, James Godfrey, C. S. Hassner, William Longwell, I. Gilleze, C. Johnson, James Joice, J. Lee, John McMahon, T. O'Callaghan, W. Robinson, John Smith, George Wakeford, C. Bierwith, John Keelan, John Burnes, Niell Donelly, P. Henley, D. Downs, John Trunks, S. Ratcliff, P. Mahoney, John Davidson, Michael Dwyer, James Flinn, M. Ryan, Walter Roob, D. Reed, Peter M. Calee, —— Thompson, A. Hansford, James Harmer, Wm. Sprague, D. Whipple, Daniel McCrae, Joseph Brewer, K. Fisher.

SECOND BRIGADE, COL. RILEY.—SECOND INFANTRY.

Killed—Serg't Michael Christal; privates James Olsen, John Schenck, Andrew Devine, Wm. Turner.

Wounded—Capt. George W. Patten; Lieut. C. E. Jarvis; sergeants Francis Doud, Alpheus Russell; privates Wm. Pollock, D. Hogan, Patrick Sheridan, Jacob Carr, George W. Derry, James Harper, Morris Welsh, Henry Yuill, Lyman Hodgden, Timothy Byrne, Jas. McCullough, Richard Crangle.

THIRD INFANTRY, CAPT. ALEXANDER.

Wounded—Lieuts. J. N. Ward, B. E. Bee; serg't George Reed; corporal David Kerr; privates Henry Carleton, George Dunn, R. Toulden, R. Vickers, Nicholas Tyans, J. D. Lore, J. B. Richardson, Wm. Keaner, C. Smith, J. Matten, Silas Chappel, A. Marsh, Joseph Gallion, A. E. Marsh, John McConville, Stephen Garble, P. Levy, S. Corey.

APPEARANCE OF THE GROUND AFTER THE BATTLE.

Now, reader, having given an account of the glorious action of Cerro Gordo, as it may be interesting to many, we will speak, in this note, of the appearance of the battle-ground afterward, as it appeared to us of the four companies of cavalry, who had come up with Gen Quitman's brigade. We remained there for a few days, to assist the 2d Tennessee regiment, who had been left with one company of regulars, to guard the hospitals of wounded, and to spike the cannon, burn the muskets, blow up the magazines, and, as much as possible, to destroy all the immense *materiel* of war, which, with so much labor and expense, had been collected at this stronghold by Santa Anna, in the vain hope of entirely defeating us, and which *materiel* was now not wanted by our army.

Quitman's brigade passed on, and joined the main army at Jalapa, and we commenced our

The labor of blowing up the magazines and destroying the muskets was hard, and we were all rejoiced, when, after three days, we were ordered to leave for Jalapa; for the dead men and horses now had become most offensive, and a sickening air seemed to rest over the hills and field of carnage. We had lost, while here, Adjutant Reese Porter, an

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laborious task. Having, in our work, for three days, to traverse, again and again, all parts of the ground, we became more familiar with every position, than any other portion of the army had the opportunity to be; and the more we walked over its strong positions, the more we were struck with admiration of the glorious results of the battle. A battle-ground, after the fight, especially when such a rout as this has taken place, presents a melancholy appearance.

We will give a short sketch of the scenes around, commencing at Plan del Rio. The hospital here presented a painful spectacle; all the little cane buildings on the side of the road were filled with wounded, who were ranged along on blankets, stretched upon the bare, hard earth. Their situation was uncomfortable; the pain they were suffering was dreadful. They lay in their ordinary clothing, which, in many instances, was stiff with blood.—Some had been shot through the body, and lay groaning in pain; others, being struck by cannon balls, had lost their arms or legs; some were shot in the head, neck, or sides; in every possible manner were they wounded.—Some apparently suffered but little, and lay quietly, without a word; others, unable to move, were in good spirits, and freely conversed upon the battle, and their part in it. Walking around, were many who had been slightly wounded; several with the stump of an arm tied up in a bandage; some were shot in two or three places.—One young man was shot by a canister ball, through the thigh, and another ball had wounded him, at the same instant, in the left side, while another had taken the cap from his head.—The groans of many were heart-rending.—One, who had been hit near the ear, by a canister ball, which had ranged down into his neck, and lay deep against the back bone,—so deep that it could not be extricated,—every few moments was delirious with pain; he groaned and rolled in intense agony, and in no position could he be relieved; he turned upon his side, his back, or, rising on his hands and knees, would press his fevered forehead against the earth; most earnestly and piteously did he continually beg of the attendants to be killed—it was his only prayer;—death, that night, came to his relief.—Near him, another young man, clotted with gore, from a terrible wound on his head, by grape shot, was sinking under its effects; he lay quietly, and murmured sometimes incoherently, and sometimes plainly, of scenes at home; called upon his mother and his sisters, in terms of endearing affection, and was, in imagination, at the place of his childhood again; but never would he be there in reality,—for, before he had been brought from the battle-field, the flies had clustered upon his wound, and the worms were already working within, beyond the reach of the surgeon to remove. His was a horrible death.—Another lay near, whose jaw was shattered, tongue torn out, part of his neck gone, and his power of speech departed; but still he lived; and the quick, restless movements of his eyes, showed that he was fully aware of his terrible situation.—The scene in all the houses was the same; men, wounded in every way, all suffering, all bloody; some improving, some shrieking with pain, some dying, and some dead; while the new burial ground, near, was receiving continually, the victims. Here, too, were some Mexican soldiers, severely wounded.—After gazing at these painful scenes, the author with a companion, saddled their horses, and proceeded up the road, to the nearest batteries on the hills, those that had been attacked by Pillow's brigade, and entered No. 2.—The dead and wounded had from here been taken down; the blood, where so many had yielded up their lives, was caked upon the ground, and the rocks were smeared with it.—Inside the batteries, the cannon, which had been employed in the work of death, still looked grim and threateningly; piles of shot were by them; tin canisters, containing about two hundred and fifty balls each, were ready to be forced down their muzzles; the spongers and rammers lay as they were left;—great quantities of ammunition were in the magazines, near by.

We crossed to No. 3. The same scenes of abandoned cannon, piles of shot, and cases of powder, were here; but with them, too, were great numbers of muskets. From No. 4, to the road at 5, the way was strewed with muskets, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, belts, and scabbards,

officer who had gained the good will of the whole regiment. He died at Plan del Rio, directly after our arrival.—One of Capt. Newman's men, while out on a foraging party, had accidentally shot himself, and was brought in dead.—One of Capt. Caswell's men, J. L. Robertson, on a foraging party, had been killed, in a fight with some lancers, a few days

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and, in many places, the ground was literally covered with loose cartridges. Here, at this battery, No. 5. were four old Spanish cannon, richly carved; and with them one new one, that had recently been cast at the city of Mexico, with its name in large letters upon it, "EL TERROR DE LOS NORTE AMERICANOS," ("the terror of the North Americans"); but not much terror had it inspired in our troops. A great quantity of arms and ammunition lay around here, trampled under foot.—We passed up the steep height of Cerro Gordo.—Soldiers, with litters, were still bringing down the wounded; and their groans, as we passed, were distressing. On the summit, were the blackened cannon, the marks of the deadly conflict, and blood in abundance; around the hill, and all up its side towards Telegrafo, and on the north, the corpses lay thickly, as they fell, their guns in their hands, or by them. In one place were fifteen, almost in a pile; some stabbed with bayonets, some shot in the head, some through the heart:—one had fallen by a ball through his brain, as he was holding his gun in his left hand, and biting off the end of a cartridge held in his right; although dead his face had a stern expression of defiance, and his left hand yet grasped his gun, and the cartridge was still in the fingers of the right.—Another had fallen on his face so violently, that his cartridge-box was thrown over his shoulder; his gun was still in his hand, the hammer of the lock was drawn back, and, on opening the pan, we found it loaded. We turned him over, to see where he had been hit, to be killed so suddenly; a large hole between his eyes, showed the passage of the fatal ball.—On opening the cartridge-boxes of the dead that lay on their faces, we saw that they had yet plenty of powder and ball. Here five lay almost over each other, as they had fallen, in defending the same spot; the life-blood of the upper ones, had saturated the clothing of the lower. Some had died apparently in much agony; for their countenances were awfully distorted, and their bodies were drawn up and stiffened in convulsive movements.—Some, lower down the hill, had evidently crawled some distance, as shown by the trail of clotted blood behind them, before they died. Many had their heads blown open; while the entrails of others were out; and one presented a horrible appearance, having crawled twenty yards or more, in that terrible situation; several had died with their hands covering their faces.—One, in this way, was leaning back against a rock, and appeared as if alive, among the corpses stretched out around him. Some, down in the valley, appeared to have been shouting as they were killed, or else uttering their cries of mortal agony; for their mouths were opened to their utmost. In almost every instance where balls had passed through the vitals, the hands were pressed upon the wounds. One muscular body lay with the arms and legs stretched widely out, but without a head; the bloody stump was terribly lacerated. One had his stomach entirely torn away, by a cannon shot.—So, horribly mangled, they lay thickly to one another, as they fell.—The dead bodies of the Americans had been selected out, and buried.—Hundreds of buzzards and vultures sailed around, but appeared not to touch these Mexican dead; at least, we did not see in the multitude any that appeared to have been torn by them.

Descending the hill, towards the scene of Col. Riley's and Gen. Shields' attack, the same sights were before our eyes, until we were sick of the spectacle.—Hearing a groan in the bushes, close by a number of dead, we looked in, and saw a lancer, lying stretched out bloody, and unable to move; his escopeta lay by him; he held up his hands and cried piteously for *agua* (pron. *ah-wah*), water. We had none to give him; but determined to see that the poor fellow should be attended to.—At the scene of Shields' and Baker's attack, the dead had been buried, and the wounded taken in.—The dead horses of Canalizo's lancers, shot in the furious attack of the Illinoisans, covered a large space of ground;—some of the mules of the ammunition wagons were dead in their harness; a universal scene of destruction was all around.—There was a rancho of several cane houses here, and they were now occupied as hospitals. Entering those on the left side of the road, we looked at the numbers of Mexican wounded, thickly covering the floors of the houses; attended by fine-looking

before. There were so many deaths now, every day, from violence and sickness, that the author found himself unable to keep an account of those even in his own regiment.

It was a bright morning when, to the cheering sound of our bugles, we saddled up, formed our lines, and leaving the scenes at Plan del Rio, commenced ascending the long slopes, winding round and up the rugged hills. The road was excellent, and we traveled fast; stopping at battery No. 5 a short time, again we looked down into the terrible ravine below, on the south. It was a grand sight to gaze below, as the winding river ran through the vale; but so awful the depth, that few, from giddiness, could bear to look a moment down.—We marched over the burnt and blackened ruins of Santa Anna's headquarters; then by the hospitals, where Americans and Mexicans—friends and foes—were together suffering, and still dying; then passed through the scene of the slaughter of Canalizo's lancers; then on up the long paved road, that ascended the mountain's elevation. Mile after mile, we continued so to ascend, while the air began perceptibly to change. Sixteen miles brought us to the lovely valley of Encerro, with its sparkling river, dashing over the rocks; crossed by the road on a stone bridge, of construction equal to those before mentioned. Here the sight of dead horses and fresh graves, by the side of the road, which had met our eyes all along, from Cerro Gordo, ceased; for at this place that terrible slaughter ended.

Encerro was a beautiful section; green pastures took the place of sterile hills, and clear water was abundant.—Just before arriving at the bridge, we crossed a little ditch which had been made by the Mexican army for the whole distance to Cerro Gordo, in order to convey a stream of water into

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Mexican surgeons:—many Mexican soldiers in attendance. On the other side, the buildings were used for the American wounded. The scenes in these large and crowded hospitals were equally painful as those at Plan del Rio.

We entered the Mexican hospital first, and informed the officer in charge, of the wounded lancer, and were promised that he should be attended to. After looking at the scenes of pain and distress crowded around, till our hearts were sick with the sight of so much misery and suffering, we retraced our steps;—turned out again from the road, to hunt up the lancer among the dead. On coming to the place, we found with him a Mexican soldier, who had been sent to his assistance—carrying to him a large bottle of water and a double handful of raw corn! which the poor fellow was munching with great eagerness. He was soon after conveyed to the hospital; and we returned to Plan del Rio.

their camp; and this ditch, winding around, encircling the hills, carried the waters rapidly. At this spot in its course it completely deceived the eye; and there was not one man in a hundred, of the troops that passed over it, to whom it did not have the appearance of water running up hill. Some declared that it did so, the illusion was so complete. Neither could that be corrected by a renewed look; for, judging by the eye alone, the more we gazed at the ground, the more perfect was the deception, caused by the ditch winding around the brow of the green eminence.

During the halt of an hour, near the bridge, in this delightful, sunny valley of Encerro, some of us went up to Santa Anna's hacienda, which was about half a mile off, on a long, verdant hill, to the left of the road; commanding, in its position, a view of the valley, the river, and the rugged mountains beyond, overlooked by the snowy peak of Orizaba —as beautiful a scene as could be desired.—Entering the lofty gateways, we followed a curved, paved way up to the house; where, though at first coolly received by the domestics in charge, yet were soon most cordially welcomed, as they found by our actions that we wished not to disturb, but to view the place. They showed us, freely, through the house; opened to our observation the arched piazzas, and splendid rooms above; the private office of Santa Anna below, with its furniture as he had left it a few days before; and pointed out to us the fine framed pictures that adorned the apartments. These were, a series of Napoleon's battles; another, of Hannibal's history; a set of hunting scenes, as acted in various parts of the world; and the plan of a splendid monument to be erected in honor of the Mexican chief.—The glasses were large, the carpets fine, the furniture excellent, the pictures splendid.—In the long gallery, we smiled as we observed one of the general's artificial legs lying there, booted finely, and excellently manufactured.

We were shown his services of China and table ware, of the best kind; and every plate and every cup had his name upon it, in ornamental scrolls. We were conducted through his pleasure grounds; observed the cascades of falling water, in the small river which had been dammed up, and now fell

about fifteen feet, in a sheet on the rocks below, and then wound off in several clear channels, which lost themselves among the little islands of thick shrubbery, among which it hurried along towards the valley below.

The stone stables, at some distance down the slope of the hill, were capacious enough to hold the horses of a cavalry regiment. We could have spent several hours in strolling about the beautiful place, but the mellow sound of the bugles arose from the valley; and, on looking down, we saw the column forming for the advance. Mounting our horses, we rode over the paved way to the gates, then down a long slope to another brook, then up to the road, where we remained a few moments, until the column came, took our places in ranks, and continued our course.—Yet upwards we rose;—the air became more invigorating, the scene fresher, the green of the foliage deeper.

Oaks appeared, the first we had seen for a long time;—black jack, sycamore, alder bushes, of enormous size, and many of the plants of the temperate zone, to which we were accustomed at home, met our eyes. Maguey plants, of the largest size, were closely growing among them. Ranchos became thickly scattered along the road; good houses, fine stone walls around the green fields, more cultivation of the soil, and, in fact, the best appearance met our eyes, both in country and people, that we had viewed in Mexico. All were exhilarated and delighted by the balmy, bracing air and delightful garb of nature. Still we were rising, and occasionally, from a height, could look down on the vast regions of the torrid zone beneath us.

A little before sunset, we came over a verdant hill, and before and below us was the beautiful city of Jalapa, universally acknowledged by travelers to be one of the most de-
l places in the world. The tall mountains rose above
even to the edge of the dazzling snow that eternally
the summit of the loftiest, Orizaba. The city stood
alley, upon several little hills, with its ancient spires,
e stone buildings in its large extent, relieved by the
very sort of tree of freshest green, fragrant flow
st fruit.—A fine clear stream coursed by it.

We closed up our ranks, and descending, crossed the bridge, and entered the clean paved streets, with wide side-walks and spacious houses of stone on either side. The *tiendas*, or stores were all open, the people engaged at their various occupations, the streets crowded with Americans and Mexicans, and business was briskly going on, and all were apparently friendly. At their iron barred windows were many of the ladies, who gazed upon us without fear,* and, to our surprise, we noticed them as extremely beautiful.

The busy view of life, activity and enjoyment, immediately banished from our minds, as it had from those of the rest of the army who were participating in it, all thought of the scenes of death, destruction, and suffering, that we had left behind.

We marched through the crowded streets and market-places up the long slope of the city beyond, and passing on by the farther boundary, continued our course over the hills, looking down into valleys of beauty unknown to us before, and in one of these, on the right of the road, encamped with the volunteer division.

Saturday, May 1st, 1847. We have now been at Jalapa near a week, and the time has flown so quickly that it seems but a day; for every attraction had been presented to the senses and mind. It is the most beautiful spot that any of us ever saw—the finest air that ever we inhaled.—The sun shines with unusual splendor, and there is not that sickly sensation to its heat, although great at noon-day, that is so strongly felt in the regions on the coast. It has rained a little every night, and the beauty of the morning, as we see it from camp, is difficult to conceive—much more so to describe. All nature is fresh and green, dressed in smiles; the lofty mountains are tinted then with rosy hues;—clouds of rolling majesty, in brilliant whiteness, lay in massive, strongly defined volumes, around in the valleys, at their bases.

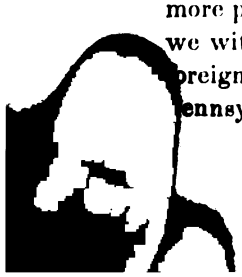
* After Vera Cruz had been taken, Gen. Morales, who there gallantly commanded the Mexican forces, passed through Jalapa, and informed the people that the American army would soon advance upon the interior, and that, if Gen. Santa Anna should be defeated by Gen. Scott, their city would fall into the hands of the Americans; and advised them, in that case, not to be alarmed for fear of ill treatment, but to go on with their regular business;—assured the females that in such a case they need apprehend no danger from the American soldiers.

Orizaba, lifting high its dazzling top of snow, appears to be but a few miles off, in fact close at hand; but forty miles will hardly reach its base. Its head is elevated seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea;—our Alleghanies and Blue Ridge at home would appear like small eminences, when compared with this majestic mountain. On that lofty summit no human foot has disturbed the eternal snows, which have looked down, from age to age, upon the changing races in the lovely and extensive valleys below.

One can have no idea of the vastness of the scale in which mountains, hills and valleys are here thrown together. You gaze on a beautiful valley beneath you, on the height near the city. It appears close under you; for the opposite mountain, in its grandeur, covered with a robe of verdure, is near to you, apparently; but half a dozen miles will hardly carry you across to it. The extraordinary clearness of the air assists in the deception. There is no light blue haziness, caused by vapor in that distance, as is seen elsewhere, but every object, far and near, is plain and distinct.

Not only is nature so attractive in her appearance of landscapes in this favored section, but she also seems to have poured out here, profusely, her richest gifts of grains, of fruits, and flowers, and every store that can conduce to the comfort of man. And to that, she has added health robust, and driven away those lurking causes of disease that infest other sections, as intruders who have no right to enter this, her chosen paradise.—We had heard before of the beauty and richness of this section, but it excelled all our previous ideas;—not a person in the army but was agreeably disappointed in finding it more beautiful than he anticipated.—Attempts to describe its attractions are idle;—to see it, to enjoy it, to breathe the air, is only to know it.

The city, too, taking everything into consideration, was the finest that we had seen in Mexico. We were now where we could observe the true Mexican character and customs more perfectly than before.—We saw, in comparison to what we witnessed in the valley of the Rio Grande, just what a foreign traveler would see in the United States, in New York, Pennsylvania, or any of the older states, compared with the



frontiers of the west. The same language was spoken, and many of the same customs were observed; yet one could learn more of Mexicans and Mexico here in a week, than there in months. But few pretty women had we seen on the frontier, and many soldiers, whom the fortune of war kept during the campaign in northern Mexico, now firmly believe there are but few in the whole country; yet it is saying nothing more than the truth to observe, that the ladies of Jalapa are, with few exceptions, beautiful—strikingly so; and their manners are most agreeable and pleasing.

The male population are, as a body, superior to those that we had before met with; more industrious and enterprising. Several cotton and woolen factories are on the streams about the city, and all the business within it was brisk and flourishing.*

Monday, May 3d. Reader, will you, on this lovely morning, again accompany the author into town, to observe something more of Mexican manners and customs, than yet you are acquainted with. We will have but little to say of the scenery to be viewed on both sides of the wide, paved road thither, of mountain and valley, and most luxuriant vegetation, for we have glanced at that already; but will hurry on to the upper part of town nearest to us, passing the crowds of soldiers going in and returning to the camp, the numerous *burreros*, with their loaded jacks, bearing fodder, wood, charcoal, fruits, &c., going in; and, besides these, you see another class, that you have not noticed before: the lowest order, or pure descendants of the Indians, which are yet distinct in this section. You observe that these are ragged and dirty; the men have large panniers, or square baskets of oranges, pine-apples, &c., on their heads, and

* We have before spoken of the principle of "protection and remuneration to the Mexicans." This was exemplified at Jalapa, by forcing the volunteer divisions, who were mostly without tents, to camp out, and take the cold rains, at night, (which were the first that had fallen upon them for months), as they could, while there was plenty of room in the city for their shelter.—This principle was carried to its utmost extent, and never produced the slightest beneficial results: but, on the contrary, excited ridicule and contempt among them. For instance: at Jalapa, a Mexican proprietor, in less than three days after the battle of Cerro Gordo, presented a bill to the quartermaster for the use of fifty of his mules, furnished to Santa Anna to haul a twelve pound brass cannon up the height of Cerro Gordo, which piece had opened upon our troops a perfect shower of grape and canister, killing many and wounding more! Another, who had supported a large body of the Mexican lancers for some time previous to the battle, called also, to inquire about getting his pay for it!

as they stoop forward, in moving with their load, the basket is held to its place by a broad band, which passes around their foreheads. They carry enormous burdens. The squalid women have each a child lashed to their backs. There are many of these miserable looking creatures passing.

We enter the city, and are in a crowd, up and down the hilly streets. We will glance at the meat-market, in the "Plaza de la Constitucion," and you will notice the neatness of the stalls, and of the whole establishment, and the way in which they cut their meat, into long strips, for the purchasers. But although a very busy crowd are around, there is nothing more of interest, and we will pass on down, peeping into the iron-barred windows of house after house, to gaze at the pretty *señoritas*, who sit, with their fans in hand, and rich rebosos over their glossy hair, and observe all that passes. It is no impoliteness here thus to notice them; in fact, you will be greeted with a smile, from as lovely lips as ever you looked upon, for the compliment you thus pay them.—They are beautiful, indeed.—See them, as they come out of their houses in numbers, to proceed to the *yglesia*, or church, to hear mass. They walk finely, look neat, and their bright black eyes sparkle with intensity of feeling.—Amid these, and among the crowd of officers, soldiers, citizens, rancheros, burreros, Indians, pack mules, and burros, with here and there wagons of our own, we force our way down to the vegetable market, near the principal church. This market-place is rather small, and, as you enter it, you are astonished at the throng within, and the immense quantities of vegetables and fruits arranged around on stands, or spread on mats, to sell; the piles are near one another, as close as they can be placed in rows; and the buyers and vendors are mingled together. Look around, a few minutes, and think if ever you have heard of a vegetable, or of many fruits, that are not here for sale. Here is an anomaly among markets. This ranchero has brought in a fine quantity of pine apples, tunas, anonas, sapotes, cocoa-nuts, &c.; and another, bananas, plantains, oranges, and lemons, all the products of the torrid zone; while another has brought blackberries, currants, apples, peaches, nectarines, apricots, &c.,

growing only in the temperate zone; and another has fine cherries, plums, and other fruits, which grow only, in perfection, still farther north; and yet these different persons live not a half day's ride from the city. The ranchero, from the torrid zone, meets with his brother, who lives in the temperate, every week; and this last performs regular trips, oftener than that, into the frigid; and makes a business of bringing the snow and ice therefrom, and selling it in the market. You can buy drinks, cooled with the snows and ice of Orizaba, at the same stand where you purchase the juicy fruits of the torrid zone; and both have been brought to market that morning.—Many other articles are here, besides fruits and vegetables. Here are stands of sweet-meats and confectionery, of kinds, of the making of which our people know nothing; thousands of trinkets, of every kind, are for sale; calicoes, silks, sombreros; and, in fact, every article that a Mexican needs, can here be procured.

On one side of the square, is the *parochia*, or parish church, a large, old building, most elaborately ornamented within; its images and wealth had not been disturbed on the approach of our army. Many worshippers are kneeling there, on the marble floor, before the Virgin Mary. From this church proceeds the "host," or the sacramental bread, when going to the death-bed of a citizen. And as this ceremony is always most imposing, and is the same in all Catholic countries, a full description of it is given in the note; which, as it is minute and correct, will be found interesting.*

THE PROCESSION OF THE "HOST."

* Whenever a person is about to die, it is indispensable, according to their faith, to the repose of his soul, that he confess his sins to the priest, receive absolution, and partake of the holy sacrament; which is commonly carried to him in the twilight of evening, so that its display to the population will be greater. The ceremony universally followed is this:—One of the boys attached to the *vestry sacristia*, or establishment of the church, steps out in front of the parochia, and violently rings a large hand-bell; thus announcing to all the faithful, that the body of Christ (sacramental bread), or holy unction of the sacrament, is about to proceed upon its mission to the bed of the dying believer. At the sound of the bell, there soon collects, within and at the door of the church, a large body of persons, mostly women, each of whom is supplied with a lighted wax candle. The parochial coach drives up before the doorway. The officiating priest, with holy reverence, takes the vase containing the consecrated wafer, from within its resting place, in the altar at the extremity of the church, and bears it towards the doorway, preceded by two boys, dressed in their church habiliments—red and white robes One carries a wooden cross, about five feet high; the other swings a censer, in which incense is smoking, diffusing a pleasant odor around.—At the instant the "host" is thus lifted from the altar, and borne towards the door, the bells in the tower of the church commence a rapid ringing, which is kept up, without intermission, as long as the procession, about to start, con-

On emerging from the church into the large square again, we notice, opposite, a large building, with several of our regular soldiers crowded around the arched doorway. This is their barracks. The building belongs to the government of Mexico, and has been used continually for military barracks. Observe the inscription painted around the arches: "*Cuarto de la Guarda Nacional*," (quarters of the National Guard). You must not suppose, however, though this belongs to, it was built by the government: for the government of Mexico never has done the slightest thing to-

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THE PROCESSION OF THE "HOST."

times in sight of the parochia. The vase of bread, or "host," at the door, is reverently placed, by the priest, in the centre of the coach, with a lighted taper by it; the priest enters, seats himself on the back seat, and remains with his head uncovered in its holy presence. The boy with the censer of incense enters before him, and seats himself on the front seat. The procession is then formed.—First, the boy with the bell, still ringing, advances about forty yards in front: following him, after an interval, the white and red robed youth, with the sacred cross: then a band of music,—clarionettes, fifes, bugles, and drums.—then an escort of soldiers, if there are any in the town, with muskets shouldered; then the parochial coach, with its sacred contents; around the coach, and in its rear, follow the crowd of the faithful, with their lighted candles, every one repeating prayers;—in this order they proceed towards the dwelling of the dying.—The din of the bells of the parochia ceases, as the procession is lost to view in the distant street; but if it comes in sight of another church, the bells of that commence, and keep up the same noise, while it is within the view of the ringers.—Amid the din of these bells, the wild strains of the music, the deep sounds of the drums, and the confused chant of prayers, from the devout, candle-bearing crowd, whose numbers are increased at every step by others with their tapers,—the solemn procession moves slowly on.—The sharp, well known sound of the hand-bell gives notice to all of its close approach;—the inhabitants of the buildings on either side, grasp and light their candles, advance to their doorways, windows, and even upon the side-walks, and instantly kneel in reverential awe, and so remain while the holy train is within their sight. By so doing they are taught that they gain much favor from the blessed Virgin Mary, and secure the forgiveness of many of their smaller transgressions, and not only so, but the law forces them so to do: and, therefore, every foreigner, who resides in a Mexican city, whenever he hears the bell, absents himself from view.—The lighted throng continues to increase, as the procession advances, until, at its arrival at the house of the sick, it not unfrequently numbers five hundred or more candle-bearers, of both sexes and all ages.—Arrived, the priest with the vase of holy bread, accompanied by the boy with the censer, from the coach, proceeds into the house, leaving the crowd and the escort, who continue to chant their prayers, without.—A table within has been prepared for the reception of the host, being covered and adorned with pictures of the Virgin, *Nuestra Senora de Gaudaloupe*, the peculiar name of the blessed Virgin in Mexico.—The sacrament is administered, and the procession returns by different streets from those by which it came, followed by the still increasing crowd; and as now it is commonly dark, it

the kneeling worshippers at the houses, and the innumerable lights, a most im-

nce.—When in sight of the parochia, the bells of that again commence their

nd cease not, until the vase of sacred bread is deposited within the altar. The

erse.

ocession of the host; precisely the same in every city and town of Mexico,

, with only this difference: that when, on account of the rapid approach of

be carried to the sufferer in the day time, the coach is not used; the priest

; the vase, and four men hold over him a splendid satin canopy.—Respect

to this consecrated bread in the church, by raising the hat when passing

n does this at every church, whether he is riding or walking.

wards improvement of old national edifices, or building new ones.—It has been occupied with revolutions, and has not kept in repair the splendid works that the Spanish power erected. It owns much property, though, in every large town;—some of the most magnificent buildings in the republic belong to it.—The reason is this:—When the order of Jesuit priests, which had become wealthy in Mexico, was abolished, and the priests themselves banished by the old Spanish power, all their property—churches and private buildings—was taken by the government then existing; and, after the revolution, the whole fell into the hands of the Mexican government, save the cathedrals and parochias, which had been given to the new establishment of the church.

These numerous buildings are rented out, used as barracks, devoted to city purposes, &c., &c.—Some have been given to every town, in charge of the president of the ayuntamiento, for the purpose of the rents thereof being applied to keeping up a public school for children, where these might be instructed in reading, writing, a little arithmetic, and in all the numerous ceremonies and doctrines of the church; which, in fact, is their principal object of education.

Mexican children are always more precocious and brighter than those of our country at the same age. One is astonished at the genius and talent exhibited by the boys at from eight to fourteen years of age;—but at that age they become dull and stupid, and so afterward continue.

Let us look into the school near here, and you will acknowledge the truth of the remark, from the very intelligent appearance of the countenances of the children.—It is a perfect Babel in sound, for every one is studying his creed, the history of some saint, or his spelling book, at the top of his voice; and such screaming, yelling and chattering is going on, that you will be glad to get out of it instantly. The old pedagogue, who looks so uneasily, is rejoiced to see you about to go, though he makes many bows and polite salutations before you leave. You will observe that most of his persuasive arguments addressed to the boys are with a sort of rattan, which he lays upon them in a manner that shows him equal, in that method of education, to those of

our country—a method which should have been long since abolished in our own land, but may yet answer in Mexico.

These young ones can tell you all about every saint in the calendar, and recount miracles that they have wrought; can rattle over the creed and *Ave Marias*, *Padre Nuestros*, &c., &c., and can inform you all about the church ceremonies;—can tell you minutely how even the longest one is done. (Corpus Christi,* which takes a week in performance);—can write

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* CORPUS CHRISTI—FUNCION GRANDE DE LA YGLESIA.

Of all the church ceremonies in Mexico in which the people blend religion, recreation, pomp, fun and folly, this festival of Corpus Christi, of the holy week, is the longest, most formal, and most imposing, and is strictly attended to in every town of the republic, when it yearly comes round.—At Vera Cruz, this year, it was neglected; for, at the time it should have commenced, the surrender to our troops had prevented it. At Jalapa, though, it had been celebrated with unusual pomp; for there were Mexican soldiers to take part in it. It comes on immediately after Lent, in the latter part of March. The ceremony, as related to the author by those who had just acted it, and who acted it every year, is as follows:

Sometime in the week previous, the curate of the parochia, with much ceremony, goes to the president of the ayuntamiento, and delivers to him the keys of the church; thus acknowledging the inferiority of the ecclesiastical to the civil power. The president immediately issues a proclamation to the people of the city, ordering all shops to be closed, all business to be suspended, and every animal and vehicle to be kept out of the streets from Wednesday morning until Saturday noon of the following week, under penalty of fine and imprisonment; and enjoining upon all the inhabitants the necessity of having the streets, through which the various processions will pass, cleanly swept and continually sprinkled; and also of having curtains hung before their windows and doors, &c.

All the population now commence preparing in earnest for the approaching festival; the shoppy dresses of the wealthy, and every article of finery of the lower class, is hunted up and put in order;—in fact these preparations commence two or three weeks before for the grand celebration—in which they are to hunt up Jesus Christ, who will escape their hands, to be again apprehended by the aid of Judas, who will betray him. They will try, and condemn him; will crucify him, raise him from the dead; then exalt and worship him; and finally will wreak their vengeance on Judas Iscariot.

On Monday morning the priests go, in a body, to the president of the ayuntamiento and humbly beg of that officer the keys of the parochia, that they may dispense the consolations of the gospel to the inhabitants of the city for the ensuing year. That functionary grants their prayer, delivers to them the keys, and with these they return, and the closed parochia is again opened.—In the afternoon of this day, at four, P. M., the first procession of the festival makes its appearance from the church, coming out in a most imposing manner.

First advances a band of music, followed by various banners and crosses of the parochia, borne by the church boys, dressed as has been mentioned in the procession of the host.—These banners are commonly surrounded by a crowd of idlers. Next, under a splendid silken canopy, supported by four men at the corners, come the body of the priests, in their robes;—these, in a loud voice, chant prayers as they march, and are answered in the responses to these by the multitude behind. Next comes a full length figure of St. Peter, borne on a frame supported upon the sho[illegible] ur men.—The saint has in his hand a bunch of large keys (in allusion Matthew [illegible] wing this are many persons with long lighted wax candles, and all with [illegible] d. Then, upon another such a frame, comes the Virgin Mary, but [illegible] ed ladies. Her right arm is extended, and from her hand is sus- [illegible] beautiful radiating crown encircles her head.—Following her are [illegible] eir lighted tapers, and many of the other sex in the same manner. [illegible] ame, is the large image of Christ, with a long flowing beard, bearing [illegible] feet in height, and the timbers apparently a foot in diameter;— [illegible] gain, with their tapers. Following along at intervals in the

beautifully; read, and cipher a little, but cannot tell you whether St. Petersburgh is in Europe, Asia, or New Holland; —is taught that Mexico is the most powerful nation on the earth, and that Spain is the next. Most of the schools are of the Lancasterian order, and are of but little advantage.

Before we leave the crowded, noisy room of bright look-

CORPUS CHRISTI—FUNCION GRANDE DE LA YGLESIA.

dense procession, come, in the same manner, the figures of St. Paul, St. John, St. Matthew, and a host of others. This long procession, which is often from a mile to a mile and a half in extent, with all persons uncovered, and with so many hundreds, often thousands, of candles, makes a most brilliant display. From the moment that the head of the procession moves off from the parochia, and while it winds its length through the streets of the city, all the bells keep up a ceaseless clatter until it returns again. So ends the first day.

On Tuesday, early in the morning, in every street may be seen one or more men, dressed peculiarly with clothing of all colors:—most have white roundabouts, striped with red across their backs; with strange shaped caps, something like the old style of dragoon helmets, with red sashes, depending from their topmost ridges, hanging over their backs.—These carry in their hands slender poles of cane from twelve to sixteen feet in length, having a bunch of red, white and blue ribbons streaming from the upper ends. These are the Roman soldiers, and they are now hunting for Jesus Christ. With an anxious, hurried and wild appearance, these soldiers run up to every passer-by, with great eagerness inquiring, "*ha visto V Jesu Christo!*" (have you seen Jesus Christ). Each one thus addressed, with perfect seriousness answers "No," and then away rushes the soldier, to ask another. This search is continued the whole day, but they do not find their object.—In the afternoon the procession starts out again, the same in its parts as on the day before, save that the figure of Christ is missing, and the advance is a body of fifty or sixty of these Roman soldiers, with their long staffs, who are still continuing their search for Jesus Christ; many are blowing clearly on little wind instruments, something like our fifes.

On Wednesday, the next day, the bells all cease their sounds. Not a horse or vehicle is seen in the streets. Christ has been apprehended during the night, by the treachery of Judas, and the Roman soldiers are seen, in high glee, to collect around the doors of the parochia, rejoicing in the successful termination of their search.—In the afternoon the procession again moves out, but is materially changed in its order.—As before, first comes the music, crosses and banners; then the Roman soldiers, with the ends of their long poles trailing behind them, the ribbons flying in the air before and above them, vibrating with tremulous motion. In the midst again, as a prisoner, appears the image of Christ, with the cross.—After him follow the priests, chanting prayers and responses in a loud and wild manner.—Next is the Virgin Mary, in deep mourning; then Joseph, and Mary Magdalen, Peter and others. This night the soldiers keep watch over Christ; but he escapes: is hunted and overtaken the next morning. On this day, Thursday, comes the full acting of the scene of crucifixion, in the manner described by the evangelists.—His clothes are divided by lot, &c.; and the one who kills Christ (called by the crowd the Christ-killer) is borne around the streets in triumph. When Jesus is thus crucified, the bells stop their former clanging, and are not heard again for two days.—The body is asked for and obtained by persons representing Joseph, of Arimathea, and Nicodemus; (see St. John xix: 38). In the afternoon it is carried about in the procession within a frame coffin, with glass sides, for all to see and all to worship. The remainder of the procession is like that of the day before,—the Virgin Mary in deep mourning. The only other difference is in the missing sound of the bells; but that is compensated by thousands of rattles (like those of our watchmen), which, in the hands of boys and men, keep up a ceaseless clatter, assisted by a large clacking wheel, in the belfry of the church. To the church the body is brought, and placed near the altar, and a guard of two persons at a time keep watch over it the remainder of the day and following night,— on Friday, and Friday night,— until Saturday. These guards are regularly detailed from the best of the population, and, with lighted candles in their hands, stand their time of thirty minutes, when they are relieved by others. And thus ends Thursday.

ing urchins, we will examine their written copies · and these from the universally beautiful execution, will astonish you; and it is surprising, when compared with the performances of our youth.—Every Mexican, that writes at all, writes finely; some excelling even our best writing-masters. The immense amount of their army papers and reports, that we have captured from time to time, are executed in a style nearly equal to that of copper-plate printing.

We will leave them, and come again into the street; and, passing on, we will observe that many of the spacious courts within the houses are provided with fountains and jets of water, producing a fine effect.—We observe a public washing place, of long, stone reservoirs, with roofs above them;

CORPUS CHRISTI—FUNCION GRANDE DE LA YGLESIA.

On Friday, is an entirely changed scene. The churches are lit up with the utmost splendor; from five to eight hundred candles diffuse their light around in each; while every decoration that can, by the ingenuity of the inhabitants, be placed within, is added; nothing is omitted that can increase the splendor.—The people, dressed in their richest attire, go in groups, companies, or families, from church to church, repeating prayers all the while, as they pass with heads uncovered. This they call their pilgrimage; and every church in the city must be on foot thus visited, in the course of the day, by every person, rich or poor.—This brilliant scene is kept up until twelve o'clock at night.

The next day, Saturday, is called *Sabado de Gloria*, Sabbath of Glory; and at about eleven o'clock the bells, which so long have been silent, burst out from every church, in one peal, thus announcing that Jesus Christ has risen from the dead! And now comes a scene. A moment before, the horses were standing saddled in the yards; the coaches were harnessed; the boys were collected at the corners of the streets; the Roman soldiers, in their odd dress, were walking in consequence about, having crucified Jesus; and everything was unusually still.—But at the first clap of the bells, rises through the city a wild hurra and uproar. Christ has risen. The Roman soldiers run as if for life, with the rabble in pursuit of them.—In every direction the court-yard gates open, and hundreds of horsemen issue into the street, and wildly gallop to and fro.—The streets are crowded; the curtains, that hung at the windows and doors, disappear in a twinkling; all is noise, confusion, fun, frolic, and mirth—for the Redeemer lives!

The next day, Sunday, gives the end to this *funcion grande de la Yglesia* (grand ceremony of the church), which is, the vengeance to be taken by the mob upon Judas Iscariot, who betrayed his master.—The first part of the day is spent in adoration of the risen Saviour; and about twelve o'clock the indignation of the people appears to be aroused against the traitor. "*Van a quemar a Judas*" (they are about to burn Judas) is clamored in one street, echoed in another, and vociferated by the boys and rabble, everywhere. Immediately after this a crowd, with music, advances into the principal square, bearing aloft, on a pole, the full length figure of the traitor, with his right hand holding to his hat on his head. He has been ingeniously constructed by the *Sacristan*, or sexton: and is composed entirely of a mass of rockets, crackers, and other fireworks, and is commonly made a fac-simile of some foreign merchant, who may reside
[illegible]e, and who is a Protestant or *heretic*. The pole is planted in the earth; the tumultu-
way to and fro, in their excitement; highly elevated on the pole is Judas, awaiting
e combustible str ng, that leads up to him is ignited; the little flame runs up, and
mediately experiences the most awful torments; his hands, his body, and head
umberless small explosions and flames; he whirls round and round on the pole;
off, and with it his arm extends itself with a jerk, and he turns faster as the
ore severe: they reach within, and a loud explosion, amid the shouts of the
pulace, blows Judas to the four winds of heaven.—And so ends the grand cere-
church, in Mexico.

washing benches—one built on either side, of the same material; and scores of women are there washing.—We notice that everything around us is entirely Mexican in appearance. But our observations must close, for here rides up an officer, ordering all of us to camp, preparatory to another march, to be immediately made to Puebla, on the road to the city of Mexico.

Tuesday, May 4th. This day Gen. Scott countermanded the orders given yesterday, for a farther march; and, as the time of the twelve months' volunteers was nearly expired, he had suddenly concluded to discharge them, and thus enable them to leave Vera Cruz before the *vomito* should reach its height.

Accordingly, on the next day,—*Wednesday, May 5th,*—Maj. Gen. Patterson issued the order in the note below,—being the last general order addressed to us.*

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* HEADQUARTERS, VOLUNTEER DIVISION.
Jalapa, Mexico, May 5th, 1847.

ORDERS, No. 17.

In accordance with the orders from the Headquarters of the army, the Tennessee cavalry the 1st and 2d Tennessee, the 3d and 4th Illinois, the Georgia and the Alabama regiments of infantry, and Capt. Williams' company of Kentucky volunteers, will be held in readiness to march to Vera Cruz, thence to embark for New Orleans, where they will be severally and honorably mustered out of the service of the United States, and paid off by the proper officers on duty there.

To facilitate the march. Col. Campbell, with the regiment of Tennessee horse, the 1st and 2d Tennessee infantry, and the company of Kentucky volunteers, will march to-morrow morning, the 6th instant.

The 3d and 4th Illinois regiments, under Col. Forman, will march to-morrow, at two, P. M.

The Georgia and Alabama regiments, under Col. Jackson, will march on the morning of the 7th instant.

The troops will march with their arms, ten rounds of ammunition, and their personal effects, and will turn in at this place all tents, and such other articles of camp equipage as may not be indispensable on the return march.

Each man will take in his haversack hard bread for four days, and bacon for two days.—The Brigade Commissaries will obtain from the Chief Commissary money to purchase fresh beef, on the road, for two days.

The Quartermasters of the command will make the proper requisitions on the acting Quartermaster General for the necessary transportation.

In promulgating this order for these gallant regiments to return to the United States, the Major General, while he regrets that the term of their service will not afford another opportunity for these troops to gather additional fame in the future events of this already brilliant campaign, cannot forget that the recollections of a glorious past will be carried to their homes The services of the twelve months' volunteers will ever be perpetuated in their country's history with the remembrances of Monterey, Buena Vista, Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo.

The Major General avails himself of this occasion to take leave of the 1st and 2d Pennsylvania, the South Carolina and the New York volunteers, and to tender his thanks to Brigadier General (now Major General) Quitman, and them, for their obedience to orders, attention to duty, and their faithful, ready and cheerful support, under all emergencies, since they have been under his command; and he assures these fine corps, and their gallant and accomplished commander, that he will always be happy to meet, and to serve with them.

By order of Major General PATTERSON:

(Signed) WM. H. FRENCH, *Acting Asst. Adjt. Gen*

We commenced the return march, from the city of Jalapa on the morning of the 6th of May. It was a lovely day; the air was clear, and Orizaba showed its height of snow more plainly than usual. For a sketch of this mountain, taken this morning, see plate opposite.*

We arrived at Vera Cruz, on the 8th, without any circumstances worthy of note, save some skirmishing with guerrillas. We sold our horses there, to the quartermaster's department, and immediately embarked on board the ships ready in the harbor, and a few days' sail brought us to New Orleans; where, on the last of May, we were mustered out of the service of the United States, with the other twelve months' volunteers, who were arriving from Gen. Taylor's division. We were paid off and discharged, and, for the first time in near twelve months, felt ourselves at liberty.—Every man commenced thinking, planning, and acting for his future interests; and each experienced a feeling of pride, upon reflecting that he had nobly served his country for one year of his life. But with our joy a feeling of sadness was mingled, when we thought of the many brave spirits that a year before had gone out with us, who now returned not,—fallen in the ranks before the enemy, or sunk beneath the baneful effects of a sickly climate.—Of the eighteen thousand twelve months' volunteers that then had been marshaled for the conflict, not twelve thousand could now be mustered.

And now, reader, the long account is brought to a close; and if to the minds of his former fellow-soldiers the author has succeeded in bringing past scenes freshly in review,—and if to the general reader he has given a clear idea of those transactions and events,—his object is fully accomplished.

* In the foreground of this view the artist was directed to place part of the column of cavalry and infantry of the twelve months' volunteers, as they commenced the return march, and which, from want of time, had not been placed on it by the author. When again he saw the picture on being finished, he perceived that only part of one company of cavalry had there been introduced, and those were represented as going at full speed as if on a charge, apparently at the idea of return.—But, however gratifying this might have been to them, the movements is made in regular columns of twos, with the same steady motion as at all other times, not on a charge, or in pursuit of the enemy.—A long plume and beaver had also been placed on the head of one of the officers. The author has no recollection of ever seeing one of these in the American army in Mexico, save upon one occasion—that worn by Gen. Worth, at the ceremony of the surrender of Vera Cruz.—Being amused, however, at the idea of the hurry to start impressed by the position of these soldiers, and thinking that it would perhaps strike the minds of his former comrades in the same manner, he allowed the picture to remain unaltered.—It gives a correct view of Orizaba and the neighboring mountains.

ORIZABA, FROM A HEIGHT ABOVE JALAPA

SUBSEQUENT OPERATIONS.

After the twelve months' volunteers had left the army, Gen. Scott remained at Puebla, which had been previously taken, until he was reinforced by the arrival of other troops, from the United States, all of which were mustered in for the war. As these reinforcements moved up from Vera Cruz, along the national road, they were violently opposed in their progress by bodies of guerrillas, now become formidable, and whose method of fighting was without quarter, or in their own words, "without pity unto death."

These had severe conflicts with the forces of Gen. Pillow, Gen. Cadwalader, Gen. Pierce, Gen. Lane, Major Lally, and others; but they were worsted in every conflict, save one, at the National Bridge, in which they defeated the small detachment of Capt. Wells, and forced him to retreat, with the entire loss of his train, and many men killed and wounded. Major Lally's command fought nearly every foot of the way from Vera Cruz to Jalapa; the report having spread among the guerrillas, that in the train he had with him was contained, in specie, over a million of dollars.

On the 6th of August, the army commenced the march from Puebla, towards the city of Mexico. Now, the Mexican army, in great numbers, posted in strong fortifications, awaited them; having entirely recovered from the effects of the rout at Cerro Gordo.—For an account of the succeeding glorious battles, and the final capture of the city of Mexico, the reader is referred to the dispatches of Gen. Scott:

Headquarters of the Army,
Tacubaya, *at the Gates of Mexico, Aug.* 28, 1847.

Sir—My report, No. 31, commenced in the night of the 19th instant, closed the operations of the army with that day.

The morning of the 20th, opened with one of a series of unsurpassed achievements, all in view of the capital, and to which I shall give the general name—*the battle of Mexico.*

In the night of the 19th, brigadier generals Shields, P. F. Smith, and Cadwalader, and Col. Riley, with their brigades, and the 15th regiment, under Col. Morgan, detached from Brig. Gen. Pierce, found themselves in, and about, the important position, the village, hamlet, or hacienda, called indifferently, Contreras, Ansalda, San Gerenano—half a mile nearer to the city, than the enemy's entrenched camp, on the same road, towards the factory Magdalena.

That camp had been, unexpectedly, our formidable point of attack, the afternoon before; and we had now to take it, without the aid of cavalry or artillery, or to throw back our advanced corps upon the road from San Augustin to the city, and thence force a passage through San Antonio.

Accordingly, to meet contingencies, Maj. Gen. Worth was ordered to leave, early in the morning of the 20th; one of his brigades to mask San Antonio, and to march with the other, six miles, via San Augustin, upon Contreras. A like destination was given to Maj. Gen Quitman, and his remaining brigade, in San Augustin—replacing, for the moment, the garrison of that important depot, with Harney's brigade of cavalry, as horse could not pass over the intervening rocks, &c., to reach the field of battle.

At three o'clock, A. M., the great movement commenced on the rear of the enemy's camp, Riley leading, followed successively, by Cadwalader's and Smith's brigades; the latter temporarily under the orders of Major Dimmick, of the 1st artillery—the whole force being commanded by Smith, the senior in the general attack, and whose arrangements, skill, and gallantry, always challenge the highest admiration.

The march was rendered tedious, by the darkness, rain, and mud; but about sunrise, Riley, conducted by Lieut. Tower, engineer, had reached an elevation behind the enemy, whence

he precipitated his columns, stormed the entrenchments, planted his several colors upon them, and carried the work—all in seventeen minutes.

I doubt whether a more brilliant or decisive victory, taking into view, ground, artificial defences, batteries, and the extreme disparity of numbers, without cavalry or artillery, on our side, is to be found on record. Including all our corps directed against the entrenched camp, with Shields' brigade at the hamlet, we positively did not number over four thousand five hundred, rank and file; and we knew, by sight, and since, more certainly, by many captured documents and letters, that the enemy had actually engaged on the spot seven thousand men, with at least twelve thousand more hovering within sight, and striking distance—both on the 19th and 20th. All, not killed or captured, now fled with precipitation.

Thus was the great victory of Contreras achieved: one road to the capital opened: seven hundred of the enemy killed: eight hundred and thirteen prisoners, including among them, eighty-eight officers, four generals, besides many colors and standards: eighty-two pieces of brass ordnance—half of large calibre—thousands of small arms and accoutrements, and immense quantities of shot, shells, powder, and cartridges, seven hundred pack mules, many horses, &c., &c.—all in our hands.

One of the most pleasing incidents of the victory, is the recapture, in the works, by Capt. Drum, 4th artillery, under Major Gardner, of the two brass six pounders, taken from another company of the same regiment, though without the loss of honor, at the glorious battle of Buena Vista—about which guns the whole regiment had mourned for so many long months! Coming up a little later, I had the happiness to join in the protracted cheers of the gallant 4th, on the joyous event; and indeed, the whole army sympathises in its just pride and exultation.

The battle being won before the advancing brigades of Worth's and Quitman's divisions were in sight, both were ordered back to their late positions. Worth, to attack San Antonio in front, with his whole force, as soon as approached in the rear, by Pillow's and Twiggs' divisions—moving from Contreras, through San Angel and Coyoacan. By carrying San Antonio, we knew that we should open another—a shorter and better—road to the capital, for our siege and other trains.

Arriving at Coyoacan, two miles by a cross road, from the rear of San Antonio, I first detached Capt. Lee, engineer, with Capt. Kearney's troops, 1st dragoons, supported by the rifle regiment, Major Loring, to reconnoitre that strong point; and next dispatched Maj. Gen. Pillow, with one of his brigades (Cadwalader's), to make the attack upon it, in concert with Maj. Gen. Worth, on the opposite side.

At the same time, by another road to the left, Lieut. Stevens, of the engineers, supported by Lieut. G. W. Smith's company of sappers and miners, of the same corps, was sent to reconnoitre the strongly fortified church, or convent, of San Sablo, in the hamlet of Churubusco, one mile off. Twiggs, with one of his brigades (Smith's—less the rifles), and Capt. Taylor's field battery, were ordered to follow, and to attack the convent. Major Smith, senior engineer, was dispatched to concert with Twiggs, the mode and means of attack, and Twiggs' other brigade (Riley's), I soon ordered up to support him.

Next (but all in ten minutes) I sent Pierce (just able to keep the saddle), with his brigade (Pillow's division), conducted by Capt. Lee, engineer, by a third road, a little farther to our left, to attack the enemy's right and rear, in order to favor the movement upon the convent, and cut off the retreat towards the capital. And, finally, Shields, senior brigadier to Pierce, with the New York and South Carolina volunteers (Quitman's battalion), was ordered to follow Pierce, closely, and to take the command of our left wing. All these movements were made with the utmost alacrity by our gallant troops and commanders.

Finding myself at Coyoacan, from which so many roads conveniently branched, without escort or reserve, I had to advance, for safety, close upon Twiggs' rear. The battle now raged from the right to the left of our whole line.

Learning, on the return of Capt. Lee, that Shields, in the rear of Churubusco, was hard-pressed, and in danger of being out-flanked, if not overwhelmed, by greatly superior numbers, I immediately sent under Major Sumner, 2d dragoons, the rifles (Twiggs' reserve), and Capt. Sibley's troop, 2d dragoons, then at hand, to support our left, guided by the same engineer.

About an hour earlier, Worth had, by skillful and daring movements upon the front and right, turned, and forced San Antonio—its garrison, no doubt much shaken by our decisive victory at Contreras.

The forcing of San Antonio was the *second* brilliant event of the day.

Worth's division, being reunited in hot pursuit, he was joined by Maj. Gen. Pillow, who, marching from Coyoacan, and discovering that San Antonio had been carried, immediately

turned to the left, according to my instructions, and, though much impeded by ditches and swamps, hastened to the attack of Churubusco.

The hamlet, or scattered houses, bearing this name, presented, besides the fortified convent, a strong field-work (*tete de pont*), with regular bastions and curtains, at the head of a bridge, over which the road passes from San Antonio to the capital.

The whole remaining forces of Mexico—some twenty-seven thousand men, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, collected from every quarter—were now in, on the flanks, or within supporting distance of those works, and seemed resolved to make a last and desperate stand; for, if beaten here, the feebler defences at the gates of the city—four miles off—could not, as was well known to both parties, delay the victors an hour. The capital of an ancient empire, now of a great republic, or an early peace, the assailants were resolved to win. Not an American, and we were less than a third of the enemy's numbers, had a doubt as to the result.

The fortified church, or convent, hotly pressed by Twiggs, had already held out about an hour, when Worth and Pillow—the latter having with him only Cadwalader's brigade—began to manœuvre closely upon the *tete de pont*, with the convent at half gun-shot, to their left.—Garland's brigade (Worth's division), to which had been added the light battalion under Lieut. Col. Smith, continued to advance in front, and under the fire of a long line of infantry, off on the left of the bridge; and Clarke, of the same division, directed his brigade along the road or close by its side. Two of Pillow's and Cadwalader's regiments, the 11th and 14th, supported and participated in this direct movement; the others (the voltigeurs), were left in reserve. Most of these corps—particularly Clark's brigade—advancing perpendicularly, were made to suffer much by the fire of the *tete de pont;* and they would have suffered greatly more by flank attacks from the convent, but for the pressure of Twiggs, on the other side of that work.

This well-combined, and daring movement, at length reached the principal point of attack, and the formidable *tete de pont* was, at once, assaulted and carried by the bayonet. Its deep wet ditch was first gallantly crossed by the 8th and 5th infantry, commanded, respectively, by Major Waite and Lieut. Col. Scott, followed closely, by the 6th infantry (same brigade), which had been so much exposed in the road, the 11th regiment, under Lieut. Col. Graham, and the 14th, commanded by Col. Trousdale, both of Cadwalader's brigade, Pillow's division, About the same time, the enemy, in front of Garland, after a hot conflict of an hour and a half, gave way, in a retreat towards the capital.

The immediate results of this third signal triumph on the day were: three field pieces, one hundred and ninety-two prisoners, much ammunition, and two colors, taken in the *tete de pont.*

Finally, twenty minutes after the *tete de pont* had been carried by Worth and Pillow, and at the end of a desperate conflict of two hours and a half, the church or convent—the citadel of this strong line of defence along the rivulet of Churubusco—yielded to Twiggs' division, and threw out on all sides signals of surrender. The white flags, however, were not exhibited until the moment when the 3d infantry, under Capt. Alexander, had cleared the way by fire and bayonet, and had entered the work. Capt. J. M. Smith and Lieut. O. L. Shepheard, both of that regiment, with their companies, had the glory of leading the assault. The former received the surrender, and Capt. Alexander instantly hung out, from a balcony, the colors of the gallant 3d. Maj. Dimick, with a part of the 1st artillery, serving as infantry, entered nearly abreast with the leading troops.

Capt. Taylor's field battery, attached to Twiggs' division, opened its effective fire, at an early moment, upon the out-works of the convent and the tower of its church. Exposed to the severest fire of the enemy, the captain, his officers and men, won universal admiration; but at length, much disabled, in men and horses, the battery was, by superior orders, withdrawn from the action thirty minutes before the surrender of the convent.

The immediate results of this victory were: the capture of seven field-pieces, some ammunition, one color, three generals, and 1,261 prisoners, including other officers.

Capt. E. A. Capron and M. J. Burke, and Lieut. S. Hoffman, all of the 1st artillery, and Capt. J. W. Anderson and Lieut. Thomas Easley, both of the 2d infantry—five officers of rare merit—fell gallantly before the work.

The capture of the enemy's citadel was the *fourth* great achievement of our arms in the same day.

In a winding march of a mile around to the right, this temporary division found itself on the edge of an open wet meadow, near the road from San Antonio to the capital, and in the presence of some four thousand of the enemy's infantry, a little in rear of Churubusco, on that

road.—Establishing the right at a strong building. Shields extended his left parallel to the road, to outflank the enemy towards the capital. But the enemy extending his right, supported by 2,000 cavalry, more rapidly, (being favored by better ground), in the same direction, Shields concentrated the division about a hamlet, and determined to attack in front. The battle was long, hot, and varied; but ultimately, success crowned the zeal and gallantry of our troops, ably directed by their distinguished commander, Brig. Gen. Shields. The 9th, 12th and 15th regiments, under Col. Ransom, Capt. Wood, and Col. Morgan, respectively, of Pierce's brigade, (Pillow's division), and the New York and South Carolina volunteers, under colonels Burnett and Butler, respectively of Shields' own brigade, (Quitman's division), together with the mountain howitzer battery, now under Lieut. Reno, of the ordnance corps, all shared in the glory of this action—our *fifth* victory in the same day.

Brig. Gen. Pierce, from the hurt of the evening before—under pain and exhaustion—fainted in the action. Several other changes in command occurred on this field.

Shields took 360 prisoners, including officers; and it cannot be doubted that the fate of the conflict between him and the enemy, just in the rear of the *tete de pont* and the convent, had some influence on the surrender of those formidable defences.

As soon as the *tete de pont* was carried, the greater part of Worth's and Pillow's forces passed that bridge in rapid pursuit of the flying enemy. These distinguished generals, coming up with Brig. Gen. Shields, now also victorious, the three continued to press upon the fugitives to within a mile and a half of the capital. Here, Col. Harney, with a small part of his brigade of cavalry, rapidly passed to the front, and charged the enemy up to the nearest gate. The cavalry charge was headed by Capt. Kearney, of the 1st dragoons, having in squadron, with his own troop, that of Capt. McReynolds, of the 3d—making the usual escort to general headquarters; but being early in the day detached for general service, was now under Col. Harney's orders. The gallant captain, not hearing the *recall*, dashed up to the San Antonio gate, sabreing, in his way, all who resisted.

So terminated the series of events, which I have but feebly presented. My thanks were freely poured out on the different fields—to the abilities and science of generals and other officers—to the gallantry and prowess of all—the rank and file included. But a reward infinitely higher—the applause of a grateful country and government—will, I cannot doubt, be accorded, in due time, to so much merit, of every sort, displayed by this glorious army, which has now overcome all difficulties—distance, climate, ground, fortifications, and numbers.

It has in a single day, in many battles, as often defeated 32,000 men; made about 3,000 prisoners, including eight generals, (two of them ex-presidents), and 205 other officers; killed or wounded 4,000 of all ranks—besides entire corps dispersed and dissolved;—captured 37 pieces of ordnance—more than trebling our siege train and field batteries—with a large number of small arms, a full supply of ammunition of every kind, &c., &c. These great results have overwhelmed the enemy.

Our loss amounts to 1,053—killed, 469, including 16 officers; wounded, 876, with 60 officers. The greater number of the dead and disabled were of the highest worth.—Those under treatment, thanks to our very able medical officers, are generally doing well.

I regret having been obliged, on the 20th, to leave Maj. Gen. Quitman, an able commander, with a part of his division—the fine 2d Pennsylvania volunteers, and the veteran detachment of United States' marines—at our important depot, San Augustin. It was there that I had placed our sick and wounded; the siege, supply and baggage trains. If these had been lost, the army would have been driven almost to despair, and considering the enemy's very great excess of numbers, and the many approaches to the depot, it might well have become, emphatically, *the post of honor*.

After so many victories, we might, with but little additional loss, have occupied the capital the same evening. But Mr. Trist, commissioner, &c., as well as myself, had been admonished by the best friends of peace—intelligent neutrals, and some American residents—against precipitation; lest, by wantonly driving away the government and others—dishonored—we might scatter the elements of peace, excite a spirit of national desperation, and thus indefinitely postpone the hope of an accommodation. Deeply impressed with this danger, and remembering our mission—to conquer a peace—the army very cheerfully sacrificed to patriotism—to the great wish and want of our country—the *eclat* that would have followed an entrance—sword in hand—into a great capital. Willing to leave something to this republic—of no immediate value to us—on which to rest her pride, and to recover temper—I halted our victorious corps at the gates of the city, (at least for a time), and have them now cantoned in the neighboring villages, where they are well sheltered, and supplied with all necessaries.

On the morning of the 21st, being about to take up battering or assaulting positions, to authorize me to summon the city to surrender. or to sign an armistice, with a pledge to enter at once into negotiations for a peace—a mission came out to propose a truce. Rejecting its terms, I dispatched my contemplated note to Gen. Santa Anna—omitting the summons. The 22d, commissioners were appointed by the commanders of the two armies; the armistice was signed the 23d, and ratifications exchanged the 24th.

All matters in dispute between the two governments have been thus happily turned over to their plenipotentiaries, who have had several conferences, and with, I think, some hope of signing a treaty of peace.

There will be transmitted to the Adjutant General reports from divisions, brigades, &c., on the foregoing operations, to which I must refer with my hearty concurrence in the just applause bestowed on corps and individuals by their respective commanders. I have been also—this report being necessarily summary—to bring out. comparatively but little of individual merit not lying directly in the way of the narrative. Thus, I doubt whether I have, in express terms, given my approbation and applause to the commanders of divisions and independent brigades; but left their fame upon higher grounds—the simple record of their deeds and the brilliant results.

To the staff, both general and personal, attached to general headquarters, I was again under high obligations for services in the field. as always in the bureaux.

I had the valuable services, as volunteer aids, of majors Kirby and Van Buren, of the pay department, always eager for activity and distinction; and of a third, the gallant Major J. P. Gaines, of the Kentucky volunteers.

I have the honor to be, sir, with high respect,

Your most obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Hon Wm. L. Marcy, *Secretary of War.*

The foregoing dispatch of Major General Scott, with regard to the operations of the army from the time of its arrival near the city of Mexico, to that of the armistice being concluded between the opposing forces, can be better understood by a perusal of the following clearly written review of the same, by a correspondent of the N. O. Picayune. Taking this in connection with the map of the vicinity of the city of Mexico, (opposite page 620), the reader can be at no loss in forming a clear and definite view of the plan of those gallantly fought engagements.

"We do not think that either the dispatches of Gen. Scott, or the reports of his subordinates, have been remarkably clear as historical narration. As military papers, they are, no doubt, all that they ought to be; but in reading them one becomes absolutely puzzled with the mincing up of facts with the names of divisions, brigades and regiments. officers and soldiers, and a mass of details, which it requires almost an adjutant general to disentangle and understand. The task of forming a clear idea of the plan of operations, as a whole, is to a civilian a difficult one; and, perhaps, his satisfaction in accomplishing it is one reason why he may be permitted to spread the result of his labors on paper, for the benefit of those who, like himself, have known little more than that Mexico is ours, and that it cost a certain number of killed, wounded and missing, to make it so.

"About the middle of August last, Gen. Scott, with the army that marched from Puebla, was at Buena Vista—not *the* Buena Vista, but a place of the same name—about twenty miles from the city of Mexico Let us imagine ourselves at his side, looking straight towards the city, and able to see it, and the intervening country, as we do on the map before us, as we write. Directly in front is the great high road to Mexico. Immediately to the left is a large lake, along whose northern shore the road runs; and some miles further on, still to the left as we look, and to the south of the road, but at a distance from it and reaching to within a few miles of the city, is another lake. The first of these, is the lake of Chalco; the second, or farthest off, is the lake of Xochilmilco. So much for what we see on the left of the highway as we look towards Mexico. On the right, and opposite to the lake of Chalco, the country is open, but farther on and directly opposite the lake of Xochilmilco, is the lake of Tezcuco—the lake in whose waters was throned the Tenochtillan of Montezuma—but now dwindled to a comparatively small sheet of water, which does not approach much nearer to the modern city than the lake of Xochilmilco, on the opposite side of the high road. Traveling, therefore, from Buena Vista to Mexico, you have first the lake of Chalco on your left hand, with open country on your right, and afterwards the lake of Tezcuco close on the right, and the lake of Xochilmilco opposite to it, but much farther off on the left; and so you continue on

between the two lakes until, passing their western extremities, you travel through an open country on either hand up to the garita of Penol, one of the entrances into the city.

"Now, this was the best road for the diligence, but not for Gen. Scott; for close to that part of the road which, as we have seen, lies between the lakes of Tezcuco and Xochilmilco, was the fortress or fortified hill of the Penon—the *old* Penon—for there is another Penon nearer the city.

"The ground on either side of the road was marshy and impassable; and an approach to Mexico, by this route, would have been a most murderous business—something like marching a body of men from the Bridge up Baltimore street to the Eutaw House, supposing the latter turned round across the street, with cannon loaded with round and grape shot at every window. Tempting, therefore, as was the smooth highway between the lakes, it was not to be thought of; and, instead, therefore, of pursuing it, Gen. Scott turned off to the left at Buena Vista, nearly at right angles to the road he had traveled from Puebla, and, keeping close to the lake of Chalco, which was, of course, then on his right hand, came to Ayocingo at its southern extremity. Here, he turned again short round to the right, and keeping close to the southern shores, first of the lake Chalco, and afterwards of Xochilmilco, upon a road which he cut for the occasion, marched northwestwardly on a line nearly parallel with the highway he had left, and separated from it by the last named lakes. In this manner, and soon after leaving the lake of Xochilmilco, at La Novia, he came to San Augustin—about as far from the city as he could have been had he taken the main road and stopped at the Penon, but without the loss of a man; whereas thousands might have been sacrificed in an attempt on the latter fortress. This was the first outgeneraling of the Mexicans, who never dreamed that any one would prefer cutting around the lakes of Chalco and Xochilmilco to going between them and the lake Tezcuco upon the smooth highway.

"Now, if the Mexicans had staid at the Penon, there would have been little to prevent the Americans from marching at once into the city; but, as soon as the latter turned round the eastern end of the lake of Chalco to reach San Augustin, the former, leaving the Penon, went round the western end of the lake of Xochilmilco to head the invaders, and established themselves at Churubusco, San Antonia, Contreras—a very necessary change of position, well conceived and promptly executed, and which again placed the whole Mexican army between Gen. Scott and the capital.

"Let us now imagine ourselves with Gen. Scott, looking towards the city of Mexico, which is due north, and much nearer than it was at Buena Vista. Immediately in front is a road nearly straight leading to the city; passing first through the village of San Antonio, about —miles off; then about —miles farther, crossing the Churubusco river, at the village of that name, where there is a large convent and a bridge, the entrance to which is defended by a fortification, called among soldiers, a *tete du pont* or bridge head. Beyond Churubusco, is the village of Los Portales, and beyond that the road is a fair and smooth one to the garita of San Antonio Abad, one of the entrances into Mexico. At first sight, it would seem that nothing was to be done but to march upon the Mexicans at San Antonio—drive them to the Churubusco river, defeat them there, and hurry on to the "Halls of the Montezumas." But, then, to the left of Gen. Scott—whom we imagine to be looking towards Mexico from San Augustin—and almost at right angles to the road into the city, is a body of men, the flower of the Mexican army, under Gen. Valencia—veterans from San Luis Potosi—men who had been in the fight of *the* Buena Vista.

"To have marched directly on Churubusco would have placed Valencia in Scott's rear, which would have been at the mercy of the Mexican general; and this would never have done. Therefore, although Contreras was a good deal out of the way, and, although going to Mexico, *via* Contreras, was like going to Philadelphia *via* York, Pa., or to Richmond *via* Norfolk, there was no help for it; and to Contreras a force was accordingly sent to put Valencia *hors du combat*. Santa Anna, who saw that Valencia could do no good under such circumstances, ordered him to retire on Churubusco—which was what he ought to

[illegible]one—to aid in the stand which it was intended to make there against the Americans.

[illegible]ne a was a fool, and preferred staying to be routed in a battle, commencing on the

[illegible]the 19th of August, by a feigned attack in front, and followed up on the morning

[illegible]by an attack in the rear that did the business thoroughly. This was a fine move

[illegible]part, though it would have been counteracted had Valencia obeyed orders and

[illegible]ita Anna either at San Antonio or Churubusco. The roads from Contreras and

[illegible]tin to Mexico, came together at Churubusco, forming a V, the point of which was

[illegible]r place. San Antonio, as we have seen, was between San Augustin and Churu-

VICINITY OF MEXICO.

busco. Scott, marching on the Contreras road towards Mexico, would, therefore, have got into the rear of Santa Anna at San Antonio; and Santa Anna, seeing this, ordered the troops at the latter place, to fall back on Churubusco. And here a word of collateral explanation is necessary. When Scott reached San Augustin, he was nearer San Antonio than to Contreras, and therefore, had he sent his whole force to Contreras, Santa Anna, by advancing from San Antonio, could have attacked his rear before Valencia was beaten. In other words, Scott would then have been between Santa Anna and Valencia. To prevent this, but a part of the American army was sent to Contreras, and with the remainder San Augustin was held, and a movement was made towards San Antonio, keeping Santa Anna in check, as it is termed. Thus, when the force which had beaten Valencia advanced towards Churubusco, there was another force advancing on the Mexicans from San Agustin; so that, although Santa Anna's order to fall back from San Antonio on Churubusco was obeyed, it was not obeyed in time to prevent collision with the Americans.

"Had Valencia obeyed Santa Anna—had the force at San Antonio fallen back in time, the lines at Churubusco would have been held by fresh forces, in good spirits, behind excellent defences, and fighting in sight of their homes and firesides. As it was, the defeat at Contreras, the conflict at San Antonio, disheartened the Mexicans, and they fought the battle of Churubusco at a great disadvantage. But they fought well, notwithstanding. Up to this time, the game of war had been a succession of most skillful and able moves, for, to deny that Santa Anna has all the attributes of a great general, is idle. The next move was the battle of Churubusco. The Mexicans were routed and demoralized; and no one can doubt that if Gen. Scott had marched forward, instead of stopping at Los Portales, he would have taken the city of Mexico without further loss. We say no one can doubt, because we have read the intercepted mail taken at Tacubaya, and translated and published in Mexico, showing the state of feeling in the capital on the day of the battle of Churubusco. Our purpose, however, is not to criticise the armistice.

"After the battle of Churubusco, there was a pause. The Americans advanced to Tacubaya, and the Mexicans remained in the city, strengthening their defences, and making those preparations for a renewal of the contest, which the armistice gave them an opportunity of doing.

"The movement to Tacubaya was an able one. It is true, that from Churubusco to the capital, there was an open and undefended causeway leading up to the gate of San Antonio Abad, and to get to the city by way of Tacubaya, was as round about as to get to Churubusco from San Augustin by way of Contreras, for Churubusco is nearly due south of Mexico, and Tacubaya almost southeast. But Tacubaya is close to Chapultepec, and it was necessary to take Chapultepec before attacking Mexico. We have heard this doubted, but the necessity was plain. If Mexico had been taken first, the army, instead of retreating towards Guadalupe, would have retired to Chapultepec; and to have left Mexico then, to take the fortress, would, with Scott's small army, have been to abandon the city and the wounded Americans to the leperos. The whole Mexican army would then have been the garrison of Chapultepec. As it was, the army was divided between the fortress and the city; and, as it was, it was no child's play to take Chapultepec.

"Thus far, with the exception of the armistice, about which there is room for difference of opinion, Scott had made not one mistake in the valley of Mexico. With a most able man opposed to him, he had met the emergency. He was now in sight of the city, and the next thing was to take it. There was little room for scientific combinations. Hard knocks were to settle the day."

But this armistice was only used by Santa Anna for the purpose of re-uniting his scattered troops, and of throwing all their power together, for a desperate defence of the city. Santa Anna openly avows this, in a letter to one of his subordinates, found afterwards in the palace when the city was captured. With the accustomed duplicity and faithlessness of their nation, the Mexican commissioners met Mr. Trist, with every appearance of fairness, to negociate a treaty of peace, but prolonged the discussion for every moment possible. In the meantime, an assault was committed by the Mexican populace upon an American train proceeding under the authority of the armistice, into the city, for provisions. This and other outrages following, brought a letter from Gen. Scott to Gen. Santa Anna, to which the latter, having completed his arrangements, returned an answer of almost defiance and absolute insult, accusing falsely, the American forces of robbing the churches, and of every other outrage, of which in fact, the Mexican forces were alone guilty.—Negotiations were broken off on the th of September, and on the 8th, Gen. Worth attacked the strong position of Molino del Rey, r King's Mill, and took it, but with severe loss on both sides.

The following is the official report of the engagement.

REPORT OF GENERAL WORTH.

HEAD QUARTERS, 1ST DIVISION.
Tacubaya, September 10, 1847.

SIR: Under the inconvenient circumstances incident to recent battle, and derangement from loss of commanders—staff, commissioned and non-commissioned—and amid the active scenes resulting therefrom, I proceed to make a report, in obedience to the orders of the general-in-chief, of the battle of El Molino del Rey, fought and won on the eighth of September, 1847, by the first division, reinforced as follows:

1st. Three squadrons of dragoons, and one company of mounted riflemen—270 men, under Major Sumner, 2d dragoons.

2d. Three pieces of field artillery, under Captain Drum.

3d. Two battering guns, (twenty-four pounders,) under Captain Huger.

4th. Cadwalader's brigade, 764 strong, consisting of the voltigeur regiment, the 11th and 14th regiments of infantry.

Having, in the course of the 7th, accompanied the general-in-chief on a reconnoissance of the formidable dispositions of the enemy near and around the castle of Chapultepec, they were found to exhibit an extended line of cavalry and infantry, sustained by a field battery of four guns—occupying directly, or sustaining, a system of defences collateral to the castle and summit. This examination gave fair observation of the configuration of the grounds, and the extent of the enemy's force; but, as appeared in the sequel, an inadequate idea of the nature of his defences—they being skillfully masked.

The general-in-chief ordered that my division, reinforced as before mentioned, should attack and carry those lines and defences, capture the enemy's artillery, destroy the machinery and material supposed to be in the foundry, (El Molino del Rey;) but limiting the operations to that extent. After which, my command was to be immediately withdrawn to its position, in the village of Tacubaya.

A close and daring reconnoissance, by Captain Mason of the engineers, made on the morning of the 7th, represented the enemy's lines collateral to Chapultepec to be as follows: His left rested upon and occupied a group of strong stone buildings, called El Molino del Rey, adjoining the grove at the foot of the hill of Chapultepec, and directly under the guns of the castle which crowns its summit. The right of his line rested upon another stone building, called Casa Mata, situated at the foot of the ridge that slopes gradually from the heights above the village of Tacubaya to the plain below. Midway between these buildings was the enemy's field battery, and his infantry forces were disposed on either side to support it. This reconnoissance was verified by Captain Mason and Colonel Duncan, on the afternoon of the same day. The result indicated that the centre was the weak point of the enemy's position; and that his flanks were the strong points, his left flank being the stronger.

As the enemy's system of defence was connected with the hill and castle of Chapultepec, and as my operations were limited to a specific object, it became necessary to isolate the work to be accomplished from the castle of Chapultepec and its immediate defences. To effect this object, the following dispositions were ordered: Colonel Garland's brigade to take possession on the right, strengthened by two pieces of Captain Drum's battery, to look to El Molino del Rey as well as any support of this position from Chapultepec; and also within sustaining distance of the assaulting party and the battering guns, which, under Captain Huger, were placed on the ridge, five or six hundred yards from El Molino del Rey, to batter and loosen this position from Chapultepec. An assaulting party of five hundred picked men and officers, under command of Brevet Major George Wright, 8th infantry, was also posted on the ridge to the left of the battering guns, to force the enemy's centre. The 2d (Clarke's) brigade, the command of which devolved on Colonel McIntosh, (Colonel Clarke being sick,) with Duncan's battery, was to take post further up the ridge, opposite the enemy's right, to look to our left flank, to sustain the assaulting column if necessary, or to discomfit the enemy, (the ground being favorable,) as circumstances might require. Cadwalader's brigade was held in reserve, in a position on the ridge, between the battering guns and McIntosh's brigade, and in easy support of either. The cavalry, under Major Sumner, to envelop our extreme left, and be governed by circumstances—to repel or attack, as the commander's judgment might suggest. The troops to be put in position under cover of the night; and the work to begin as soon as the heavy metal could be properly directed. Colonel Duncan was charged with the general disposition of the artillery. Accordingly, at 3 o'clock in the morning of the 8th, the several columns were put in motion, on as many different routes; and when the gray of the morning enabled them to be seen, they were as

accurately in position as if posted in mid day for review. The early dawn was the moment appointed for the attack, which was announced to our troops by the opening of Huger's guns on El Molino del Rey, upon which they continued to play actively until this point of the enemy's line became sensibly shaken; when the assaulting party, commanded by Wright, and guided by that accomplished officer, Captain Mason of the engineers, assisted by Lieutenant Foster, dashed gallantly forward to the assault. Unshaken by the galling of the musketry and canister that was showered upon them, on they rushed, driving infantry and artillery-men at the point of the bayonet. The enemy's field battery was taken, and his own guns were trailed upon his retreating masses; before, however, they could be discharged, perceiving that he had been dispossessed of his strong position by comparatively a handful of men, he made a desperate effort to regain it. Accordingly, his retreating forces rallied and formed, with this object. Aided by the infantry, which covered the housetops (within reach of which the battery had been moved during the night), the enemy's whole line opened upon the assaulting party a terrific fire of musketry, which struck down *eleven* out of the *fourteen* officers that composed the command, and non-commissioned officers and men in proportion; including, amongst the officers, Brevet Major Wright, the commander; Captain Mason and Lieutenant Foster, engineers; all severely wounded. This severe shock staggered, for a moment, that gallant band. The light battalion, held to cover Captain Huger's battery, under Captain E. Kirby Smith, (Lieutenant Colonel Smith being sick,) and the right wing of Cadwalader's brigade, were promptly ordered forward to support, which order was executed in the most gallant style; the enemy was again routed, and this point of his line carried, and fully possessed by our troops. In the meantime, Garland's (1st) brigade, ably sustained by Captain Drum's artillery, assaulted the enemy's left, and after an obstinate and very severe contest, drove him from his apparently impregnable position, immediately under the guns of the castle of Chapultepec. Drum's section, and the battering guns under Captain Huger, advanced to the enemy's position, and the captured guns of the enemy were now opened on his retreating forces, on which they continued to fire until beyond their reach. While this work was in progress of accomplishment by our centre and right, our troops on the left were not idle. Duncan's battery opened on the right of the enemy's line, up to this time engaged; and the 2d brigade, under Colonel McIntosh, was now ordered to assault the extreme right of the enemy's line. The direction of this brigade soon caused it to mask Duncan's battery—the fire of which, for the moment, was discontinued, and the brigade moved steadily on to the assault of Casa Mata, which, instead of an ordinary field entrenchment, as was supposed, proved to be a strong stone citadel, surrounded with bastioned entrenchments and impassable ditches—an old Spanish work, recently repaired and enlarged. When within easy musket range, the enemy opened a most deadly fire upon our advancing troops, which was kept up, without intermission, until our gallant men reached the very slope of the parapet of the work that surrounds the citadel. By this time a large proportion of the command were either killed or wounded, amongst whom, were the three senior officers present—Brevet Colonel McIntosh, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Scott, of the 5th infantry, and Major Waite, 8th infantry; the second killed, and the first and last desperately wounded. Still, the fire from the citadel was unabated. In this crisis of the attack, the command was, momentarily, thrown into disorder, and fell back on the left of Duncan's battery, where they rallied. As the 2d brigade moved to the assault, a very large cavalry and infantry force was discovered approaching rapidly upon our left flank, to reinforce the enemy's right. As soon as Duncan's battery was masked, as before mentioned, supported by Andrews' voltigeurs of Cadwalader's brigade, it moved promptly to the extreme left of our line, to check the threatened assault on this point. The enemy's cavalry came, rapidly, within canister range, when the whole battery opened a most effective fire, which soon broke the squadrons, and drove them back in disorder. During this fire upon the enemy's cavalry, Major Sumner's command moved to the front, and changed direction in admirable order, under a most appalling fire from Casa Mata. This movement enabled his command to cross the ravine immediately on the left of Duncan's battery, where it remained, doing noble service, until the close of the action. At the very moment the cavalry were driven beyond reach, our own troops drew back from before the Casa Mata, and enabled the guns of Duncan's battery to reöpen upon this position; which, after a short and well-directed fire, the enemy abandoned. The guns of the battery were now turned upon his retreating columns, and continued to play upon them until beyond reach.

He was now driven from every point in the field, and his strong lines, which had certainly been defended well, were in our possession. In fulfillment of the instructions of the general-

in-chief, the Casta Mata was blown up, and such of the captured ammunition as was useless to us, as well as the cannon moulds found in El Molino del Rey, were destroyed. After which, my command, under the reiterated orders of the general-in-chief, returned to quarters at Tacubaya, with three of the enemy's four guns, (the fourth having been spiked, was rendered unserviceable,) as also a large quantity of small arms, with gun and musket ammunition, and exceeding eight hundred prisoners, including fifty-two commissioned officers.

By the concurrent testimony of a prisoner, the enemy's force exceeded fourteen thousand men, commanded by General Santa Anna in person. His total loss, killed, (including the 2d and 3d in command, Generals Valdarez and Leon,) wounded and prisoners, amounts to three thousand, exclusive of some two thousand who deserted after the rout.

My command, reinforced as before stated, only reached three thousand one hundred men of all arms. The contest continued two hours, and its severity is painfully attested by our heavy loss of officers, non-commissioned officers and privates, including in the first two classes some of the brightest ornaments of the service. * * * * * * * *

Accompanying is a tabular statement of casualties, with lists, by name, of rank and file killed, viz; nine officers killed, and forty-nine wounded; seven hundred and twenty-nine rank and file killed and wounded. * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. J. WORTH,
Brevet Major General Commanding.

To Capt. SCOTT, *A. A. Adj. Gen., head-quarters.*

REPORT OF MAJ. GEN. SCOTT,

OF THE BATTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC, AND THE ASSAULT UPON AND CAPTURE OF THE CITY OF MEXICO.

[No. 34.]

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
National Palace of Mexico, Sept. 18, 1847.

SIR— At the end of another series of arduous and brilliant operations, of more than forty-eight hours' continuance, this glorious army hoisted on the morning of the 14th, the colors of the United States on the walls of this palace.

The victory of the 8th at the Molino del Rey, was followed by daring reconnoissances, on the part of our distinguished engineers—Capt. Lee, lieutenants Beauregard, Stevens, and Tower—Major Smith, senior, being sick, and Capt. Mason, third in rank, being wounded.—Their operations were directed principally to the south—towards the gates of Piedad, San Angel (Nino Perdido) San Antonio, and the Paseo de la Viga.

This city stands on a slight swell of ground, near the centre of an irregular basin, and is girdled with a ditch in its greater extent—a navigable canal of great breadth and depth—very difficult to bridge, in the presence of an enemy, and serving at once for drainage, custom-house purposes, and military defence—leaving eight entrances of gates, over arches; each of which we found defended by a system of strong works, that seemed to require nothing but some men and guns, to be impregnable. Outside and within the cross-fires of those gates we found to the south, other obstacles, but little less formidable. All the approaches near the city, are over elevated causeways, cut in many places (to oppose us), and flanked on both sides by ditches, also of unusual dimensions. The numerous cross-roads are flanked in like manner, having bridges at the intersections, recently broken. The meadows thus chequered, are moreover, in many spots under water, or marshy; for it will be remembered, we were in the midst of the wet season, though with less rain than usual, and we could not wait for the fall of the neighboring lakes, and the consequent drainage of the wet grounds at the edge of the city—the lowest in the whole basin.

After a close personal survey of the southern gates, covered by Pillow's division and Riley's brigade of Twiggs', with four times our numbers concentrated in front, I determined on the 11th, to avoid that net-work of obstacles, and to seek, by a sudden inversion to the south-west and west, less unfavorable approaches. To economise the lives of our gallant officers and men, as well as to insure success, it became indispensable that this resolution should be

long masked from the enemy; and again, that the new movement, when discovered, should be mistaken for a feint, and the old as indicating our true and ultimate point of attack.—Accordingly, on the spot, the 11th, I ordered Quitman's division from Coyoacan, to join Pillow, *by daylight*, before the southern gates, and then, that the two major generals, with their divisions, should, *by night*, proceed (two miles) to join me at Tacubaya, where I was quartered with Worth's division. Twiggs, with Riley's brigade, and captains Taylor's and Steptoe's field batteries—the latter of twelve-pounders—was left in front of those gates, to manœuvre, to threaten, or to make false attacks, in order to occupy and deceive the enemy. Twiggs' other brigade (Smith's), was left at supporting distance, in the rear, at San Angel, till the morning of the 13th, and also to support our general depot at Miscoac. The stratagem against the south was admirably executed throughout the 12th, and down to the afternoon of the 13th, when it was too late for the enemy to recover from the effect of his delusion.

The first step in the new movement was to carry Chapultepec, a natural and isolated mound, of great elevation, strongly fortified at its base, on its acclivities, and heights. Besides a numerous garrison, here was the military college of the republic, with a large number of sub-lieutenants, and other students. Those works were within direct gun-shot of the village of Tacubaya, and, until carried, we could not approach the city on the west, without making a circuit too wide and too hazardous.

In the course of the same night (that of the 11th), heavy batteries, within easy ranges were established. No. 1, on our right, under the command of Capt. Drum, 4th artillery (relieved late next day, for some hours, by Lieut. Andrews, of the 3d), and No. 2, commanded by Lieut. Hagner, ordnance—both supported by Quitman's division—Nos. 3 and 4, on the opposite, supported by Pillow's division, were commanded, the former by Capt. Brooks and Lieut. S. S. Anderson, 2d artillery, alternately, and the latter by Lieut. Stone, ordnance. The batteries were traced by Capt. Huger, and Capt. Lee, engineer, and constructed by them, with the able assistance of the young officers of those corps and the artillery.

To prepare for an assault, it was foreseen, that the play of the batteries might run into the second day; but recent captures had not only trebled our siege pieces, but also our ammunition, and we knew that we should greatly augment both, by carrying the place. I was, therefore, in no haste in ordering an assault before the works were well crippled by our missiles.—The bombardment and cannonade, under the direction of Capt. Huger, were commenced early in the morning of the 12th. Before nightfall, which necessarily stopped our batteries, we perceived that a good impression had been made on the castle and its outworks, and that a large body of the enemy had remained outside, towards the city, from an early hour, to avoid our fire, and to be at hand on its cessation, in order to reinforce the garrison against an assault. The same outside force was discovered the next morning, after our batteries had re-opened upon the city, by which we again reduced its garrison to the minimum needed for the guns.

Pillow and Quitman had been in position since early in the night of the 11th. Major Gen. Worth was now ordered to hold his division in reserve, near the foundry, to support Pillow; and Brig. Gen. Smith, of Twiggs' division, had just arrived, with his brigade, from Piedad (two miles), to support Quitman. Twiggs' guns, before the southern gates, again reminded us, as they did before, that he, with Riley's brigade, and Taylor's, and Steptoe's batteries, was in activity, threatening the southern gates, and there holding a great part of the Mexican army on the defensive.—Worth's division furnished Pillow's attack with an assaulting party of two hundred and fifty volunteer officers and men, under Capt. McKenzie, of the 3d artillery; and Twiggs' division supplied a similar one, commanded by Capt. Casey, 2d infantry, to Quitman. Each of those little columns was furnished with scaling ladders.—The signal I had appointed for the attack, was the momentary cessation of the fire of our heavy batteries. About eight o'clock in the morning of the 13th, judging that the time had arrived, by the effect of the missiles we had thrown, I sent an aid-de-camp to Pillow, and another to Quitman, with notice that the concerted signal was about to be given. Both columns now advanced with an alacrity that gave assurance of prompt success. The batteries, seizing opportunities, threw shot and shells upon the enemy, over the heads of our men, with good effect, particularly at every attempt to reinforce the works from without, to meet our assault. Maj. Gen. Pillow's approach, on the west side, lay through an open grove, filled with sharpshooters, who were speedily dislodged: when, being up with the front of the attack, and emerging into an open space, at the foot of a rocky acclivity, that gallant leader was struck down by an agonizing wound. The immediate command devolved on Brig. Gen. Cadwalader, in the absence of the senior brigadier (Pierce) of same division, an invalid since the events of August 19th

On a previous call of Pillow, Worth had just sent him a reinforcement—Col. Clark's brigade. The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a strong redoubt, midway, to be carried, before reaching the castle on the heights. The advance of our brave men, led by brave officers, though neeessarily slow, was unwavering, over rocks, chasms, and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry. The redoubt now yielded to their resistless valor, and the shouts that followed, announced to the castle the fate that impended. The enemy were steadily driven from shelter to shelter. The retreat allowed not time to fire a single mine, without the certainty of blowing up friend and foe. Those, who, at a distance, attempted to apply matches to the long trains, were shot down by our men. There was death below, as well as above ground. At length the ditch and wall of the main work were reached; the scaling-ladders were brought up and planted by the storming parties; some of the daring spirits, first in the assault, were cast down, killed, or wounded; but a lodgment was soon made; streams of heroes followed; all opposition was overcome, and several of our regimental colors flung out from the upper walls, amid long-continued shouts and cheers, which sent dismay into the capital. No scene could have been more animating or glorious.

Maj. Gen. Quitman, nobly supported by brigadier generals Shields and Smith (P. F.), his other officers and men, was up with the part assigned him. Simultaneously with the movement on the west, he had gallantly approached the south-east of the same works over a causeway, with cuts and batteries, and defended by an army strongly posted outside, to the east of the works. These formidable obstacles Quitman had to face, with but little shelter for his troops, or space for manœuvering. Deep ditches, flanking the causeway made it difficult to cross, on either side, into the adjoining meadows, and these again were intersected by other ditches. Smith and his brigade had been early thrown out to make a sweep to the right, in order to present a front against the enemy's line (outside), and to turn the two intervening batteries, near the foot of Chapultepec. This movement was also intended to support Quitman's storming parties, both on the causeway. The first of these, furnished by Twiggs' division, was commanded in succession, by Capt. Casey, 2d inf., and Capt. Paul, 7th inf., after Casey had been severely wounded; and the second, originally under the gallant Major Twiggs, marine corps, killed, and then Capt. Miller, 2d Pennsylvania volunteers. The storming party, now commanded by Capt. Paul, seconded by Capt. Roberts, of the rifles, Lieut. Stewart, and others of the same regiment, Smith's brigade, carried the two batteries in the road, took some guns, with many prisoners, and drove the enemy posted behind in support. The New York and South Carolina volunteers (Shields' brigade), and the 2d Pennsylvania volunteers, all on the left of Quitman's line, together with portions of his storming parties, crossed the meadows in front, under a heavy fire, and entered the outer enclosure of Chapultepec, just in time to join in the final assault from the west.

Besides Major Generals Pillow and Quitman, Brigadier Generals Shields, Smith and Cadwalader, the following are the officers and corps most distinguished in those brilliant operations:—The voltiguer regiment, in two detachments, commanded, respectively, by Col. Andrews and Lieut. Col. Johnstone—the latter mostly in the lead, accompanied by Major Caldwell; Capts. Barnard and Biddle, of the same regiment—the former the first to plant a regimental color, and the latter among the first in the assault; the storming party of Worth's division, under Capt. McKenzie, 2d artillery, with Lieut. Seldon, 8th infantry, early on the ladder and badly wounded; Lieut. Armistead, 6th infantry, the first to leap into the ditch to plant a ladder; Lieuts. Rogers of the 4th. and J. P. Smith of the 5th infantry, both mortally wounded; the 9th infantry, under Col. Ransom, who was killed while gallantly leading that gallant regiment; the 15th infantry, under Lieut. Col. Howard and Maj. Woods, with Capt. Chase, whose company gallantly carried the redoubt, midway up the acclivity; Col Clarke's brigade, (Worth's division), consisting of the 5th, 8th, and part of the 6th regiments of infantry, commanded, respectively, by Capt. Chapman, Major Montgomery and Lieut Edward Johnson, the latter specially noticed, with Lieuts. Longstreet, (badly wounded—advancing—colors in hand), Pickett and Merchant, the last three of the 8th infantry: portions of the U. S. marines, New York, South Carolina, and 2d Pennsylvania volunteers, which delayed with their division (Quitman's) by the hot engagement below, arrived just in time to participate in the assault of the heights—particularly a detachment, under Lieut. Ried, New York volunteers, consisting of a company of the same, with one of marines; and another detachment, a portion of the storming party, (Twiggs' division, serving with Quitman), under Lieut. Steele, 2d infantry—after the fall of Lieut. Grant, 7th infantry.

In this connexion, it is but just to recall the decisive effect of the heavy batteries, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, commanded by those excellent officers, Capt. Drum, 4th artillery, assisted by Lieuts.

Benjamin and Porter of his own company; Capt. Brooks and Lieut. Anderson, 2d artillery, assisted by Lieut. Russell, 4th infantry, a volunteer; Lieuts. Hagner and Stone, of the ordnance, and Lieut. Andrews, 3d artillery—the whole superintended by Capt. Huger, chief of ordnance—an officer distinguished by every kind of merit. The mountain howitzer battery, under Lieut. Reno, of the ordnance, deserves, also, to be particularly mentioned. Attached to the voltiguers, it followed the movements of that regiment, and again won applause.

In adding to the list of individuals of conspicuous merit, I must limit myself to a few of the many names which might be enumerated:—Capt. Hooker, assistant adjutant general, who won special applause successively in the staff of Pillow and Cadwalader; Lieut. Lovell, 4th artillery, (wounded) chief of Quitman's staff; Capt. Page, assistant adjutant general, (wounded), and Lieut. Hammond, 3d artillery, both of Shields' staff; and Lieut. Van Dorn, 7th infantry, aid-de-camp to Brig. Gen. Smith.

These operations all occurred on the west, south-east, and heights of Chapultepec. To the north, and at the base of the mound, inaccessible on that side, the 11th infantry, under Lieut. Col. Herbert, the 4th, under Col. Trousdale, and Capt. Magruder's field battery, 1st artillery—one section advanced under Lieut. Jackson—all of Pillow's division—had, at the same time, some spirited affairs against superior numbers, driving the enemy from a battery in the road, and capturing a gun. In these the officers and corps named gained merited praise. Col. Trousdale, the commander, though twice wounded, continued on duty till the heights were carried.

Early in the morning of the 13th, I repeated the orders of the night before to Maj. Gen. Worth, to be with his division at hand, to support the movement of Maj. Gen. Pillow from our left. The latter seems soon to have called for that entire division, standing momentarily in reserve, and Worth sent him Col. Clarke's brigade. The call, if not unnecessary, was, at least, under the circumstances, unknown to me at the time; for, soon observing the very large body of the enemy in the road in front of Maj. Gen. Quitman's right, was reinforcements from the city—less than a mile and a half to the east—I sent instructions to Worth, on our opposite flank, to turn Chapultepec with his division, and to proceed, cautiously, by the road at its northern base, in order, if not met by very superior numbers, to threaten or to attack in rear, that body of the enemy. The movement, it was also believed, could not fail to distract and to intimidate the enemy generally.

Worth promptly advanced with his remaining brigade—Col. Garland's—Lieut. Col. C. F. Smith's light battalion, Lieut. Col. Duncan's field battery—all of his division—and three squadrons of dragoons, under Major Sumner, which I had just ordered up to join in the movement.

Having turned the fortress on the west, and arriving opposite to the north centre of Chapultepec, Worth came up with the troops in the road, under Col. Trousdale, and aided by a flank movement of a part of Garland's brigade in taking the one-gun breastwork, then under the fire of Lieut. Jackson's section of Capt. Magruder's field battery. Continuing to advance, this division passed Chapultepec, attacking the right of the enemy's line, resting on that road, about the moment of the general retreat consequent upon the capture of the formidable castle and its outworks. Arriving some minutes later, and mounting to the top of the castle, the whole field, to the east, lay plainly under my view.

There are two routes from Chapultepec to the capital—the one on the right entering the same gate, Belen, with the road from the south, *via* Piedad; and the other obliquing to the left, to intersect the great western, or San Cosme road, in a suburb outside of the gate of San Cosme. Each of these routes (an elevated causeway) presents a double roadway on the sides of an aqueduct of strong masonry, and great height, resting on open arches and massive pillars, which, together, afford fine points both for attack and defence. The sideways of both aqueducts, are, moreover, defended by many strong breastworks at the gates, and before reaching them. As we had expected, we found the four tracks unusually dry and solid for the season.

Worth and Quitman were prompt in pursuing the retreating enemy—the former by the San Cosme aqueduct, and the latter along that of Belen. Each had now advanced some hundred yards. Deeming it all-important to profit by our successes, and the consequent dismay of the enemy, which could not be otherwise than general, I hastened to dispatch from Chapultepec, first Clarke's brigade, and then Cadwalader's, to the support of Worth, and gave orders that the necessary heavy guns should follow. Pierce's brigade was, at the same time, sent to Quitman, and, in the course of the afternoon, I caused some additional siege pieces to be ad-

ded to his train. Then, after designating the 15th infantry, under Lieut. Col. Howard—Morgan, the colonel, had been disabled by a wound at Churubusco—as the garrison of Chapultepec, and giving directions for the care of the prisoners of war, the captured ordnance and ordnance stores, I proceeded to join the advance of Worth, within the suburb, and beyond the turn at the junction of the aqueduct with the great highway from the west to the gates of San Cosme.

At this junction of roads, we first passed one of those formidable systems of city defences, spoken of above, and it had not a gun;—a strong proof—1. That the enemy had expected us to fail in the attack upon Chapultepec, even if we meant anything more than a feint; 2. That in either case, we designed, in his belief, to return and double our forces against the southern gates—a delusion kept up by the active demonstrations of Twiggs and the forces posted on that side; and, 3. That advancing rapidly from the reduction of Chapultepec, the enemy had not time to shift guns—our previous captures had left him, comparatively, but few—from the southern gates.

Within those disgarnished works, I found our troops engaged in a street fight against the enemy posted in gardens, at windows, and on house-tops—all flat—with parapets. Worth ordered forward the mountain howitzers of Cadwalader's brigade, preceded by skirmishers and pioneers, with pick-axes and crow bars, to force windows and doors, or to burrow through walls. The assailants were soon in an equality of position fatal to the enemy. By eight o'clock in the evening, Worth had carried two batteries in this suburb. According to my instructions, he here posted guards and sentinels, and placed his troops under shelter for night.—There was but one more obstacle; the San Cosme gate (custom-house) between him and the great square in front of the cathedral and palace—the heart of the city; and that barrier, it was known, could not by daylight, resist our siege guns thirty minutes.

I had gone back to the foot of Chapultepec, the point from which the two aqueducts begin to diverge, some hours earlier, in order to be near that new depot, and in easy communication with Quitman and Twiggs, as well as with Worth. From this point, I ordered all detachments and stragglers to their respective corps, then in advance; sent to Quitman additional siege guns, ammunition, entrenching tools; directed Twiggs' remaining brigade (Riley's) from Piedad, to support Worth, and Capt. Steptoe's field battery, also at Piedad, to rejoin Quitman's division.

I had been, from the first, well aware that the western, or San Cosme, was the less difficult route to the centre and conquest of the capital; and, therefore, intended that Quitman should manœuvre and threaten the Belen or southwestern gate, in order to favor the main attack by Worth—knowing that the strong defences at the Belen were directly under the guns of the much stronger fortress called the *citadel*, just within. Both of these defences of the enemy were also within easy supporting distance from the San Angel (or *Nino Perdido*) and San Antonio gates. Hence the greater support, in numbers, given to Worth's movement at the *main* attack.

Those views I repeatedly, in the course of the day, communicated to Maj. Gen. Quitman; but, being in hot pursuit—gallant himself, and ably supported by Brig. Generals Shields and Smith—Shields badly wounded before Chapultepec, and refusing to retire—as well as by all the officers and men of the column—Quitman continued to press forward, under flank and direct fires—carried an immediate battery of two guns, and then the gate, before two o'clock in the afternoon, but not without proportionate loss, increased by his steady maintenance of that position.

Here, of the heavy battery, 4th artillery, Capt. Drum and Lieut. Benjamin were mortally wounded, and Lieut. Porter, its third in rank, slightly. The loss of those two most distinguished officers the army will long mourn. Lieutenants J. B Moragne and Wm. Canty, of the South Carolina volunteers, also officers of high merit, fell on the occasion—besides many of our bravest non-commissioned officers and men—particularly in Capt. Drum's veteran company. I cannot, in this place, give names or numbers; but full returns of the killed and wounded of all corps, in their recent operations, will accompany this report.

Quitman, within the city—adding several new defences to the position he had won, and sheltering his corps as well as practicable—now awaited the return of daylight, under the guns of the formidable citadel, yet to be subdued.

At about four o'clock next morning (Sept. 14th), a deputation of the *ayuntamiento* (city council), waited upon me to report that the federal government and the army of Mexico had fled from the capital some three hours before, and to demand terms of capitulation in favor of the church, the citizens, and the municipal authorities. I promptly replied that I would

sign no capitulation that the city had been virtually in our possession since the lodgments effected by Worth and Quitman the day before; that I regretted the silent escape of the Mexican army; that I should levy on the city a moderate contribution for special purposes; and that the Mexican army should come under no terms not self-imposed—such only, as its own honor, the dignity of the United States, and the spirit of the age, should, in my opinion imperiously demand and impose.

At the termination of the interview with the city deputation, I communicated, about daylight, orders to Worth and Quitman, to advance slowly and cautiously to guard against treachery, towards the heart of the city, and to occupy its stronger and more commanding points. Quitman proceeded to the great plaza, or square, planted guards, and hoisted the colors of the United States on the national palace—containing the halls of Congress, and the executive apartments of federal Mexico. In this grateful service, Quitman might have been anticipated by Worth, but for my express orders, leading the latter at the head of the *Alameda* (a green park, within three squares of that goal of general ambition. The capital, however, was not taken by any one or two corps, but by the talent, the science, the gallantry, the prowess of this entire army. In the glorious conquest, all had contributed—early and powerfully—the killed, the wounded, and the *fit for duty*—at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, San Antonio, Churubusco (three battles), the Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec—as much as those who fought at the gates of Belen and San Cosme.

Soon after we had entered, and were in the act of occupying the city, a fire was opened upon us, from the flat roofs of the houses, from windows, and corners of streets, by some two thousand convicts, liberated the night before by the flying government—joined by, perhaps, as many Mexican soldiers, who had disbanded themselves, and thrown off their uniforms.—This unlawful war lasted more than twenty-four hours, in spite of the exertions of the municipal authorities, and was not put down till we had lost many men, including several officers, killed or wounded, and had punished the miscreants. * * * * * *

Leaving, as we all feared, inadequate garrisons at Vera Cruz, Perote, and Puebla—with much larger hospitals; and being obliged, most reluctantly, from the same cause (general paucity of numbers), to abandon Jalapa, we marched (Aug. 7-10), from Puebla, with only 10,738 rank and file. This number includes the garrison of Jalapa, and the 2,429 brought up by Brig. Gen Pierce, August 6th.

At Contreras, Churubusco, &c., August 20th, we had but 9,497 men engaged—after deducting the garrison of San Augustin (our general depot), the intermediate sick, and the dead; at the Molino del Rey, Sept. 8th, but three brigades, with some cavalry and artillery—making in all 3,251 men—were in the battle: in the two days—Sept. 12th and 13th—our whole operating force, after deducting again, the recent killed, wounded, and sick, together with the garrison at Moscone—the then general depot—and that of Tacubaya, was but 7,180; and, finally, after deducting the new garrison of Chapultepec, with the killed and wounded of the two days, we took possession, Sept. 14th, of this great capital, with less than 6,000 men! And I re-assert, upon accumulated and unquestionable evidence, that, in not one of these conflicts, was this army opposed by fewer than three and a half times its numbers—in several of them, by a yet greater excess.—I recapitulate our losses, since we arrived in the basin of Mexico:

August 19th, 20th—*Killed*, 137, including 14 officers. *Wounded*, 877, including 62 officers.—*Missing* (probably killed), 35 rank and file. *Total*, 1,052.

September 8th—*Killed*, 116, including 9 officers. *Wounded*, 655, including 49 officers. *Missing*, 19 rank and file. *Total*, 789.

September 12th, 13th, 14th—*Killed*, 130, including 10 officers. *Wounded*, 703, including 68 officers. *Missing*, 29, rank and file. *Total*, 862. Grand total of losses, 2,703, including 383 officers.

On the other hand, this small force has beaten, on the same occasion, in view of their capital, the whole Mexican army, of (at the beginning) thirty odd thousand men. Killed or wounded, of that number more than 7000, officers and men, taken 3,730 prisoners, one-seventh officers, including 13 generals, of whom three had been presidents of this republic, captured 20 colors and standards, 75 pieces of ordnance, besides 57 wall pieces, 20,000 small arms, and an immense quantity of shot, shells, powder, &c., &c. * * * * * *

I have the honor to be, sir, with high respect, your most obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Hon. WM. L. MARCY, *Secretary of War.*

Santa Anna fled with part of his shattered army, and proceeding back to Puebla, joined in the attack then making by Gen. Rea, upon the small but heroic garrison left under the gallant Col. Childs. for the occupation of that city.

The American army were now in possession of the valley of Mexico, as well as of the cities on the route to the coast, and an American governor, Gen. Quitman, the first of his race, swayed the rule over that city, for the possession of which, three hundred and thirty years before, the Spanish army under Cortez, had fought with such desperation. and at last, with such triumphant success; and which the descendants of that nation had since held untouched and unapproached by foreign foe.

The scene of battle for each, was the same;—the object the same;—the city approached by the same causeways, the work of the ancient Aztec race, who fell before their conquerors, then also the conquerors of the richest parts of the new world, which in its vast extent, and its incalculable riches, had but a few years before been revealed to the knowledge of the older continent.—But in the lapse of these three centuries, the glory of the Spanish race has departed. Corrupted by riches and enervated by luxury, it has fallen, and the rich colonies planted by them in the new world, are now but the shadows of nations, possessing the names and territories, without the power. While the hardy and intelligent Anglo Saxon race. springing from a then inferior nation, and planted a hundred years after the former upon the shores of America. in its less favored, and more cold and sterile sections, has increased into a mighty nation, long the superior of its south-western neighbor, and now its conqueror.—The same tall, majestic and ancient cypresses, standing on the hill of Chapultepec, the former royal residence of the emperors of the Aztec race, have seen that empire in all its glory, when its capital city, in its magnificence, sat before them in the midst of the waters, and tributary nations around acknowledged the sway of its semi-barbaric, but mighty sovereign. They saw too, the small but gallant array of Spanish cavaliers, with their train of Indian allies, as they descended from the mountains on the coast, into the lovely and populous valley. They witnessed the terrible struggles, and finally the downfall of the ancient dynasty. Three hundred years after, they have seen another army, of another race, approaching over the same mountains, to gain possession of the same city, from the descendants of its former conquerors. They have witnessed the same deadly strife fought on the same grounds as before, and with the same result.—The city was dyed in the blood of its defenders.—Another flag unrolled its folds from the lofty turrets, and the North American descendants of the English, banished the enervated descendants of the Spanish race, and trod in triumph the "Halls of the Montezumas."

The city of Mexico, into which the American army under Gen. Scott had now entered, is the oldest of the American continent. Originally it was situated on some islands in lake Tezcuco. and was transversed in various directions by canals. It was but little elevated above the surface of the water, and at this period, although the waters of the lake have retired nearly a league from the city walls, they are but four feet below the level of the streets. The city was connected with the main land, on the north, the south, and the west, by long and solid causeways of stone and mortar, the shortest of which, that on the west, was about two miles in length. Besides these, was a narrower causeway running through the lake to Chapultepec, the principal use of which was to convey a large pipe of water from the reservoir on that hill, throughout the city, for the use of the inhabitants, the construction of fountains, &c. Although as said before, the waters of lake Tezcuco have far retired and the city is no longer, like a second Venice, situated in the midst of the waters, yet these causeways still remain an imperishable monument of the skill of their builders, and are yet the main thoroughfares to the city.—After Mexico was taken by Cortez, in 1521, most of the buildings were torn down to make way for the more lofty residences of the conquerors; the pagan temples gave place to the Catholic churches; the streets were widened, but retained their same courses. over the same ground —The Spaniards endeavored to rebuild the capital in a style that should eclipse in splendor the cities of the old world; and to such an extent did they soon succeed in doing this, that a traveler who visited it about twenty years after the conquest, gives it as his opinion, that no city of Europe could, at that time. equal it in magnificence. A portion of the wealth that fell into the possession of the Spaniards was devoted to add to the splendor of the churches, and this was increased also by munificent gifts of Charles V, and the succeeding monarchs of Spain.—In all the internal convulsions of Mexico, this vast wealth of the churches has remained undisturbed, and now, in its magnificent display, excites the wonder and astonishment of the beholder.

But Mexico of modern time, has but little, save this splendor of its ancient buildings, and

the wealth of its churches, to excite admiration;—and from all other cities of the Mexican republic, it is distinguished for the great number of inhabitants, who are in a state of the utmost indigence, and indeed of beggary; having no habitation save the shelters of the public edifices, and no method of obtaining a livelihood. These *leperos*, as they are called, clothed in rags, crowd the streets, begging, as their only reliance for food.—The ecclesiastical portion of the population or the various grades of the priests, in their number, would exceed the belief of a citizen of the United States. These also are drones, living only by the exercise of the half religious, half superstitious feelings of the mass of the people.—But little, that would interest the reader, can be said of this miserably governed city, the head of a worse governed nation.

We will pass on to a glance at the succeeding operations of the war, and first take up

THE SIEGE OF PUEBLA.

This siege, on account of the disparity of the forces engaged, and the almost unparalleled gallantry of the little body of United States' volunteers and regulars, together with the size of the city, which they held in defiance of their assailants, and the length of time they withstood the assault, and the hardships undergone, is one of the most brilliant affairs, not only recorded of this war, but of all the annals of warfare throughout the civilized world.—A garrison of not quite four hundred men, infantry, artillery and cavalry, in the heart of a city of 70,000 inhabitants, assailed by all the available population, and by the additional force of 8,000 men under Generals Santa Anna and Rea,—holding that city in a continued fight of thirty days and nights, against these united efforts, supported by artillery, appears more like romance, or an act of the days of chivalry, than like the reality of modern warfare.

When the American army passed on from Puebla towards Mexico, Col. Childs was left as the military commander.—His force consisted of six companies 1st Pennsylvania regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Black; two companies of artillery, Capts. Kendrick and Miller; one company of cavalry, Capt. Ford. He was encumbered with 1800 sick American soldiers in hospital.—Not until after the first battles near the city of Mexico, was he interrupted. On the night of the 13th September, a fire was commenced upon his force in the Plaza of the city; renewed on the 14th, and then kept up by night and day until the 12th of October, when as Gen. Lane was rapidly approaching the city from the east, the Mexican force retreated to Atlixco.—Gen. Santa Anna, when he abandoned the city of Mexico, on the night of Sept. 13th, to its gallant and almost desperate invaders, moved with a large force of his withdrawn troops, directly back upon Puebla; joined forces with Gen. Rea, in the attack upon Col. Childs and his little band, expecting to crush him and thus revive the spirits of the Mexicans, by cutting off the passage of the Americans.

Part of Col. Childs' force was in the fortified convent of Loreta, on the heights overlooking the city. When the Mexican reinforcements under their commander-in-chief appeared in sight, on Sept. 22d, the numerous bells of the city rang out in triumph: but their noise was soon silenced by a destructive discharge of shot and shell from the Americans above them.—Santa Anna on the 25th, with an imposing display of his forces, sent a demand to Col. Childs for surrender; but he received an answer no more favorable to his purpose, than the memorable one sent to him by "Old Zack," on a previous occasion. Here was a little band of the "same sort" for him to contend with.—The battle then raged furiously and without intermission. Barricades of cotton bales and stone were raised in the streets, and a fire of artillery opened upon the American forces in the Plaza. The houses around gave shelter to the assailants, who from every window, and every parapetted roof poured a continual shower of lead, copper and iron, upon the little American band therein. All force was concentrated upon it—the heights not being attacked, but a fire from them continually sent death and destruction through the city.—The besieged threw up defences in the Plaza, dug through the walls of the buildings, even to the rear of the enemy's barricades, and issuing therefrom, sword in hand, and with the bayonet, routed them, and burned their works. They took and blew up the buildings from which the enemy annoyed them the most.—The utmost enthusiasm prevailed among the American troops. Having been fortunate enough to collect thirty cattle and four hundred sheep at the commencement of the attack, in addition to their other provisions, they determined to resist to the last.

This attack was continued by all the Mexican forces until the evening of the 30th of Sept. when Gen. Santa Anna, with about 4000 men, withdrew to meet Gen. Lane, then rapidly advancing from Perote on the east; while Gen. Rea with about the same number, continued the assault with unremitted ardor, until the 12th of October; when Gen. Lane, having met and defeated Santa Anna at Huamantla, advancing upon Puebla, Rea and his forces retreated

to Atlixco, leaving Col. Childs and his little band in possession of the fair city. Let us now turn our attention to Santa Anna, as he left Puebla to meet Gen. Lane, whom he had met before at Buena Vista, and note his success at the ensuing

BATTLE OF HUAMANTLA.

Gen. Lane, who by his rapid movements and indefatigable energy, in pursuing and breaking up the band of guerrillas, after this time acquired the name of the *Marion of Mexico*, was now advancing from Vera Cruz toward Puebla, with a force of one regiment of Indiana infantry, Col. Gorman; one do. Ohio, Col. Brough; four companies Georgia mounted men, Major Lally; nine additional companies infantry, two batteries of artillery, and a large wagon train.—Santa Anna moving from Puebla, took a position at some distance from the national road, at Huamantla, with the intention of allowing the force of Gen. Lane with the train to pass him on its route, and then with his whole strength, suddenly to fall on the rear of the Americans, at a time when as he says, "they would least expect it." Gen. Lane encamped in the neighborhood on the night of the 6th of October;—on the following morning, the 7th, the Mexican forces silently commenced the march for the appointed place of surprise. But Lane at the same time having heard of the position of Santa Anna, determined at once to attack him, and on the same morning, having placed the train compactly together on the road, leaving with it Col. Brough's Ohio regiment, with three other companies of infantry, and a battery of artillery, he rapidly marched with Gorman's Indianans, Walker's Georgia mounted men, Wyncoop's Pennsylvanians, and a battery of five pieces of artillery, for Huamantla.—The mounted men of the advance under Walker, charged rapidly on, entered the town and immediately were engaged hand to hand with the force left there. In this bloody conflict the gallant Walker lost his life. This fight was maintained by the cavalry for three quarters of an hour, when they succeeded in putting the enemy to flight; capturing two pieces of cannon. During this time, the infantry and artillery were hurried to their utmost speed towards the city to support the cavalry, and at the same time the whole Mexican army were endeavoring by another road, in full view of the Americans, to get back into the town;—Santa Anna from a lofty watchtower, having seen the movement of the Americans from the road, had countermarched his forces from their original destination. In this exciting race between the two opposing armies, the Mexicans, from the nature of their road, succeeded in arriving first at the town, and succoring their broken battalions, which were now flying before the chivalrous cavalry. Instantly the lancers charged upon and drove the American cavalry back into the town, and, rapidly pursuing them, were met in their turn by the column of American infantry, with the artillery, and a sharp engagement ensued, in which, the Mexicans were totally routed, and dispersed with a loss of about one hundred and fifty men;—American loss thirteen killed, eleven wounded.—This was Santa Anna's last attempt, in person, against the Americans.—Abandoning the town after destroying the great amount of military stores found there, Gen. Lane with his force rejoined his train, and proceeded on towards Puebla; which he entered on the 13th, clearing the way before him by vollies of musketry, and relieving the gallant detachment under Col. Childs, who so long had defended the place against overwhelming numbers. The Mexican general, Rea, on Lane's approach, retired to Atlixco, but the indefatigable American, on the morning of the 19th, left Puebla in pursuit of him. This movement led to the next action,

THE BATTLE OF ATLIXCO.

Gen. Lane, taking as his force, Col. Brough's 4th Ohio, and Col. Gorman's 4th Indiana regiments; Col. Wyncoop's battalion of 1st Pennsylvanians; Capt. Heintzleman's battalion, all infantry; Major Lally's Georgia cavalry; a squadron of regular cavalry under Capt. Ford, with two batteries of artillery, under Capt. Taylor and Lieut. Pratt, left Puebla on October 19th, to seek the forces of Gen. Rea, at Atlixco. They came up with the advance of the enemy at one P. M.—A fight ensued.—The Mexicans retreated a mile and a half, and made another stand;—were gallantly charged by the American cavalry;—They again retreated, falling back four miles upon their main body, drawn up on a hill of chapparel.—Upon this body the cavalry charged;—dismounted,—fought hand to hand;—drove them towards Atlixco, one and a half miles distant. The artillery and infantry came up;—marched on, took possession of a height above the city, and cannonaded it by moonlight three quarters of an hour, when it was surrendered, but the Mexican force had retreated.—The Mexican loss, from the battle and cannonading, was heavy;—being 219 killed, 300 wounded.—American loss was very light,—only one killed, one wounded.

Gen. Lane with his force marched on to the city of Mexico, and for a few days took up his

[illegible]

[illegible] ... Gen. Trias, and the re[illegible] of the city of [illegible] taken by the troops of Col. Doniphan.

The following synopsis of the treaty of peace will be found interesting and important.

TREATY OF PEACE, FRIENDSHIP, LIMITS, AND SETTLEMENT,

BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC, CONCLUDED AT GUADALUPE HIDALGO, ON THE SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY, AND RATIFIED WITH AMENDMENTS, BY THE AMERICAN SENATE, MARCH 10, 1848.

IN THE NAME OF ALMIGHTY GOD:

The United States of America and United Mexican States, animated by a sincere desire to put an end to the calamities of the war which unhappily exists between the two republics, and to establish on a solid basis relations of peace and friendship, which shall confer reciprocal benefits on the citizens of both, and assure the concord, harmony and mutual confidence

wherein the two people should live as good neighbors, have for that purpose appointed their respective plenipotentiaries; that is to say, the President of the United States has appointed N. P. Trist, a citizen of the United States, and the President of the Mexican Republic has appointed Don Louis Gonzaga Cuevas, Bernardo Conto, Don Miguel Atristain, citizens of the said republic, who, after a reciprocal communication of their respective powers have, under the protection of Almighty God, the Author of peace, arranged, agreed upon and signed the treaty of peace, friendship, limits and settlement, between the United States of America and the Mexican republic.

ARTICLE I.

There shall be firm and universal peace between the United States of America and the Mexican Republic, and between their respective countries, territories, cities, towns and people, without exception of places or persons.

ARTICLE II.

Immediately on the signature of this treaty, a convention shall be entered into between a commissioner or commissioners, appointed by the General-in-chief of the forces of the United States, and such as may be appointed by the Mexican government, to the end that a provisional suspension of hostilities shall take place, and that in the places occupied by the said forces, constitutional order may be re-established, as regards the political, administrative, and judicial branches, so far as this shall be permitted by the circumstances of military occupation.

ARTICLE III.

Immediately upon the ratification of the present treaty, by the government of the United States, orders shall be transmitted to the commanders of their land and naval forces, requiring the latter, (provided this treaty shall then have been ratified by the government of the Mexican republic) immediately to desist from blockading any Mexican ports; and requiring the former, (under the same condition) to commence, at the earliest moment practicable, withdrawing all troops of the United States then in the interior of the Mexican republic, to points that shall be selected by common agreement, at a distance from the sea-ports not exceeding thirty leagues; and such evacuation of the interior of the republic shall be completed with the least possible delay; the Mexican government hereby binding itself to afford every facility in its power for rendering the same convenience to the troops on their march, and in their new positions, and for promoting a good understanding between them and the inhabitants. In like manner, orders shall be dispatched to the person in charge of the custom houses at all points occupied by the forces of the United States, requiring them (under the same condition) immediately to deliver possession of the same to the persons authorized by the Mexican government to receive it, together with all bonds and evidences of debt for duties on importations and exportations, not yet fallen due. Moreover, a faithful and exact account shall be made out, showing the entire amount of all duties on imports and on exports, collected at such custom houses or elsewhere in Mexico, by authority of the United States, from and after the day of the ratification of this treaty by the government of the Mexican republic; and also an account of the cost of collection, and such entire amount, deducting only the cost of collection, shall be delivered to the Mexican government, at the city of Mexico, within three months after the exchange of ratifications.

The evacuation of the capital of the Mexican republic by the troops of the United States, in virtue of the above stipulation, shall be completed in one month after the orders there stipulated for shall have been received by the commander of said troops, or sooner, if possible.

ARTICLE IV.

Immediately after the exchange of ratifications of the present treaty, all castles, forts, territories, places and possessions, which have been taken and occupied by the forces of the United States during the present war, within the limits of the Mexican republic, as about to be established by the following article, shall be definitely restored to the said republic, together with all the artillery, arms, apparatus of war, munitions, and other public property, which were in the said castles and forts when captured, and which shall remain there at the time when this treaty shall be duly ratified by the government of the Mexican republic. To this end, immediately upon the signature of this treaty, orders shall be dispatched to the American officer commanding such castles and forts, securing against the removal or destruction of any such artillery, arms, apparatus of war, munitions or other public property. The City of Mexico, within the inner line of intrenchments surrounding the said city, is comprehended in the above stipulations, as regards the restoration of artillery, apparatus of war, &c.

The final evacuation of the territory of the Mexican republic by the forces of the United States, shall be completed within three months from the said exchange of ratifications, or sooner, if possible; the Mexican republic hereby engaging as in the foregoing article, to use all means in its power for facilitating such evacuation, and rendering it convenient for the troops, and for promoting a good understanding between them and the inhabitants.

If, however, the ratification of this treaty by both powers should not take place in time to allow the embarkation of the troops of the United States to be completed before the commencement of the sickly season, at the ports of the Gulf of Mexico, in such case a friendly arrangement shall be entered into between the General-in-Chief of the said troops and the Mexican Government, whereby healthy and otherwise suitable places, at a distance from the ports not exceeding thirty leagues, shall be designated for the residence of such troops as may not yet have embarked, until the return of the healthy season.—And the space of time here referred to as comprehending the sickly season, shall be understood to extend from the first day of May to the first of November.

All prisoners of war taken on either side, on land or on sea, shall be restored as soon as practicable after the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty. It is also agreed, that if any Mexicans should now be held as captives by any savage tribe within the limits of the United States, as about to be established by the following article, the government of the United States will exact the release of such captives, and cause them to be restored to their country.

ARTICLE V.

The boundary line between the two republics shall commence in the Gulf of Mexico, three leagues from land, opposite the mouth of the Rio Grande, otherwise called Rio Bravo del Norte, or opposite the mouth of its deepest branch, if it should have more than one branch emptying directly into the sea; from thence up the middle of that river, following the deepest channel, where it has more than one, to the point where it strikes the southern boundary of New Mexico; thence, westwardly, along the whole southern boundary of New Mexico (which runs north of the town called *Paso*,) to its western termination; thence northward along the western line of New Mexico, until it intersects the first branch of the river Gila; or if it should not intersect any branch of that river, then to the point on the said line nearest to such branch, and thence in a direct line to the same:) thence down the middle of the said branch and of the said river, until it empties into the Rio Colorado; thence across the Rio Colorado, following the division line between Upper and Lower California, to the Pacific Ocean.

[The second clause of this article provides that the boundary line between Upper California thus ceded to the United States, and Lower California retained by Mexico, shall consist of a straight line drawn from the mouth of the Gila River directly to the Pacific Ocean, striking the same, one marine league south of the port of San Diego, and provides also, that each government shall appoint a commissioner and surveyor, who shall meet at San Diego within one year from the date of ratification of the treaty, and shall run this line through to the mouth of the Gila.

The clause also provides that the southern and western boundaries of New Mexico thus ceded to the United States, shall be the same as those laid down on Disturnell's map of the United States, and that hereafter these boundary lines shall not be changed, except by free consent of both governments.] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLE VI.

The vessels and citizens of the United States, shall, in all time, have a free and uninterrupted passage by the Gulf of California, and by the river Colorado, below its confluence with the Gila, to and from their possessions situated north of the boundary line defined in the preceding article; it being understood that this passage is to be by navigating the Gulf of California and the river Colorado; and not by land, without the express consent of the Mexican Government.

[The second clause of this 6th article, stipulates that, if hereafter it may be found advantageous to construct a road, railroad, or canal along the bank of the river Gila, that both governments will form an agreement for its construction.] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLE VII.

[This article stipulates, that the river Gila, and that part of the Rio Grande which lies below the southern boundary of New Mexico, as ceded to the United States, shall be free for the navigation thereof by the vessels of both nations.—That neither shall interrupt or impede

this, by works on the river, or by any taxes on vessels navigating the same. That if it is necessary, in order to improve the navigation of wide rivers, to lay any tax on such navigation, that both governments shall consent to the same.] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLE VIII.

[This article provides, that the Mexican inhabitants of the territory thus ceded to the United States, are at liberty to move back into Mexico, with their effects, without tax or charge; or they may remain, and become citizens of the United States, or continue citizens of Mexico, at their option: but they must make this selection within one year after the ratification of the treaty. It also provides, that the property of Mexicans in the ceded territory, shall be guarantied to them as fully as though they were citizens of the United States.] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLE IX.

[This article was rejected by the United States' Senate; it provided, 1st, that those Mexicans who might become citizens of the United States, in the ceded territory, should be admitted to the full rights of said citizenship; that, until that is done, they shall be protected in person and property according to the Mexican laws. 2d. That the priests and ecclesiastics in the said territory, be guarantied the exercise of all their religious privileges, and in the possession of all property dedicated to Roman Catholic worship, churches, houses, schools, hospitals, &c. And 3d, that the Catholic Mexicans thus becoming citizens of the United States, should be under the same ecclesiastical government as before, even should such ecclesiastical authority be within the limits of the Mexican republic, until new districts should be laid off conformable to the laws of the Roman Catholic church.

The effect of this would have been, to have placed the Mexicans in the ceded territory, in the character of political citizens of the United States, but religiously subject (to them the strongest bond) to the ecclesiastical authority of Mexico. Rejecting, therefore, this article, the Senate of the United States adopted and inserted substantially the third article of the treaty with France, of 1803. for the cession of Louisiana, to the effect that inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union of the United States, and admitted as soon as Congress shall determine, according to the principles of the federal Constitution, to the enjoyments of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States: and in the meantime they shall be maintained and protected in the full enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion which they profess.] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLE X.

[This article related to the grants of land by the state of Texas. It was rejected by the United States' Senate. It provided, that those persons who had received grants of land in Texas from the Mexican government, prior to March 2d, 1836. and who on account of the war between Texas and Mexico, had not performed the conditions of said grants, should now perform the same, in the given period of time, as before, but dating from the ratification of this treaty; and such grants not thus complied with by the grantees, should not be obligatory upon the state of Texas;—the same provisions were also extended over the other ceded territory on grants issued prior to May 13th, 1846.

As this article, if agreed to, would have proved a prolific source of disagreement and litigation in Texas and the ceded territory, and as the Mexican government was justly regarded as having now no right to interfere with the lands forever ceded from it, this article was wisely rejected by the Senate of the United States.] [AUTHOR.

[The next article, 11th, will, if complied with by the United States, as they are most solemnly pledged to do, inevitably lead to a war with the powerful Indian tribes of Comanches, Apaches, Navajos, and other minor ones, who, for a long course of years, have been continually in the practice of making predatory excursions into the Mexican territories. The whole power of the northern states of Mexico has, so far, been unavailing in preventing these, and the Mexican republic has now shrewdly thrown the burden thereof on the United States, looking to that power for security; a security of more value to Mexico than all the territory that by this treaty she has ceded; for her northern and best provinces will be secure: multitudes of haciendas, now deserted, will be repeopled, and her richest mining district of Sonora, before unavailable on account of the dreaded Indians, will be opened to her; while the United States will be saddled with a long continued and troublesome war with these formidable savages. This article is one of the most carefully written of the whole treaty, and in its result, will be of far more benefit to Mexico, than the 15,000,000 of dollars which by the succeeding article, are to be paid to her.] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLE XI.

Considering that a great part of the territories which, by the present treaty, are to be comprehended, for the future, within the limits of the United States, is now occupied by savage tribes who will hereafter be under the control of the government of the United States, and whose incursions within the territory of Mexico would be prejudicial in the extreme, it is solemnly agreed, that all such incursions shall be forcibly restrained by the government of the United States, whensoever this may be necessary; and that when they cannot be prevented, they shall be punished by the said government, and satisfaction for the same shall be exacted—all in the same way, and with equal diligence and energy, as if the same incursions were committed within its own territory, against its own citizens.

It shall not be lawful, under any pretext whatever, for any inhabitant of the United States to purchase or acquire any Mexican, or any foreigner residing in Mexico who may have been captured by Indians inhabiting the territory of either of the two republics, nor to purchase or acquire horses, mules, cattle, or property of any kind, stolen within Mexican territory by such Indians, with fire-arms, or ammunition, by sale or otherwise.

And in the event of such person or persons captured within Mexican territory by Indians, being carried into the territory of the United States, the government of the latter, engages and binds itself in the most solemn manner, so soon as it shall know of such captives being within its territory, and shall be able so to do, through the faithful exercise of its influence and power, to rescue them and return them to their country, or deliver them to the agent or representative of the Mexican government. The Mexican authorities will, as far as practicable, give to the government of the United States notice of such captures, and its agent shall pay the expenses incurred in the maintenance and transmission of the rescued captives, who, in the meantime, shall be treated with the utmost hospitality by the American authorities at the place where they may be. But if the government of the United States, before receiving such notice from Mexico, should obtain intelligence through any other channel of the existence of Mexican captives within its territory, it will proceed forthwith to effect their release, and deliver them to the Mexican agent as above stipulated.

For the purpose of giving to these stipulations the fullest possible efficacy, thereby affording the security and redress demanded by their true spirit and intent, the government of the United States will now and hereafter pass, without unnecessary delay, and always vigilantly enforce, such laws as the nature of the subject may require. And finally, the sacredness of this obligation shall never be lost sight of by the said government when providing for the removal of Indians from any portion of said territories, or for its being settled by the citizens of the United States; but, on the contrary, special care shall then be taken not to place its Indian occupants under the necessity of seeking new homes, by committing those invasions which the United States have solemnly obliged themselves to restrain.

ARTICLE XII.

[Provides for the payment of 15,000,000 of dollars to Mexico by the United States, for the extension of territory of the latter power. It also indicates two methods of payment of this sum. The first method, by the creation of stock by the United States, was rejected by the United States' Senate, and the second adopted;—that is, the payment of 3,000,000 immediately upon the ratification of the treaty, and 3,000,000 yearly for four years; to be paid at the city of Mexico, together with interest on each instalment, at the rate of six per cent. per annum.] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLE XIII.

[By this article the United States also agree to pay the amounts due by the Mexican government to American citizens, as determined by the conventions of April 11th, 1839, and Jan. 30th, 1843, and to release the Mexican government from all liability therefor.] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLE XIV.

[By this article the United States furthermore agree to release the Mexican government from any additional claims on the part of citizens of the United States, that may have arisen after said conventions, up to the time of the date of this treaty, assuming the consideration, allowance and payment of the same on the part of the United States.] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLE XV.

[The United States by this article, after repeating the entire exoneration of the Republic of Mexico, from the demand of those claims mentioned in the 14th article, agree to pay and satisfy the same to the amount not exceeding 3,250,000 dollars. And it also provides for the

establishment of a board of commissioners for deciding upon the validity of said claims, and makes provision, that the Mexican government shall furnish the said board with such documents as shall be in its possession, and which may be deemed necessary by said board, for its decision upon said claims.] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLE XVI.

Each of the contracting parties reserves to itself the entire right to fortify whatever point in its territory it may judge proper so to fortify, for its security.

ARTICLE XVII.

[Provides for the renewal of the treaty of amity, commerce and navigation of April 5th 1831, for the next eight years afterwards; said treaty to be abrogated by either party, by giving one year's notice to the other.] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLE XVIII.

[Provides, that when the custom-houses of the ports shall have been restored to Mexico, that no duties shall be laid upon such articles as shall be sent by the government of the United States, for the use of her troops not then embarked, and that this shall continue while any of the United States' troops shall remain in Mexico.] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLES XIX AND XX.

[These articles refer to the security of goods and merchandize imported into Mexico through those ports of which the forces of the United States have possession, during that period. They are of no other interest to the general reader.] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLE XXI.

[This article provides, that in case of misunderstanding between the two republics with regard to the interpretation of this treaty, or any other subject, that both parties shall use their utmost endeavors to preserve the state of peace between the two nations, and settle, if possible, such difference, by negociation or arbitration;—not to resort to hostilities, reprisals, &c., unless the party that considers itself aggrieved shall, after mature consideration, deem that milder measures would be "altogether incompatible with the nature of the difference or the circumstances of the case."] [AUTHOR.

ARTICLE XXII.

[As this refers to the manner of carrying on a future war, it is inserted in full.]

If (which is not to be expected, and which God forbid!) war shall unhappily break out between the two republics, they do now, with a view to such calamity, solemnly pledge themselves to each other, and to the world, to observe the following rules, absolutely, where the nature of the subject permits, and as closely as possible in all cases where such absolute observance shall be impossible.

1. The merchants of either republic then residing in the other, shall be allowed to remain twelve months (for those dwelling in the interior), and six months (for those dwelling at the seaports), to collect their debts and settle their affairs; during which periods, they shall enjoy the same protection, and be on the same footing, in all respects, as the citizens of subjects of the most friendly nations; and, at the expiration thereof, or at any time before, they shall have full liberty to depart, carrying off all their effects without molestation or hindrance; conforming therein to the same laws which the citizens or subjects of the most friendly nations are required to conform to.

Upon the entrance of the armies of either nation into the territories of the other, women, children, ecclesiastics, scholars of every faculty, cultivators of the earth, merchants, artisans, manufacturers and fishermen, unarmed, and inhabiting unfortified towns, villages, or places, and in general, all persons whose occupations are for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind, shall be allowed to continue their respective employments unmolested in their persons. Nor shall their houses or goods be burnt or otherwise destroyed, nor their cattle taken, nor their fields wasted by the armed force into whose power, by the events of war, they may happen to fall; but if under necessity to take anything from them for the use of such armed force, the same shall be paid for at an equitable price. All churches, hospitals, schools, colleges, libraries, and other establishments for charitable and beneficent purposes, shall be respected, and all persons connected with the same, protected in the discharge of their duties, and the pursuit of their vocations.

2. In order that the fate of prisoners of war may be alleviated, all such practices as those of sending them into distant, inclement, or unwholesome districts, or crowding them into

close and noxious places, shall be studiously avoided. They shall not be confined in dungeons, prison-ships, or prisons; nor be put in irons, or bound, or otherwise restrained in the use of their limbs. The officers shall enjoy liberty on their paroles, within convenient districts, and have comfortable quarters, and the common soldiers shall be disposed of in cantonments, open and extensive enough for air and exercise, and lodged in barracks as roomy and good as are provided, by the party in whose power they are, for its own troops.

But if any officer shall break his parole, by leaving the district so assigned him, or any other prisoner shall escape from the limits of his cantonment, after they shall have been designated to him, such individual, officer, or other prisoner, shall forfeit so much of the benefit of this article, as provides for his liberty on parole or in cantonment. And if an officer so breaking his parole, or any common soldier so escaping from the limits assigned him, shall afterwards be found in arms, previously to his being regularly exchanged, the person so offending, shall be dealt with according to the established laws of war.

The officers shall be duly furnished, by the party in whose power they are, with as many rations, and of the same articles, as are allowed, either in kind or by commutation, to officers of equal rank in their own army; and all others shall be daily furnished with such rations as is allowed the common soldier in his own service; the value of all which supplies shall, at the close of the war, or at periods to be agreed upon between the respective commanders, be paid by the other party, on a mutual adjustment of accounts for the subsistence of prisoners; and such accounts shall not be mingled with or set off against any others, nor the balance due on them be withheld, as a compensation. Each party shall be allowed to keep a commissary of prisoners, appointed by itself, with every cantonment of prisoners in possession of the other; which commissary shall see the prisoners as often as he pleases; shall be allowed to receive, exempt from all duties or taxes, and to distribute whatever comforts may be sent to them by their friends, and shall be free to transmit his reports in open letters to the party by whom he is employed.

And it is declared that neither the pretence, that war dissolves all treaties, nor any other whatever, shall be considered as annulling or suspending the solemn covenant contained in this article. On the contrary, the state of war is precisely that for which it is provided; and during which, its stipulations are to be as sacredly observed as the most acknowledged obligations under the law of nature or nations.

ARTICLE XXIII.

This treaty shall be ratified by the President of the United States of America, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof; and by the President of the Mexican republic, with the previous approbation of its General Congress; and the ratifications shall be exchanged in the city of Washington, in four months from the date of the signature hereof, or sooner if practicable.

In faith whereof, we, the respective plenipotentiaries, have signed this treaty of peace, friendship, limits, and settlement; and have hereunto affixed our seals respectively. Done in quintuplicate, at the city of Guadalupe Hidalgo, on the second day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight.

N. P. TRIST, [L. S.]
LUIS G. CUEVIS, [L. S.]
BERNARDO CONTO. [L. S.]
NIG. ATRISTAIN, [L. S.]

[In addition to this, was a secret article, providing that the term of eight months should be given for the ratification of the treaty. This article was rejected by the Senate of the United States.] [AUTHOR.

This treaty of peace between the United States and the Republic of Mexico, thus amended, was ratified by the Senate of the United States on the evening of the 10th of March, 1848, by the following vote, Ayes 37, Nays 15.

Messrs. Sevier and Clifford were appointed commissioners to Mexico, and the treaty thus amended, transmitted to the Mexican Congress, to be assembled at Queretaro. This done, it was laid before that body, and on the evening of the 19th of May, 1848, was ratified by the Mexican Lower House or Chamber of Deputies, by the following vote, Ayes 51, Nays 35. Then passed to the Mexican Senate, and by that body was ratified on the 25th of May, 1848, by the following vote, Ayes 33, Nays 4.

And thus ended the war with the Mexican republic, after a duration of a little more than two years, and the army of the United States immediately commenced its preparations for evacuating the soil of Mexico.

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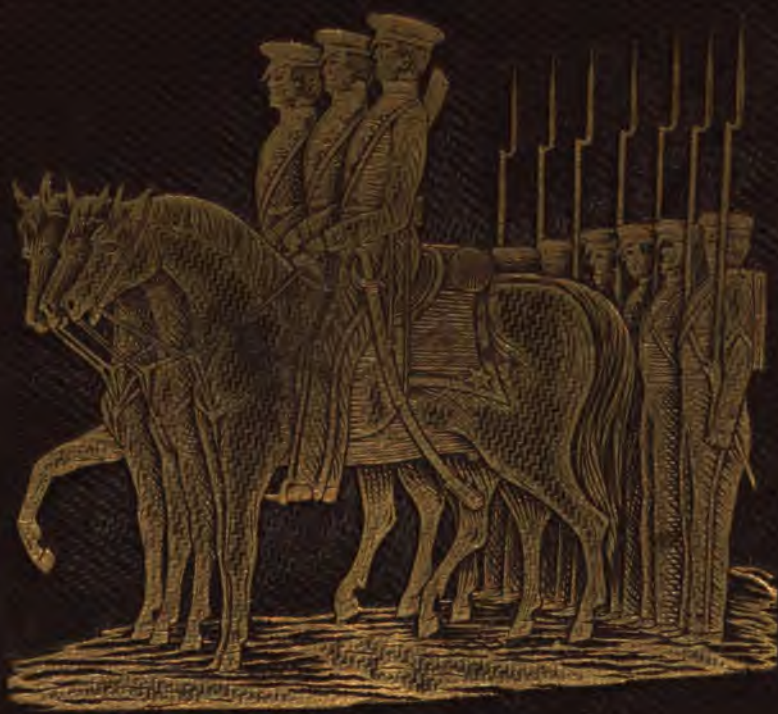
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